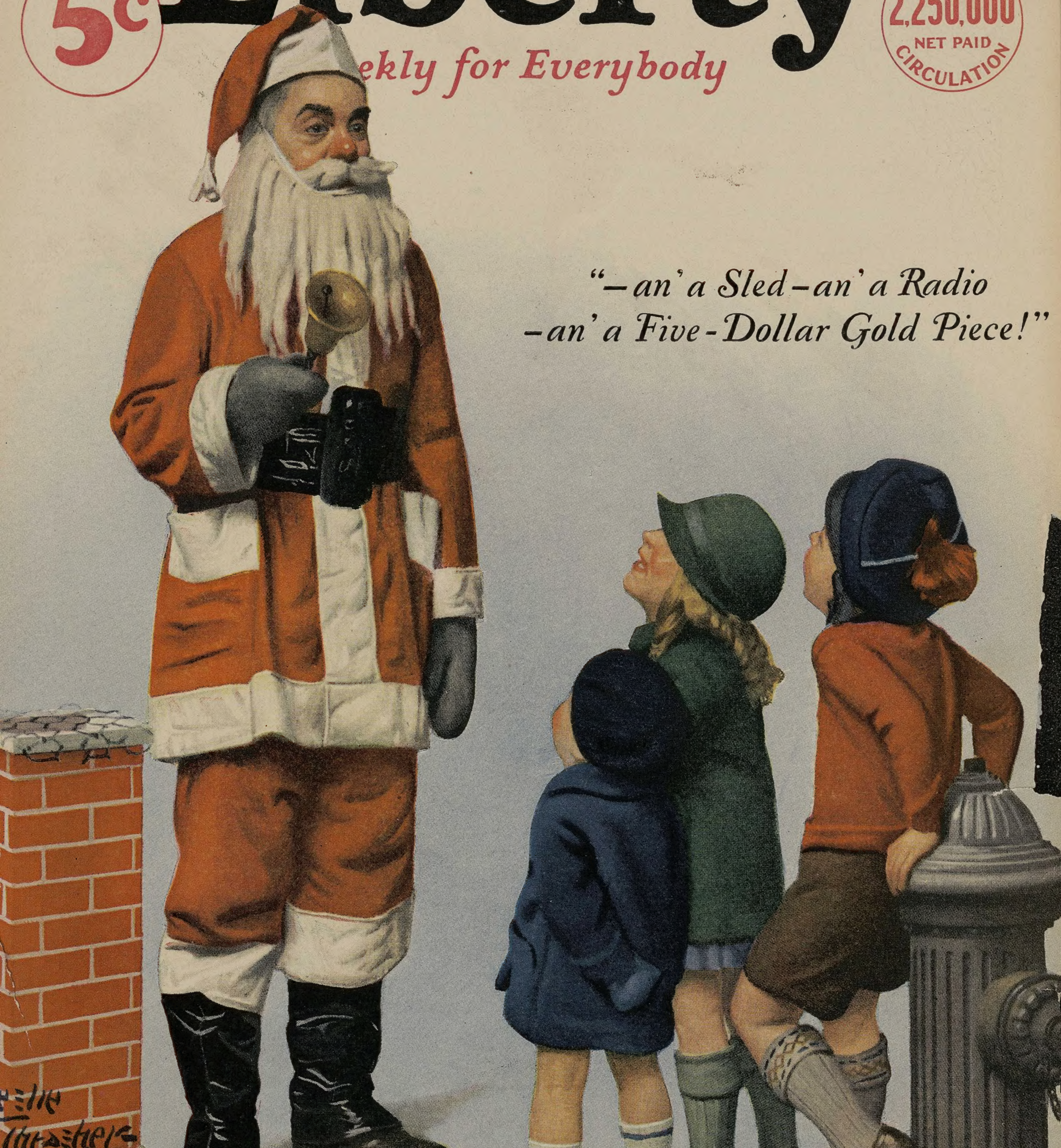
WEEK
ENDING
DEC. 20, 1930

5c

Liberty

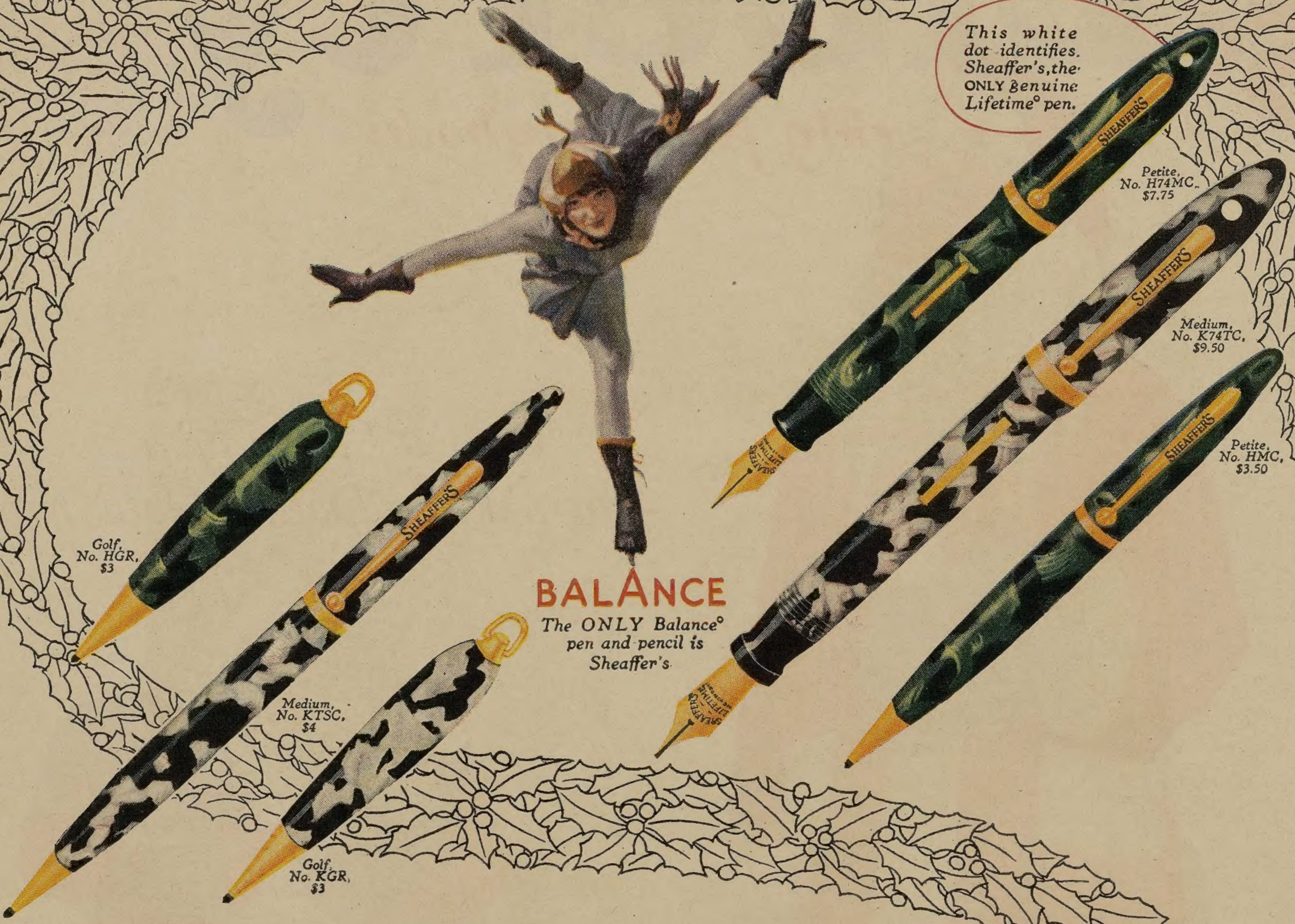
ekly for Everybody

OVER
2,250,000
NET PAID
CIRCULATION



"– an' a Sled – an' a Radio
– an' a Five-Dollar Gold Piece!"

HENRY KITCHELL **WEBSTER** ~ KONRAD **BERCOVICI** ~ FERDINAND **REYHER** ~ EDWARD **DOHERTY** ~ ROBERT **BENCHLEY**



This white dot identifies Sheaffer's, the ONLY genuine Lifetime° pen.

Petite, No. H74MC, $7.75

Medium, No. K74TC, $9.50

Petite, No. HMC, $3.50

Golf, No. HGR, $3

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BALANCE

The ONLY Balance° pen and pencil is Sheaffer's

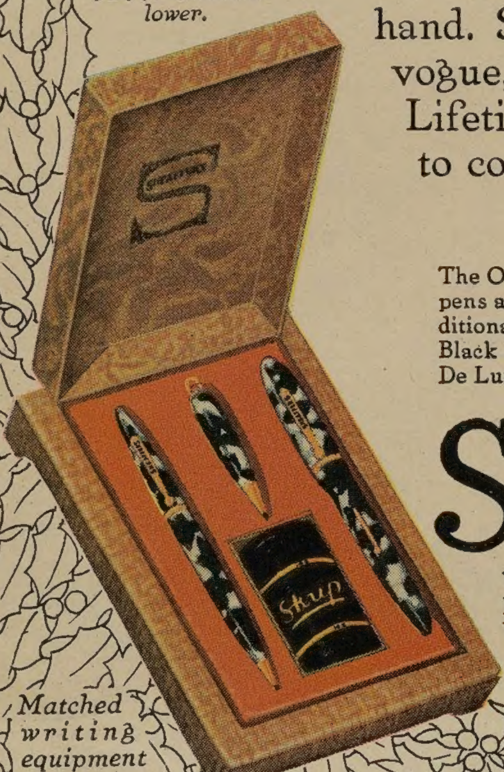
The World's Gift Favorites

So many Christmas gifts are so soon worn out and forgotten. But not Sheaffer's Balance° Lifetime° pens. They are guaranteed to serve faithfully while their owner lives. And all that time they are living reminders of the giver, daily used and proudly worn. There are no others like these. Sheaffer alone makes Balance° Lifetime° pens. Internal Balance° gives them their flowing, streamlined contour, in key with modern design ideas, and Balance° also makes them cradle comfortably in the hand. Such beauty and utility have made these the vogue, and the world's gift favorites. Give Balance° Lifetimes,° singly or in noble Matched Ensembles, to commemorate a lasting Christmas sentiment!

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

The ONLY genuine Lifetime° pen is Sheaffer's; do not be deceived! All fountain pens are guaranteed against defect, but Sheaffer's Lifetime° is guaranteed unconditionally against everything excepting loss for your lifetime. Jade Green, and Jet Black Lifetime° pens, $8.75; Ladies', $8.25. Marine Green and Black-and-Pearl De Luxe, $10; Ladies', $9.50. Petite Lifetime° pens, $7 up. Pencils, $5 and lower.

4-piece Matched Lifetime° Ensembles, $13 to $200. Others lower.



Matched writing equipment is the vogue.

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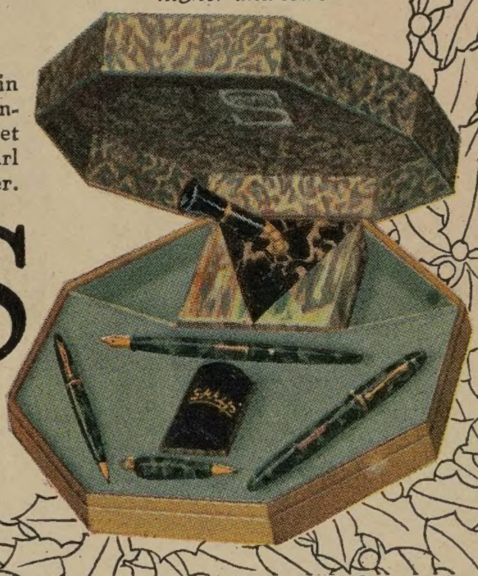
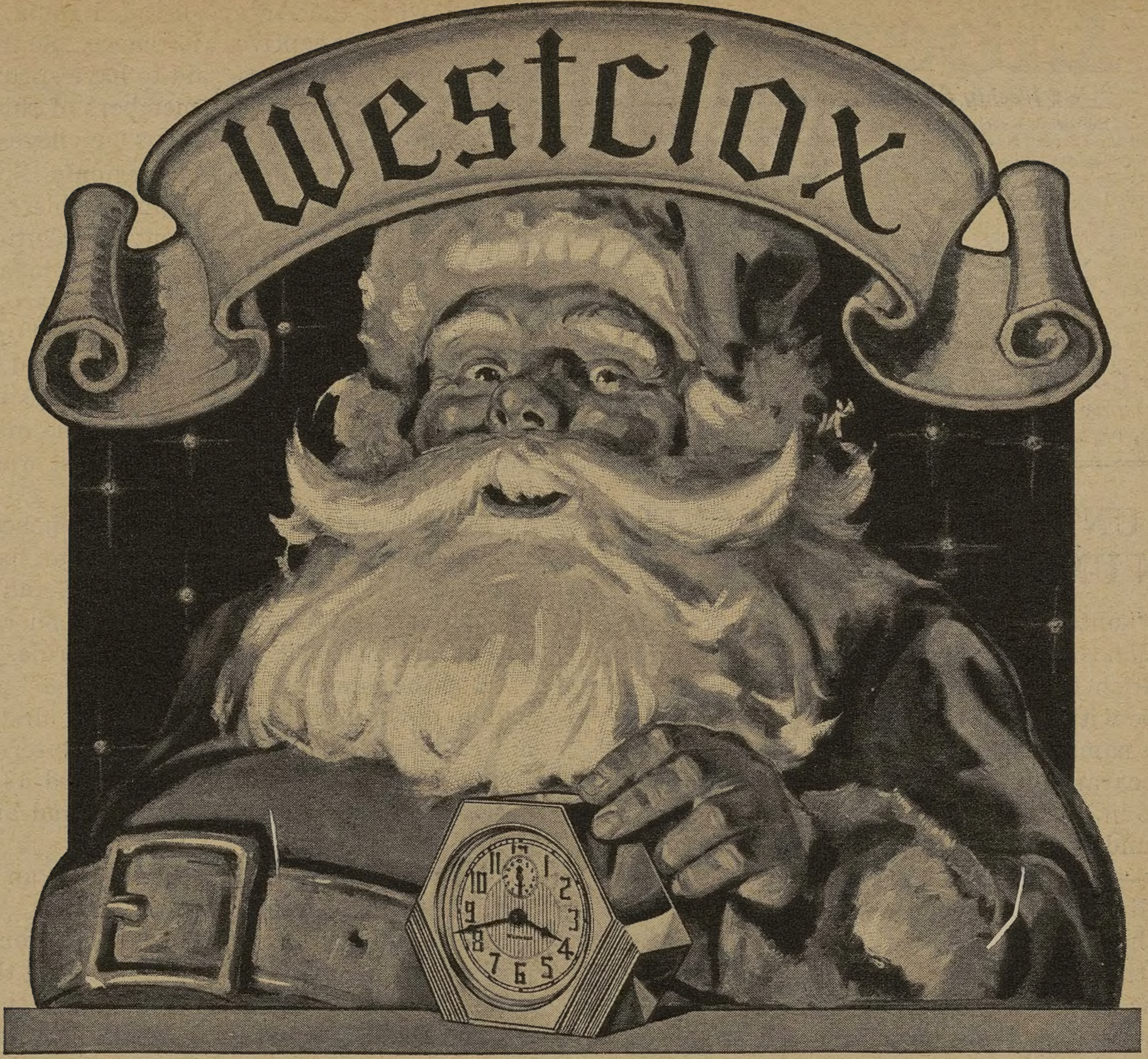
6-piece Matched Ensemble, No. WQ16, $40. Others higher and lower.



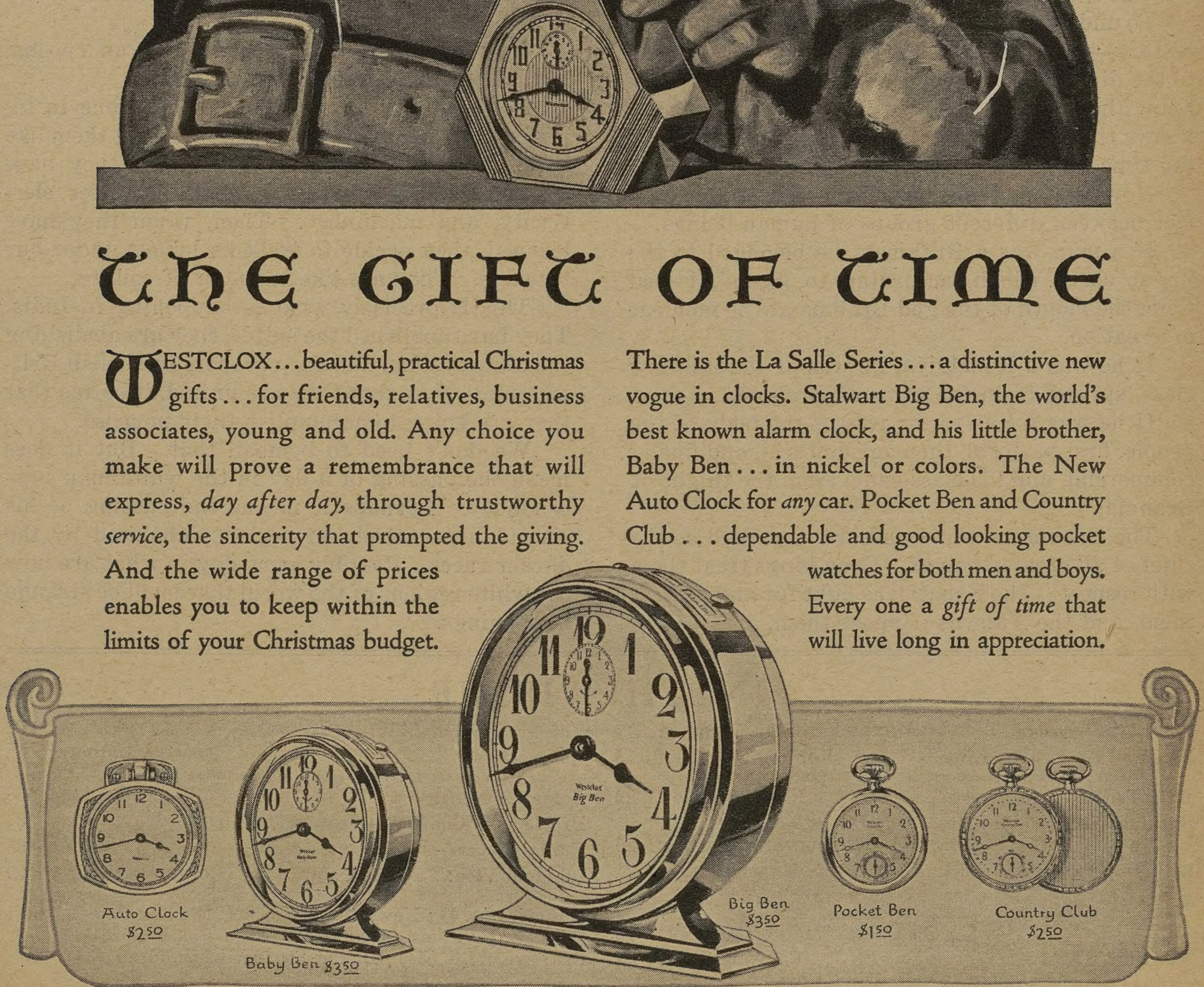
Matched writing equipment is the vogue.



THE GIFT OF TIME

WESTCLOX . . . beautiful, practical Christmas gifts . . . for friends, relatives, business associates, young and old. Any choice you make will prove a remembrance that will express, *day after day,* through trustworthy *service,* the sincerity that prompted the giving. And the wide range of prices enables you to keep within the limits of your Christmas budget.

There is the La Salle Series . . . a distinctive new vogue in clocks. Stalwart Big Ben, the world's best known alarm clock, and his little brother, Baby Ben . . . in nickel or colors. The New Auto Clock for *any* car. Pocket Ben and Country Club . . . dependable and good looking pocket watches for both men and boys. Every one a *gift of time* that will live long in appreciation.



DEC. 20, 1930

Liberty

VOL. 7
NO. 51

A Weekly for Everybody

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Vanderbilt 6900.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.
Detroit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; James O'Shaughnessy, Business Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ **Address all communications to 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.**

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

AN UNTOUCHABLE TOUCHES; AN UNSPEAKABLE SPEAKS

An "untouchable" stood in St. James's Palace in London the other day and touched the fabric of the British Empire. One of the "unspeakables," he spoke with a voice that went round the world.

His name is Bhimrao Mamji Ambedkar, and his appearance in London means the end of British rule in India.

To understand all this you must go back beyond history—some say at least five thousand years—to the dim beginnings of things in India. Nobody knows how old the caste system is, but everybody knows that it has controlled Indian life during all the time of which there is any record.

Nowhere has there been a more inflexible barrier between different groups of human beings.

If a man was a Brahman, he belonged to the priest class, which, according to legend, issued from the mouth of the god Brahma at the moment of creation.

If he was a Kshatriya, he was of the military class, sprung from the arms of Brahma.

If he was a Vaisya, he was of the body of the people, first pastoral, then agricultural, and finally commercial, and his class came from the thighs of Brahma.

The Brahmans were, and are, regarded as the chief of all created beings. Even kings treat them with respect. The Kshatriyas fight for and protect them, and the Vaisyas support them.

But when the Aryans invaded India, the natives were made captives and slaves. So there was a Sudra or servile class, said to have sprung from the feet of Brahma. The members of this fourth caste were denied all religious privileges. They could approach the upper classes only as menials. Their slightest offense was punishable by death, and their touch was equivalent to pollution.

These are the "untouchables" of today.

So, when Bhimrao Mamji Ambedkar, an "untouchable" of the scavenger class, stood up among the princes at London and was applauded by them for a powerful, intelligent, and succinct speech opposing British rule, it meant that the miracle of miracles had happened. India at last was speaking with one voice.

Other astounding things had happened at the London conference. An Indian woman had sat at the council table and made a speech, and Hindus and Mohammedans had made common cause together and truculently defied British rule.

But the name of the "untouchable" probably will go down in history as that of the first man of his caste who ever spoke on equal terms with 300,000,000 other Indians, and raised 43,000,000 outcasts to a position of influence and authority in shaping the country's future.

He may prove to have figured in an epochal change in the course of human events.

For centuries the white man has gone to inferior races all over the world and taught them like little children. From the white man they have learned about democracy, firearms, firewater, electricity, and machinery. Then, when they have learned, they decide to walk no longer under our tutelage. They are like boys out of college.

This is precisely what is happening in India. They have abolished the suttee, they are abolishing the caste system, and they propose to abolish British rule. Now that they are united, it seems that they are going to accomplish their purpose.

We don't need to bemoan that. But it does mean the passing of a day in the white man's ascendancy. Perhaps it means the passing of his ascendancy entirely in regions inhabited by the darker races. Possibly some day in what are now the white regions of the world there will be strange happenings.

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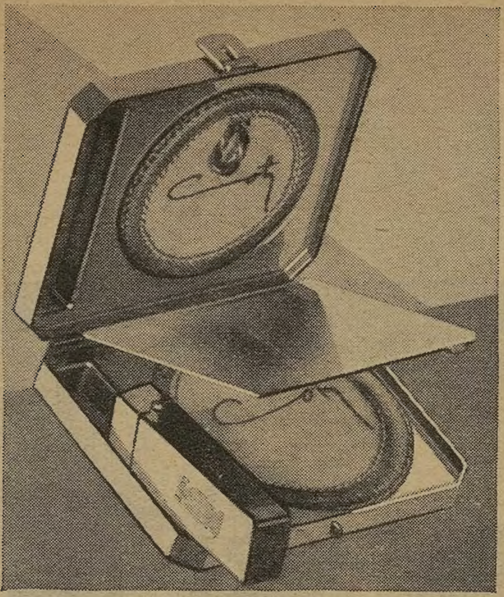
Cover by Leslie Thrasher

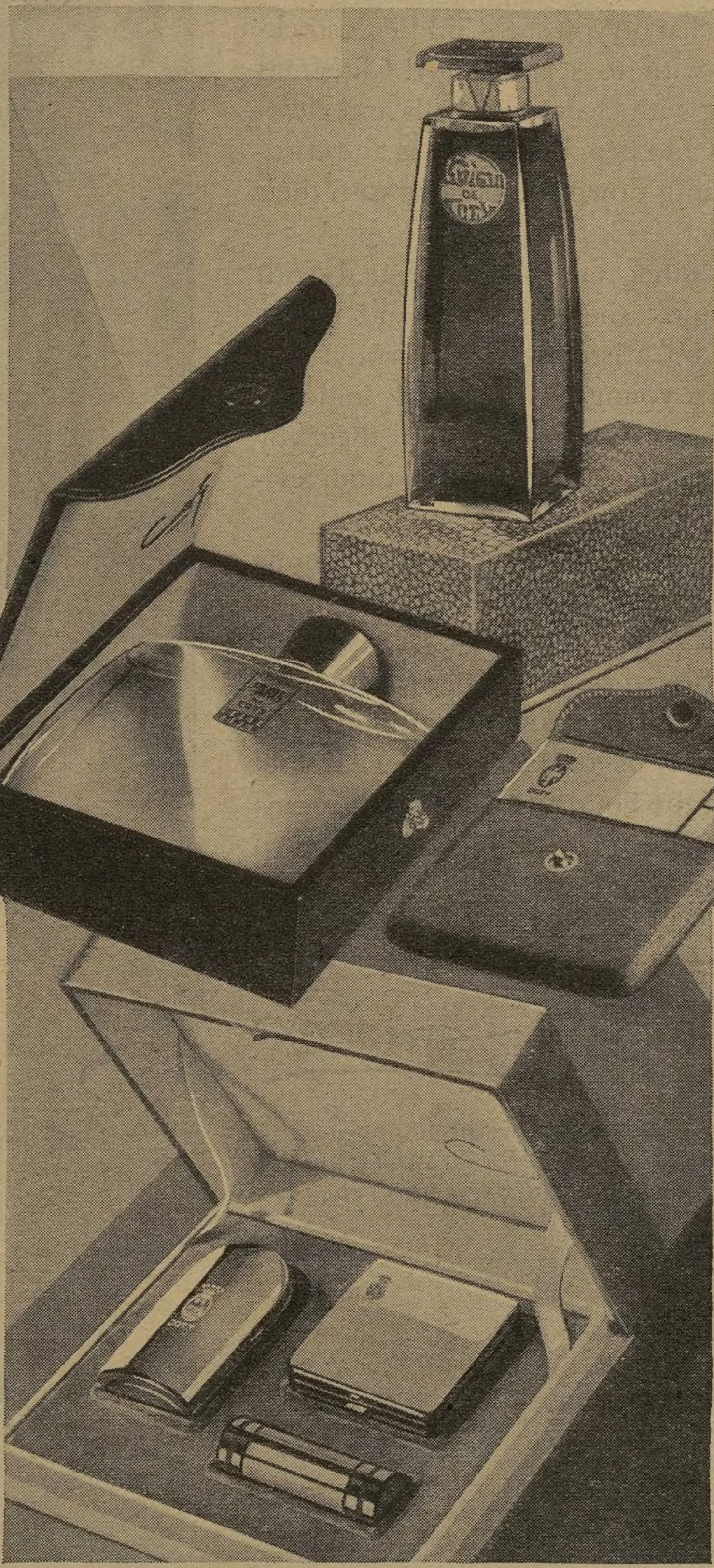
GIFTS THAT MAKE AN ART OF GIVING

Coty



New! TripleCompact—an exquisitely smart creation, with Rouge, Lipstick and Compact Powder all in platinum-tone metal, $3.50

Even if you have left your shopping 'til the last minute, there is still time for the loveliest gifts of all—no matter how much or how little you want to spend. Coty Perfumes have an invariable air of chic, of luxury and preciousness about them which marks the really distinctive choice. They are presented in exquisite Gift Ensembles of smartly colourful beauty—featuring each of the famous Coty odeurs, L'Aimant, "Paris,,, L'Origan, Emeraude, Chypre



There is the new *"Obelisque"* Flacon—in the favourite odeurs: L'Origan, "Paris,,, Chypre, La Jacée, Emeraude—at $5.00. Or the De Luxe two-ounce size in coloured leather case at $7.50. Lipstick and Compact in a various-coloured suede sheath, $3.00, or a set of purse requisites, platinum-tone, $5.00

"GIVE CANDY AT CHRISTMAS - - - - as much of it and to as many as you can!"

SAYS EMILY POST

SHUT your eyes and think of Christmas—what do you see? Children's stockings bulging with toys and candy! Christmas trees glittering with chains and balls and clear-candy animals and peppermint canes and cornucopias weighing down the boughs with their loads of candy.

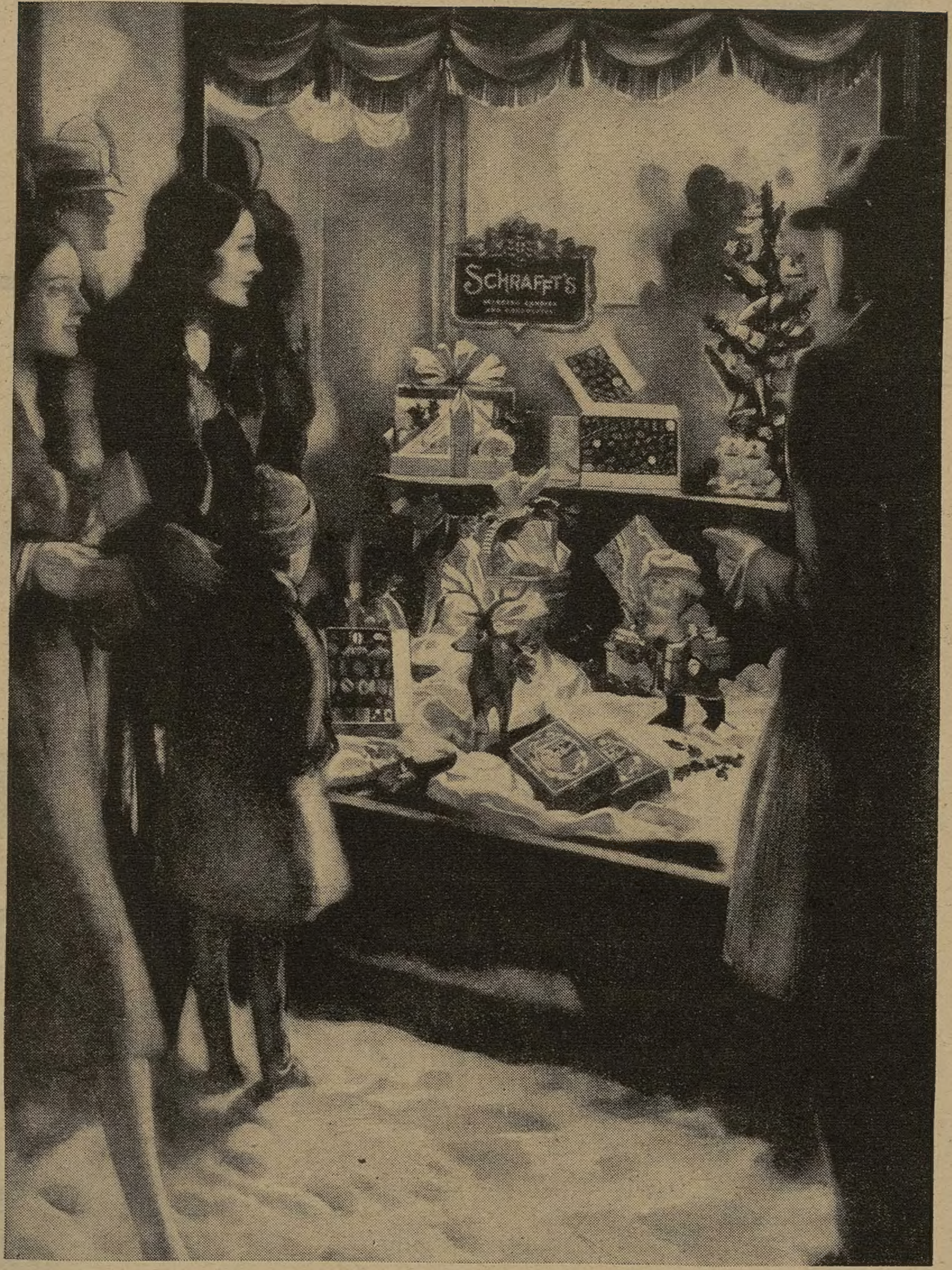
You see dinner tables embellished with flowers and pink-cheeked fruits and dishes piled high with Christmas-mixture candy!

You see very young girls hurriedly undoing the wrappings of candy boxes from their boy friends; older sisters arranging this candy evidence of many beaux, in frank array.

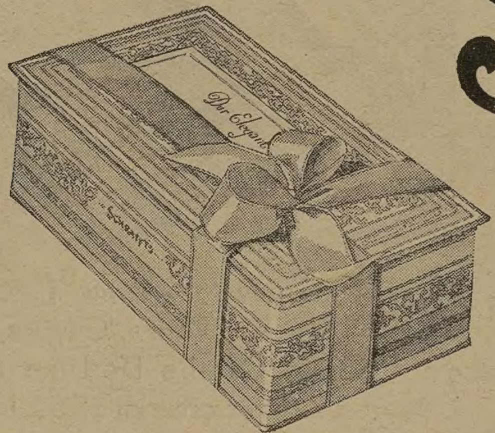
You see mothers, grandmothers and aunts proffering opened boxes delectably displaying candy of every known variety!

In short, a box of candy is a gift of affection, of appreciation, or of neighborly friendliness. And since candy is to Christmas what firecrackers are to the Fourth of July, by all means send candy at Christmas—as much of it and to as many as you can!

EMILY POST is the author of *Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage* and *The Personality of a House*, etc.



"SHUT your eyes and think of Christmas." No need! Instead, open them wide, wherever you see the name Schrafft's. For there you will find candy that's sure to be thankfully received!

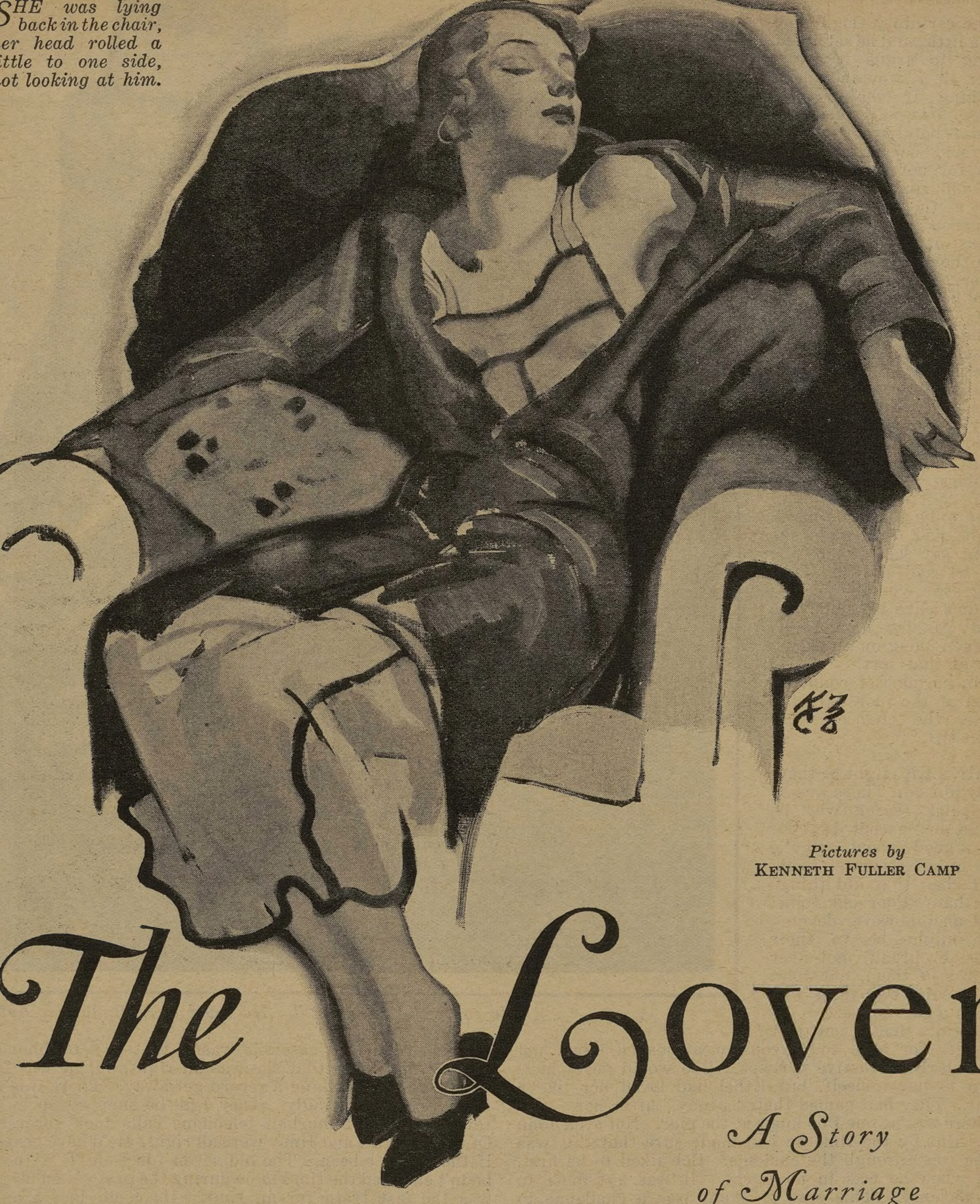


SCHRAFFT'S *selected candies and chocolates are packed in many styles, from one to five pounds to the package, at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 the pound.*

SCHRAFFT'S

Selected Candies and Chocolates

W. F. SCHRAFFT & SONS CORPORATION · *New York and Boston* · OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY



SHE was lying back in the chair, her head rolled a little to one side, not looking at him.

Pictures by
KENNETH FULLER CAMP

The Lover

A Story of Marriage

(Reading time: 34 min. 55 sec.)

By

Henry Kitchell Webster

who was born in Evanston, Illinois, in 1875, began writing novels in 1898, and is still living in Evanston and writing novels—which seems a consistent career. This is the only short story he has written in a number of years.

ROBERT MURDOCK went unrewarded in the scramble at the purser's window after the mails had come aboard at quarantine. After an absence of six months, he might have found a line of welcome from Ethel, he thought; but the pang of disappointment, sharp as it was, was easily reasoned away. Very likely it hadn't occurred to her that she could write a letter which would be taken aboard the ship in the lower bay, or that the stop at quarantine was so long a while, when you were counting minutes, before the coming ashore at the pier.

She had never been abroad herself. She would be there waiting for him all right. He was sure of that.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

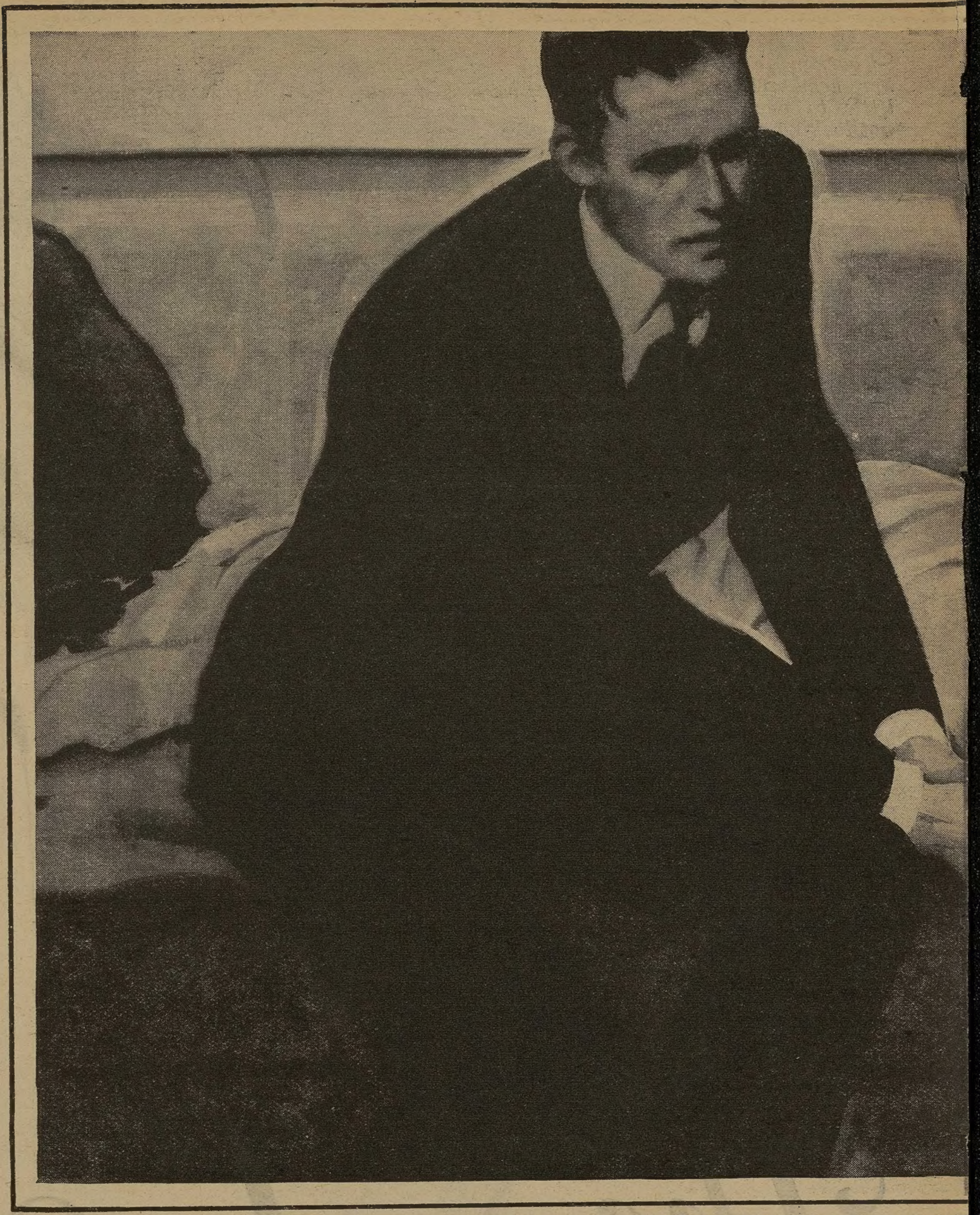
[THE LOVER
Continued from page seven]

The certainty frightened him a little, and he set about trying to argue it away. After all, it wouldn't mean anything if she weren't there. It would be seven, or later, before they docked. It would be an awkward time for her to get away. The suburban service into town at the fag-end of the afternoon was at its worst. It must have been dark, too, even then, on a beastly November day like this. She hated being out alone in the dark. Always had.

She could get somebody to come with her, though. John Lee would do it like a shot. He would meet her at the Grand Central and escort her down into the remote, unfamiliar region where this beastly line had its piers.

Of course, if she happened to be without a maid, as she had been when she wrote her last letter—the one he had got in Hamburg—she couldn't come; couldn't leave Virginia. The child was too frail to be dragged along on an excursion of that sort.

No, he mustn't count on Ethel at the pier. On the whole, the chances were against it.



He continued to sit still. He could do nothing else but sit still

JOHN LEE might be there by himself. There was no particular reason why he should be, except that he was a good friend, and the sort of affectionate, inefficient chap that did things like that. Poor old John! Most men, however devoted they might be to their wives, eventually got over the loss of them, but John after nearly two years was still in a sort of daze.

Virginia had been just the wife for him, courageous, clear-headed, kind, not particularly attractive perhaps. Bob would never have taken to her himself, but Ethel had loved her like a sister. They had named their " Jinny " after her.

There was no one Bob knew at the pier. Not even John Lee. But by the time he had made sure that this was so, he was through the customs. Bob liked to be first, even when he was in no hurry. It was a tribute to his efficiency. This sort of event was a challenge to him. He had everything precalculated to a nicety, and his calculations worked. His trunk was one of the first to come down the Alpine gangway, and he carried his bag ashore himself, got an inspector, and went through flying.

He was thinking about Ethel, of course, but he wasted no time peering at the crowd beyond the barrier. That's where she'd be, even if John brought her down. John wouldn't know how to work the pull to get her a customs pass.

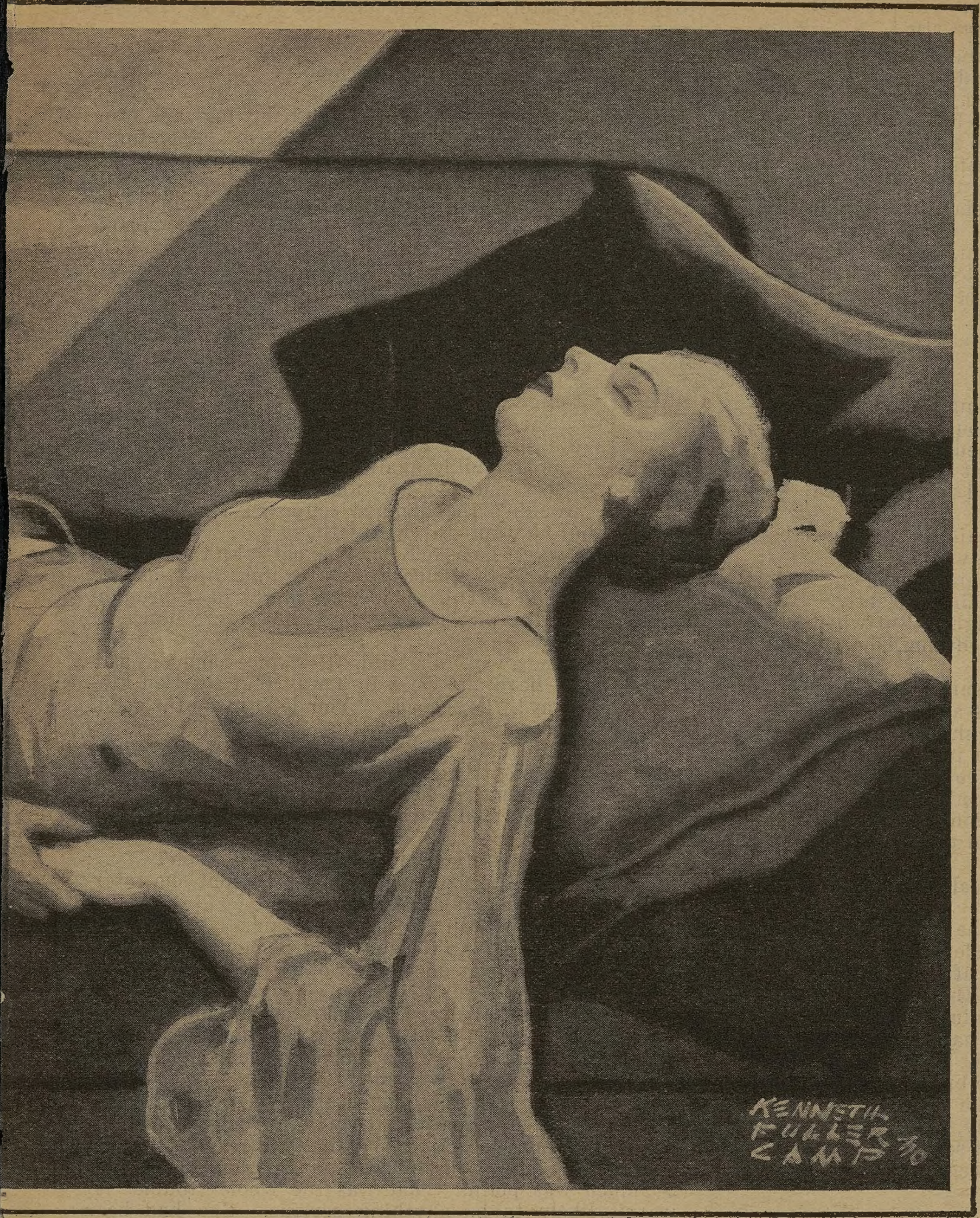
BUY NOW!

Despite his arguments he experienced another pang, and this a deeper one, when a swift search of the expectant crowd convinced him that Ethel wasn't there. He had decided in case she wasn't that he'd telephone, just to make sure that she was all right, but he was in his stride now, making a record get-away. There was a taxi purring invitingly. They'd all be snapped up in a few minutes. Suburban telephone calls took forever. Of course Ethel and Jinny were all right. He'd have heard if they hadn't been. The old seven forty-eight, if they hadn't changed the time-table during the past six months, was the last train for an hour. He could just about make it.

"Grand Central in a hurry," he said to the chauffeur, and jumped into the taxi.

He did just make it. The clock showed a quarter to eight as he walked across the concourse. The seven forty-eight hadn't been changed, either. There was a trickle of passengers through the gate. No time to telephone now, of course. No time for a sandwich, either. He'd be hungry as a wolf when he got home. Well, that didn't matter. Ethel would get up something for him. Oh Lord, but it would be good to be back!

He swore to himself, without quite knowing why, when he caught sight of the Hartleys, George and his wife,



His muscles, he was sure, wouldn't work if he asked them to.

waving to him excitedly from halfway down the car. He liked them all right, and their company might make the ride seem shorter, only it seemed, somehow, a little disloyal to Ethel to greet anyone else before he greeted her; to tell incidents of his trip, even trivial ones, before she heard them. Well, it wasn't his fault that she hadn't met the boat.

Of course, he did talk to the Hartleys. He was rather excited, and once he got started it was hard to stop. He'd had a wonderful trip. Yes, it *was* a pity that Ethel couldn't have gone along, but as it turned out, he had been right not to take her. Business had carried him into some pretty queer places, and it had been hard traveling most of the time. Railroad conditions in central Europe were something awful. Yes, he had been gone about two months longer than he expected, and he had been lucky to finish when he did.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

"Well, we're glad you're back," Mildred Hartley said. "We've hardly seen Ethel since you have been away. Oh, she's all *right*. I saw her on Main Street this morning. She had Jinny in the car with her."

"Well, that's good," Robert Murdock said. "The last news I had of her is nearly six weeks old. Got a letter about a week before I sailed from Hamburg. Jinny wasn't very well, and Ethel sounded rather low in her mind when she wrote. She was without a maid, for one thing. I hope she wasn't without one long."

"I don't know about that," Mildred said. "When we tried to get her for dinner a couple of weeks ago, she said she couldn't come because she hadn't anyone to leave Jinny with. It may have been the girl's night out, of course."

BOB found himself getting blue. It wasn't, though, over the possibility that Ethel had been without a servant for a few weeks. It was the way Mildred inflected that sentence: "She's all *right*." It was with a mental reservation, as if something, at any rate, were wrong. Oh, Mildred was rather a cat anyway. She had probably been annoyed because Ethel wouldn't come to her dinner.

When the train began slowing down for their station, he jumped up, grabbed his bag, said, "See you later," and bolted down the aisle to be the first man at the door. He had a feeling that he had escaped from something.

He was in a frantic hurry now to get home. He couldn't think at all. Didn't want to think. He sat on the edge of his seat in the taxi and pushed with all his strength. He had a dollar bill clenched in one hand, ready for the driver.

There stood his house just as he had left it six months ago! A light was in the downstairs hall and in Ethel's room on the second floor. He got out his latchkey. The front door was always locked. Ethel was timorous about burglars. As he clicked the latch and swung the door open, he heard Ethel's voice, sharp with apprehension.

"Who's that?" she called.

Even before the meaning of the words had time to reach his brain, the tone of her voice took him aback. He felt it as one feels the twinge of a bad nerve. The sound of his latchkey had frightened her.

And why had she said, "Who's that?" Why not, even if she were frightened, "Is that you, Bob?" She knew he was coming. He had cabled the day he sailed and had sent her a long wireless last night.

He called back, trying to make it jocular but not succeeding very well, "Who do you think it is?"

There followed, appallingly, a clear second of silence. He dropped his bag and went bounding up the stairs three at a time.

By the time he got to the top, she was standing in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE LOVER
Continued from page nine

doorway to their bedroom, a mistily outlined figure in her old-rose tea gown. He couldn't see her very well for the light, which came from the room beyond her and threw her face in shadow. Even now that he stood before her, there was a pause, an entranced sort of pause, before she said his name and came toward him. About both her voice and her movement there was something involuntary, automatic, as if she were walking in her sleep.

The suggestion reassured him, and he laughed as he pulled her up in his arms. "I bet you were sound asleep," he said, when he had kissed her. It hadn't been much of a kiss, somehow.

"No," she said; "I wasn't asleep. I was thinking."

"About me?" he asked.

Her answer had the muffled impersonal quality of an echo. "Yes, about you."

"Lord, but six months has been a long time," he said. He felt her shudder at that.

"Horribly," she agreed; and added, "Like a lifetime."

"I'm starving for you," he said, in a whisper because there was no voice to make the words.

Once more his lips found her mouth, but again the kiss was dead. She was trembling violently. His arms were supporting her whole weight. But when he would have led her back into their bedroom, she resisted him with surprising strength.

"Let's go downstairs," she said, and despite his protest she escaped from his arms and led the way.

She began telling him why she hadn't met the boat. She hadn't been able to find out just when it would dock. There was no one she could leave Virginia with, and the child, though a lot better, wasn't strong enough to be dragged out on such an excursion on a vile day like this. She'd rather expected he would telephone as soon as he landed.

He told her, with a good deal of explanatory detail, why he hadn't.

His thoughts didn't go with the words. They were preoccupied with the painful wonder why he and Ethel, in their first moments together after a hideous absence, should be talking piffle like this. Why should they talk at all? She had been listening, though, for she drew the correct inference from what he had been saying.

BUY NOW!

"Then you haven't had any dinner? You must be st—" She broke off short. Starving had been the word on her tongue evidently, the word he had used in a different sense a few moments before. She flushed deeply, and began again: "You must be frightfully hungry."

"I suppose I am," he said.

She seemed to find a sudden relief, reprieve almost, in the admission, and ignoring the dubious way in which he had made it, she went out in the kitchen to get him some supper.

She suggested that, while she was getting him something to eat, he go up and take a look at Jinny asleep in her crib.

"We'll go up and have a look at her together, later," he said.

IT struck him now as a real fact, not a mere impression, that she wanted to be alone, away from him. She proposed that he sit down at the dining table and let her serve him. Wait there while she got his meal ready. But under the question of his look she hastily withdrew the suggestion.

"All right, come along and look in the ice box yourself and see what you like. There isn't much, I'm afraid. There is a little cold sliced ham. How about a ham-and-egg sandwich and a glass of milk?"

He thought he would rather have coffee. "It's six months," he said, "since I've had a cup of real American coffee with cream in it."

She agreed to that a little doubtfully. "I guess there's some coffee," she said, and explained she hadn't been drinking it lately. It hadn't seemed to agree with her very well.

He undertook to make the coffee himself. It was one of his specialties, a product of camping trips. He grew reminiscent over it, about a camping adventure of theirs, the one taken with the Lees, John and Virginia, the summer before their own little Jinny was born. Ethel didn't follow his lead. Her admissions that she remembered this incident and that were limited to a bare word.

With a painful effort of brightness, she questioned him about his trip home. He didn't feel like talking about that. Not yet.

She had retreated from the stove while they were waiting for his coffee to boil, and he followed her and took her in his arms again, kissed her face all over and her soft throat. "I was coming home, that's all," he said, "and now I am home with you. I can't think about anything else tonight."

She didn't, now, resist his kisses, but neither did she come alive, responsive to them. She was trembling again. Shuddering.

He released her and turned away. Why wouldn't the damned coffee boil? He didn't want it, but he wanted it over with.

"By the way," he asked, "how is old John these days? I have been able to sympathize with him, these last six months. I had sort of an idea he might have brought you down to the pier to meet me, or be there himself."

"HE'S gone away," she said. Her voice came out suddenly hard and clear in a way that startled him.

"Gone away!" he echoed. "You don't mean for good! Where's he gone?"

"To Chicago," she said. "Yes, for good, I guess. He went about a month ago."

He was staring at her now in clear astonishment. "Well, but," he cried, "what in the world did he do that for?"

"He didn't write you anything about it, then?"

He saw that she had turned very pale, but she interrupted his movement of concern.

"The coffee is boiling over," she said.

He moved swiftly to the stove and turned off the flame. By the time this was done, she was at the door. With a gesture she kept him off. "I'm all right," she assured him. "The smell of the coffee makes me feel queer, that's all. I'll lie down on the sofa for a few minutes. When you have finished you can come in and talk to me."

He stayed alone in the kitchen for a while, though he neither ate nor drank. He stood looking blankly at the stove. There was nothing to be frightened about. Ethel wasn't well. So much was plain. That was the whole trouble. It wasn't likely to be anything serious. She had been afraid, most likely, to go to the doctor and find out. She was liable to panics of that sort, he knew, and being alone so much she had let it prey on her mind. The first thing to do was to reassure her, and then to find out what the matter really was. He must be perfectly cool and steady himself. There was nothing the matter between them. There couldn't be.

He managed to come into the living room with a smile. "It's all right," he said. "I'll go back and clean up the dishes afterward. Are you feeling a little better?"

She was lying on the sofa, looking not quite so ghastly white, though perhaps it was only the softened light of the shaded lamp that was responsible for this. He sat beside her and took her hands. They were cold and limp.

"It's funny about that," he said. "I remember the smell of coffee used to make you sick that summer in camp before Jinny was born."

Her hands twitched convulsively in his clasp. It was almost as if her body had been struck by a bullet. He sat still without releasing her hands. His mind had stopped working altogether.

After a while he heard her say, "It's the same thing now."

He couldn't make out what she meant. "The same thing?" he repeated.

"I'm going to have another baby," she said.

His stupefied stare ran over her from her face to her slim body, and back again. "But—but," he stammered, "we haven't been together for six months. I don't see . . ."

"It's only just begun," she said. "I haven't been sure till now."

He continued to sit still. He didn't even release her hands. He could do nothing else but sit still. His muscles, he was sure, wouldn't work if he asked them to. He couldn't think, either. The stuff that was running through his mind didn't make sense. It was probably a dream. He couldn't figure out, though, when he'd had the chance to fall asleep. Coming out on the train, maybe. But were George and Mildred Hartley part of the dream? Mildred's saying, "Oh, she's all *right*."

Was that what Mildred had meant? Had she guessed? Had she and their other friends been gossiping?

He had known it, really—suspected it anyhow—when Ethel cried out in terror, "Who's that?" when he let himself in the door.

He wasn't dreaming. Dreams didn't go as straight as that. Besides, here Ethel was. He could feel her hands.

He hadn't seen anyone as beautiful as that since he had gone away. He had never seen her so lovely as she was right now. White, sick, infinitely pitiable. He wanted to kiss her. Only first he must make sure that he had misunderstood the monstrous thing she had said.

He made himself smile, but it didn't feel like a smile. It felt like making a face. He wondered if that was the way actors felt when they did it.

"I guess my mind must have slipped a cog," he said. "I don't understand."

"Yes, you do," she told him weakly.

"You mean you've . . . You mean there's been . . ."

"Yes," she said.

"Who was the man?"

He felt the insane impulse to laugh at the mere sound of the words. They weren't he and Ethel, these two people on the sofa. They were a couple of actors in one of those damn'-fool problem plays that Ethel sometimes took him to see. An adultress and an outraged husband getting ready to go out and shoot somebody.

That was the way he would feel if it were true, wasn't it? And he'd hate Ethel, too. He'd want to choke her as she lay there. He didn't want to choke her. He wanted to go on holding her hands. Her cold, trembling hands. She was as frightened as he was. It couldn't be true. There was a catch about it somewhere.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

"I thought"—her voice was so small and still he had to lean close to listen—"I thought he meant to tell you. He said, in a letter, something about coming on to meet the boat if he could. If he couldn't, I thought perhaps he'd write to the steamer."

There was an echo in that. Out in the kitchen she had spoken of somebody writing—John Lee. John Lee!

"You don't mean it was John?"

He felt, once more, a terrifying impulse to laugh. Good old helpless, harmless John, cast for the part of a seducer—a home-wrecker!

She said petulantly, "Yes, of course. It couldn't have been anyone else."

A GUST of impatience brought his dead body to life. He dropped her hands and sprang erect. "You're talking nonsense!" he said furiously. "I don't believe a word of it. What are you torturing me for? What has happened, really? Tell me the truth about it."

That aroused her, brought color into her white cheeks. She spoke vehemently, though her voice was harsh and thin. "It is true. I have fallen in love with John Lee. I've been unfaithful to you. As soon as you get a divorce I'll go out to Chicago and marry him." Her color receded and she sank back against the cushions. "That is, I suppose I will," she ended weakly.

To him the situation again became unreal. Crazy!

"Divorce?" he asked. "Who's talking about a divorce?"

"You'll have to do it," she said. "I tell you I'm going to have a baby."

"You say you fell in love with him?" he demanded incredulously. "With John? When did that happen?"

"I don't know." On another spurt of energy, she added, "If I hadn't fallen in love with him, you don't think I'd have done—that, do you?" A sob shook her, and she covered her face with her hands.

"I don't know what to think," he said, "but I don't believe it. I think you are out of your head."

He caught the broken murmur of her voice: "I wish he'd told you."

For an instant he experienced a feeling of relief. John wouldn't run away. He'd have stayed to face the music. She really was out of her head. It was a delusion.

"Why *did* John go away?" he asked. "Why didn't he stay to tell me himself?"

Her answer came collectedly enough, and somehow the forlorn reasonableness of it deprived him of his momentary hope: "He had an opening out in Chicago. A chance for quite a good job. Four hundred dollars a month. He'd lost the one he'd had here, you know, and we thought we had better start in a new place anyway. He thought he'd have time to go out and get it all settled and then come back and tell you. It didn't come out as quickly as he'd hoped, and I suppose he couldn't write it in a letter. I couldn't, I know. He thought he might make it, up to the very last minute."

A grimace of pain distorted her face. "When I heard the key in the lock," she said, "I didn't know which of you it was."

NOW for the first time he believed. The terror in her voice as she had cried out, "Who's that?" came back to his memory with convincing force.

His mind believed, but not the rest of him. His impulse was—his almost overmastering impulse—to kneel down beside her where she lay and take her in his arms. She was being tortured. He couldn't bear it. He turned away.

It wasn't the way he ought to feel. It was he who had been betrayed. He ought to hate both of them. He would, no doubt, when he could get the thing straight in his mind. He must try to get it straight. Try to realize what it meant.

"How long has it been going on?" he asked. "Were you in love with him when I went away?"

"I didn't know I was," she told him. "I didn't know until it happened. Till after it happened. I liked him, of course, a lot—you knew I did—and I was sorry for him. You were, too. I wanted to help him."

"Yes, that's the way John worked it, all right." He was glad to find himself able to sneer at John. Along that line he might be able to reach the right frame of mind.

"How long has he felt that way about you?" he asked. "He was just waiting, I suppose, for me to go away and leave him a clear field."

"He was not."

He looked around at her as she said that, and saw her face come to life. Her eyes brightened, and there was again a little color in her cheeks.

"You know John isn't like that. He meant to be loyal to you. He thought he was, just as much as I thought I was. We didn't know what it meant, either of us, until it—happened."

"That's the sob story he told you," he remarked. "I suppose he went right on mourning for Virginia, telling you how much he missed her, and so on, right to the end. The damned yellow dog! He'd have stayed right here and be playing his game now, sneaking what chances he could after I got back, if you hadn't happened to be caught. When he found there was going to be a baby that couldn't be explained as mine, he beat it."

The speech had been a relief to his nerves, but an in-

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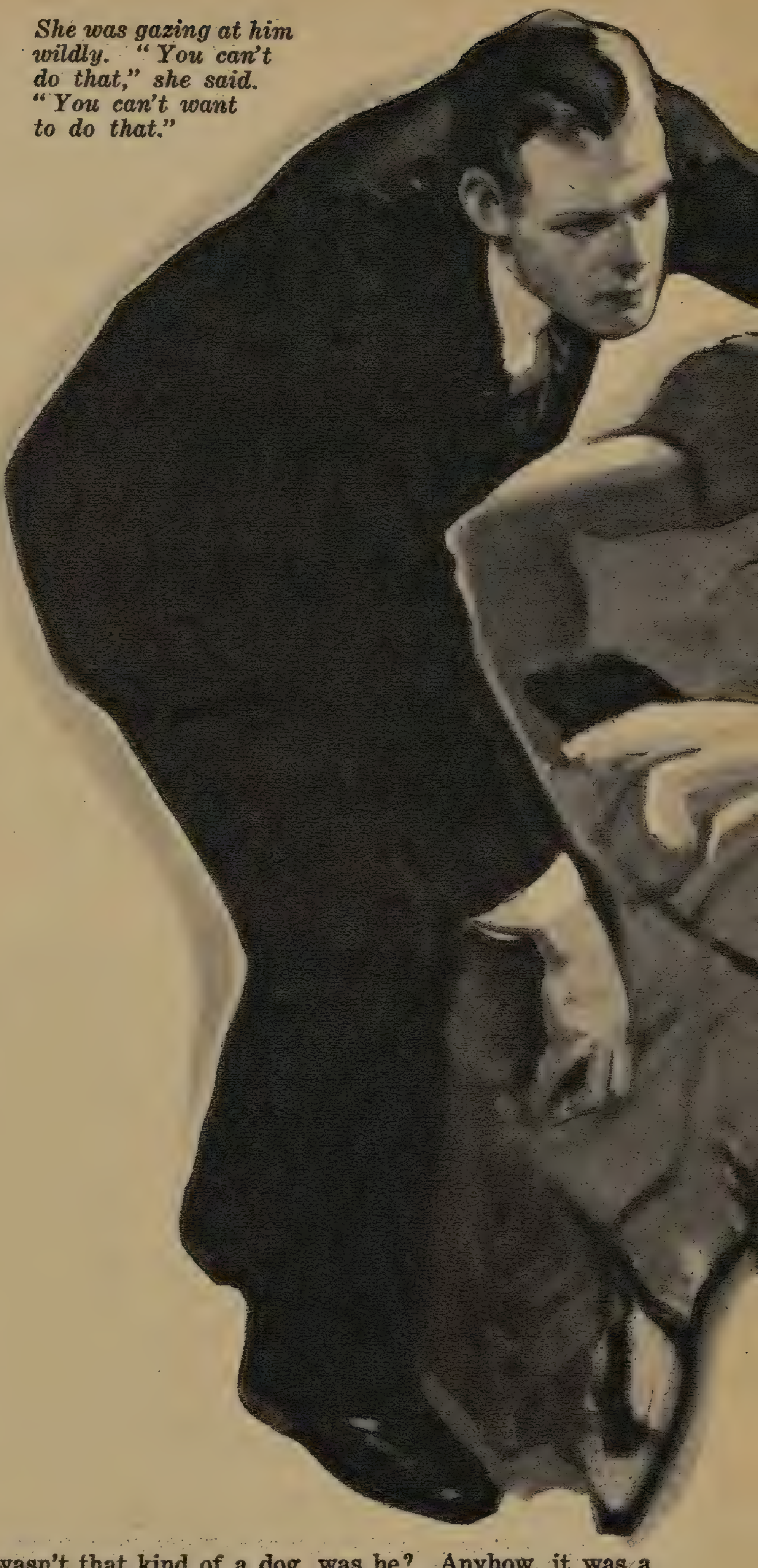
THE LOVER
Continued from page eleven



She was gazing at him wildly. "You can't do that," she said. "You can't want to do that."

furiating misgiving that he didn't really mean it, that it wasn't how he felt, that he was pumping it up, deprived him of any deeper satisfaction.

"Of course you've got a right to say things like that," she admitted dully, "even if they aren't true."

"How do you know they aren't true? I'm talking about him, not about you."

"I know one thing that isn't true. He didn't wait until he knew I was going to have a baby before he went away. He went almost as soon as it happened. There was a week—and then he said he wouldn't go on like that, and he went away. And he doesn't know, now, what's going to happen. I've been writing to him, but I haven't told him that."

"Haven't told him!" he repeated incredulously. "That you're going to have a baby, you mean? Why not?"

She turned desperately away from him, so that she lay on her side, and buried her face in her hands. He thought she said, "Oh, I don't know," but couldn't be sure he'd heard.

Whenever his patrol of the room, during the miserable silent minutes that elapsed after that, took him into the front end of it, he could see his bag lying just where he had dropped it to go bounding up the stairs. The sight of it suggested the perfectly logical idea to him that the thing to do was to put on his overcoat and hat, pick up that bag, and walk out of the house, go back to the city and find a room in a hotel.

He had no reasonable excuse for not going; it was the only thing left for a betrayed husband to do. But the thought of doing it hurt unbearably. He could see himself in a hotel bedroom unpacking that bag. There were things in it that he'd brought home for Ethel and little Jinny. He'd packed them there in order not to come home empty-handed in case his trunk should be late following him.

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

His eyes suddenly burned and blurred with tears. He halted his patrol when he had his back to her in order to squeeze them out of his eyes. She was crying too. He couldn't bear to have her crying there. It did him no good not to look.

She wasn't an adulterous wife, she was Ethel. The thought shamed him. Why couldn't he feel about it the way a man ought to feel? Wasn't he a man? Was there something wrong about him?

HE said at last, "There is no use talking about it any more, I suppose. You may as well go to bed."

He wanted her out of the room. Perhaps if he were alone he could think. Get somewhere. Perhaps he could muster up resolution enough to take his bag and go away.

"What will you do?" he heard her ask.

"I don't know. I want a little time to think."

"You won't go without saying good-by to me? Nor without seeing Jinny? I told her you'd be here when she waked up."

"I don't know!" he shouted furiously. "Go to bed!"

"All right, I'll go." She got up and made her way uncertainly into the hall.

He turned away in order not to see her, but he couldn't help hearing the pitiful, heavy drag of her steps as she mounted the stairs. He cursed himself savagely for an impulse that came to him, almost too strong to be mastered. It had been his way in the old days when she was pregnant with Jinny to carry her upstairs in his arms, just as one carries a child. He wanted to do it now. Take her in and lay her on her bed. Take off her slippers and her stockings and kiss her lovely, slender feet.

"Lock your door!" he called after her.

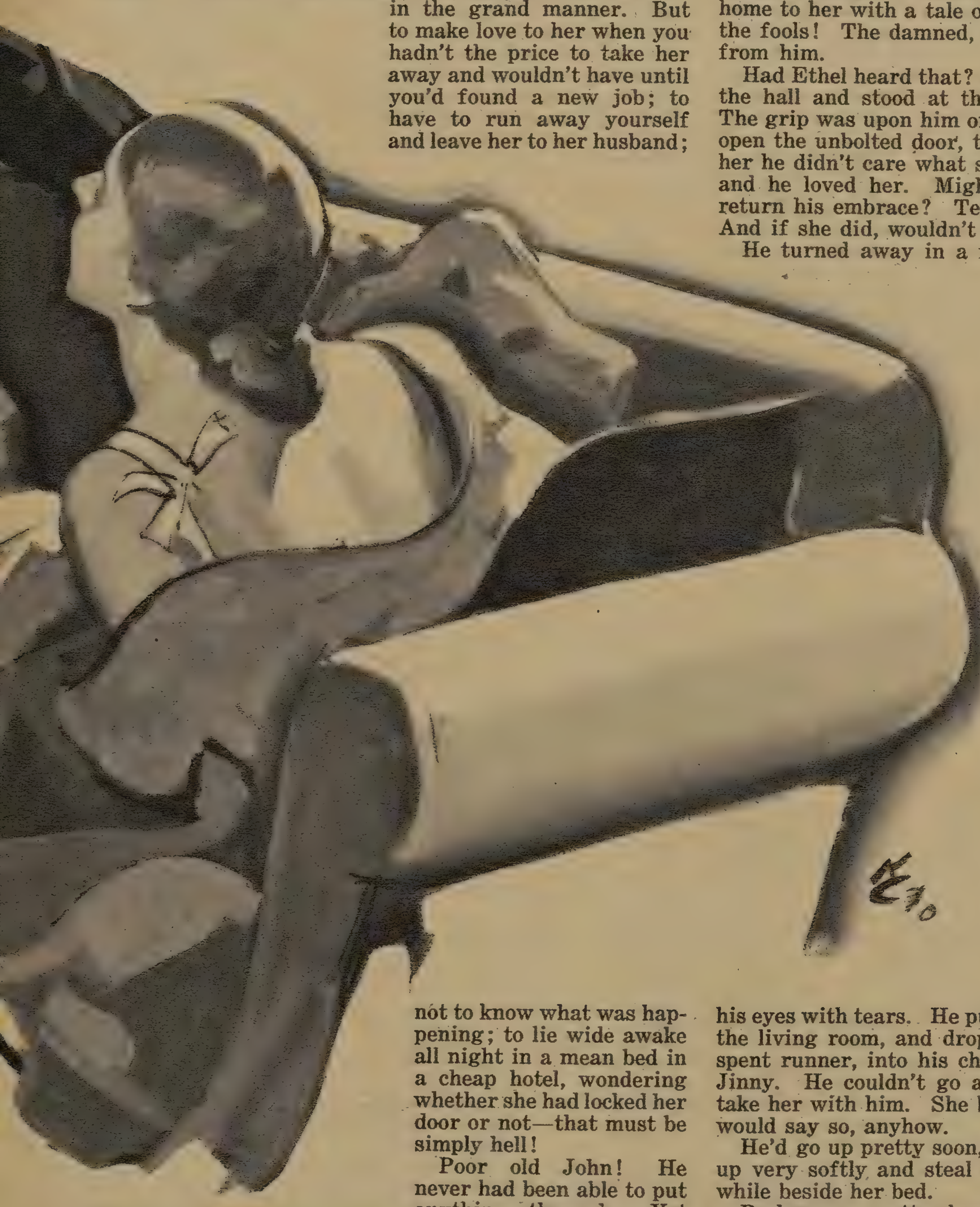
He heard her sob, but she made no other answer. He stood listening, but he didn't hear her lock her door. Frantically he beat his fists against his head. He wasn't that kind of a dog, was he? Anyhow, it was a relief to be alone in the room.

He dropped limply into an easy-chair. His chair. The other one under the lamp was Ethel's. He drew a long, steadying breath or two. Now to get himself together and think. Not about Ethel. His mind simply didn't work when he thought about her. Let him think about John Lee. He could think up things to think about John. Phrases descriptive of the treacherous thing he had done.

It was satisfaction to reflect that John could be in no enviable state of mind, just at this moment, himself. Out there in Chicago trying to get a job—wondering what was happening in this house tonight! John couldn't be any too sure. He didn't know, for one thing, that Ethel was going to have a baby. That was one on John, all right.

It was John who was alone, now, in a hotel bedroom. A cheap hotel, most likely, in a small, cheap room, for he'd always been hard up and would be more so than ever right now, while he was looking for a job. Feeling pretty small and cheap himself, he must be.

It was one thing for a man to make love to another man's wife, and to persuade her to run away. Detestable, of course, treacherous, but capable of being done in the grand manner. But to make love to her when you hadn't the price to take her away and wouldn't have until you'd found a new job; to have to run away yourself and leave her to her husband; not to know what was happening; to lie wide awake all night in a mean bed in a cheap hotel, wondering whether she had locked her door or not—that must be simply hell!



Poor old John! He never had been able to put anything through. Yet Ethel declared she had fallen in love with him. Had she really? If so, why hadn't she told him she was carrying a child of his?

She must have known that it would buck him up. Put an end to his uncertainty, give him something to go on. The prospect of a child might make a man of him. Give him the steam he needed to get him somewhere.

He and Virginia had wanted a child, but had never had one. Robert had always thought of this as John's defect rather than Virginia's. She had been such a normal, healthy sort of girl. Evidently he had been wrong about that. In every other way, though, Virginia had been the wife John needed. Strong, healthy, courageous, able to do any amount of work; never dispirited by hard times or short commons. Well, John's wife had need of these qualities, God knew!

And that was what Ethel was going up against! The thought gave him a twinge that brought the sweat right out on his forehead. Ethel scrubbing her kitchen floor. Doing without clothes she needed. Trying to hush the crying baby and cook a man's dinner at the same time.

He dashed the thought out of his mind. It was her own fault, wasn't it? He tried to gloat over the picture of her, haggard, slatternly, her life poisoned by an ineradicable regret. And John shabby, dispirited, coming home to her with a tale of another job he had lost. Oh, the fools! The damned, damned fools! A groan burst from him.

Had Ethel heard that? he wondered. He went out into the hall and stood at the foot of the stairs listening. The grip was upon him of a desire to go up those stairs, open the unbolted door, take Ethel in his arms, and tell her he didn't care what she had done, she was his wife and he loved her. Mightn't she, if he told her that, return his embrace? Tell him she loved him after all? And if she did, wouldn't that be enough for him?

He turned away in a furious self-contempt. Hadn't she just told him it was John she loved and wanted?

ANYHOW, he couldn't stand the torture of being near her like this. Why hadn't she locked her door when he told her to? Was she trying to seduce him into condoning her guilt? Was that her little game?

The thought brought him momentarily the relief of anger, but he knew somehow that it wouldn't last. He didn't believe it.

BUY NOW!

He put on his overcoat and picked up his bag. Get out — that was the only thing to do!

The bag was heavy. Most of the things in it were presents he had brought home to her and Jinny. Jinny, who'd been promised that her father would be here when she woke up in the morning! The sight of her sober, big-eyed little face came before him and blinded his eyes with tears. He put down the bag, went back into the living room, and dropped exhausted, panting like a spent runner, into his chair. He hadn't thought about Jinny. He couldn't go away and leave her. He must take her with him. She belonged to him now. The law would say so, anyhow.

He'd go up pretty soon, when he'd got his breath. Go up very softly and steal a look at the child. Sit for a while beside her bed.

Perhaps, no matter how softly he moved, Ethel would hear and would come in . . .

He stopped that fantasy as quickly as he could, but not quickly enough. No, he dared not go upstairs tonight. He'd stay here as he was. Keep vigil until daylight. In that realistic time of day he'd tell Ethel what he'd made up his mind to do, and then he'd take Virginia and go away. Once the break was made, it wouldn't be quite so unendurable.

He had, luckily, a practicable way out of the whole ghastly mess. The president of the firm had written him a letter. He'd got it in Hamburg on the same mail with Ethel's last one. Would he consider staying in Germany, or going back for a year or two, to carry on and permanently establish the work he had so successfully begun? He hadn't taken this suggestion very seriously at the time, but he hadn't decisively rejected it.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LOVER
Continued from page thirteen]

He'd see the president tomorrow and tell him he'd go. Then he'd see George Burke, give him the facts, and tell him to go ahead and get a divorce.

He'd settle down in Hamburg with Jinny. Get a good, kind, middle-aged governess for her, and start life anew with a clean slate.

He'd make some sort of confidential arrangement with George for seeing to it that Ethel shouldn't actually suffer want. Thank God, he was equal to that part of it! He wasn't a shabby incompetent who had to look for jobs.

The room was getting chilly. The warmth of his big soft English ulster felt good. He might as well be as comfortable as he could in the handful of hours between now and morning. Stretch out on that sofa and pull up the rug over his legs. He couldn't expect to sleep, of course.

He had no knowledge of falling asleep. The fantasia that surged through his mind was no more like dreams than his thoughts had been while he was tramping about the room. Tortured thoughts, monstrous realizations, incredible plans. But daylight couldn't have come as suddenly as that if he'd been really awake. And there, in the chair opposite the sofa, his chair, sat Ethel! He hadn't heard her come down.

He shut his eyes quickly, to get time to think. He couldn't doubt the reality of her, visionlike as her appearance was. She was sitting very still, but from time to time he could hear the faint stirring of her body. She was lying back in the chair, her head rolled a little to one side, not looking at him. She hadn't seen him open his eyes.

Why had she left her bed to come down here and keep watch over him?

She was in her nightdress, with nothing on over it but a thin silk bathrobe. She must be horribly cold. The room was.

If it were John she loved and wanted, she wouldn't be sitting there.

That thought came to him clearly, irresistibly. She might have come down to finish their talk. Find out just what he meant to do. Get that thing over with. Or she might have come because she was sorry for him. But if so, seeing him there asleep, warmly covered, comfortable enough, she would either have wakened him or else she'd have gone back to her own warm bed. She wouldn't have sat there waiting for him to awake—unless she wanted him.

BUY NOW! It's
Bargain Time!

His heart was beating faster and harder. He thought she was looking at him now. He couldn't go on pretending to be asleep. He opened his eyes again and met her look. Hers winced away. She did not speak.

Presently he said, "It must be very early. Why did you come down?"

"It was so still I couldn't stand it. I thought perhaps you'd gone without my hearing you. You didn't promise you wouldn't."

"Was that your wish?" he asked. "That you'd find me gone?"

"I WISH I were dead," she answered deliberately. "I don't wish anything else, I guess."

"If John had come last night instead of me—to tell you that he'd seen me and that you were never going to see me again—would you have wished you were dead?"

She nodded, and the tears that had been gathering in her eyes flowed down her cheeks. She didn't try to wipe them away. She was trembling violently, shuddering with cold.

He flung off his covering, got up, and slipped out of his big ulster. He didn't stop to think what he was going to do. He could do it without thinking. He pulled her to her feet and guided her arms into the big sleeves of the ulster. She didn't resist, but neither did she help. She had no more power of movement than a manikin, and wherever he touched her she was stone-cold. He carried her to the sofa, laid her there, and covered her with his blanket.

"It's warm from you," she said.

He went upstairs two at a time, but softly, hoping Jinny wasn't awake yet, to the bathroom. The hot-water bottle hung on its familiar hook over the old razor strop he'd left behind. All the homely, intimate things were there just as they'd always been. The poignancy of it made him tremble.

He filled the hot-water bottle and went down again to Ethel, reached under the blanket, took off her well worn bedroom slippers—oh, God, how many times he had done that!—and put the warm rubber bag in at her feet.

Her adorable feet! His hand lingered over them. Couldn't move away.

A deep, unexpected sob shook him. He turned back the blanket, stooped and kissed her feet, first one and then the other. Then, shamed, terrified, he looked up into her face.

She was gazing at him wildly. "You can't do that," she said. "You can't want to do that."

"I can't help it," he told her. "It is what I want to do."

She gasped out, "Have you forgotten what I told you last night? Don't you know what I've done? What I am?"

"I can't help it," he cried again.

HE turned away and went out into the hall. His big yellow pigskin bag mocked him with an ironic invitation to go away. It was packed and ready. He went on through the dining room into the kitchen. There on the stove stood the coffeepot that had boiled over, at the end of a former lifetime of his. What did it matter what he had been there, or what he supposed he was, or what Ethel had been or what she'd done?

She was cold now. Half frozen. He heated some milk and carried it in to her.

Through all the well remembered processes he hadn't stopped to think. He didn't want to think.

For a while she sipped it passively whenever he put the rim of the glass to her lips, but pretty soon she pressed them tight together and shook her head. "I can't," she said. "Not any more, until I know what you're going to do."

The knife-edge of decision was here now, but still he didn't stop to think. "We're going back to Germany," he said quietly. "Just as soon as we can get away from here. The firm wants me to go. Stay there, in Hamburg, perhaps two years. We'll get an apartment there. You and Jinny and I."

"But—but, the baby?"

"That's easy," he said. "We can pretend it came too soon, or we can lie a little about its birthday when we come back. After all, it's nobody's business but our own— Is it?" He asked the last question fiercely. "Is it anybody else's business?"

"No," she sobbed. But then quite frantically she struggled out of his arms. "You can't!" she said. "You can't do it. You can't forgive me like that. Don't you know what I am?"

"Well, what am I?" he questioned savagely. "I don't care. All night I've been trying to care. Ever since you told me, I've been trying to hate you. I thought I must. I thought that was the way a man had to feel. But I couldn't. I didn't care. I wanted you, anyway. And you wanted me. If we're bad, we're bad together. I suppose there is something wrong about me, but I can't help it. Maybe there is something wrong about you, too. Anyhow, we're ourselves and we know what we are. Nobody else matters that I can see. I suppose—"

"Drink some of the milk yourself," she interrupted. "You're as cold as I am."

With the glass at his lips, he paused and listened. "Isn't that Jinny waking up?" he asked.

"Not really. She's just stirring around. Come in under the blanket where it's warm. There's lots of room. . . . Why did you laugh?"

It hadn't been a laugh, just a twist of the lips over the thought of poor old John.

THE END

King Carol and his divorced wife, the former Princess Helen of Greece. Carol thinks this picture of him a good one. He picked it himself.

Underwood & Underwood

When an Actor Was King

A Strange Account of How Carol II Really Returned to Roumania

The Second of Two Articles for Liberty

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

(Reading time: 16 min. 7 sec.)

TO those to whom the following story might read too much like an excerpt from the scenario of a musical comedy I want to say that the facts were given me by a minister of state and two high functionaries at the court of King Carol of Roumania. I have verified the story during my recent stay in Roumania, where I was born, and in Paris, by talking to people who ought to know the truth, and it checked in every detail but one—the identity of one of the heroes in the comedy.

Had the Belascos, the von Stroheims, and the Shuberts joined heads to find a hitherto unexploited musical comedy situation they could not have discovered a more hilarious trick ending to a situation.

Indeed, I doubt whether they could have done it at all.

The Viennese and Parisian comedy inventors are hopelessly outclassed. Not even in the Ruritania moving pictures have I, or anybody, ever seen anything that even

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHEN AN ACTOR WAS KING
Continued from page fifteen

approaches the last scene. But let's tell the story more or less from the beginning and develop the plot according to the rules of the stage.

After King Carol's exile, after the death of his father, King Ferdinand, and the proclamation of Michael as King of Roumania, the queen mother took her second son, Nicholas, into her hands. As the younger brother of an heir to the throne he had been allowed to play and prance about to his heart's content.

BUY NOW!

When the regency was planned, Dowager Queen Marie had at first insisted that she should be included in it, but her closest advisers persuaded her to withdraw her candidacy and pressure, telling her that the Roumanians, a Latin people, would never submit to being ruled by a woman. Marie fumed and stormed. She had never made any concession to her subjects. Why should she now? Ultimately she was told the truth. What they really had meant to say was that they were afraid to include her in the regency because the people would revolt against being ruled by the "gray eminence," Marie's friend, Prince Shtirbey.

The next best thing Marie could do was to include Prince Nicholas in the regency as a representative of the Hohenzollern house. Nicholas had to agree. He still loved his brother, Prince Carol, and had never believed any of the stories that had implicated him in the bribery and forgery charges, but he was afraid of his terrible mother, afraid of her long arms and teeth. She did not permit him to have an opinion of his own, to say a word of his own. "You are there to represent the palace, to represent me."

Even easy-going Nicholas ended by revolting against the pitiless exploitation of the people and the shameless flaunting of amorous scandals in the face of the world. And then he, too, began to listen with open ears to the slowly organizing young friends of the exiled prince. It was an occasion to show Prince Carol that he had not joined his enemies who had robbed him of the throne. As a matter of fact, Nicholas knew that Carol was more anxious to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of his people than he was to occupy the throne. The conspirators held many meetings in the house of one of Nicholas' lady friends—a woman not of noble blood but of noble bearing.

Wide World photo

Is that the king with his brother Nicholas (left) on the balcony of the royal palace? The picture was one of the first taken after his homecoming.

WAS Nicholas indiscreet, or were Queen Marie's and Shtirbey's spies so astute? He was found out. And then the same thing that had been done to drive his brother from the country was engineered against him. Week after week the American and European press carried notices of Prince Nicholas' drunkenness; of how he recklessly smashed the cars of others; of how he had slapped the face of this and that venerable old professor, and of how he intended to withdraw from the regency because he was in love with some commoner's wife with whom he intended to elope.

The campaign against Prince Nicholas was carried on with a frenzied activity. True, he was no angel; however, not one-tenth of what was said against him was true. If the clique was unable to frame him also for forgery and bribery, it was because he kept his hands off any affairs and was satisfied to act as a figurehead at the councils of the regency and spend his salary as he liked—at the green table before a bottle of champagne and beside complaisant ladies.

Meanwhile, Prince Carol was too satisfied with his Parisian life to give more than an indifferent ear to the entreaties of his friends who urged him to come home and assured him of a grand reception. His brother also added his prayers, yet Carol was not easily moved. Pleasure-loving, interested in the theater, in sports, and in women, he did not see why he should saddle himself with the heavy responsibilities of ruling a country on the verge of bankruptcy. He knew the conditions in Roumania and knew how it was being looted. Bribery and thievery had been elevated to time-honored institutions.

He had nothing to gain by going back home, and the throne which would have held the fascination of great glory if his mother had not so besmirched the tinsel and the ermine, seemed to him but drab in exchange for what he already had. He was inclined to believe that he was better off as a commoner in Paris than he would be as a king in Bucharest.

I have it on good authority that during all this time Magda Lupescu was informing the queen and her representative in Paris, Ambassador Diamandi, of everything Carol said and did and of all the visitors to his home. In addition to Magda there were other women who spied on him, who were paid to play with Carol provided they could gain his confidence.

ONE day a young officer of the Roumanian army came to see the exiled prince at his home in Neuilly, near the gates of Paris. They had been playmates, he and Carol. Carol loved him better than any other man, and had absolute confidence in him. What the others had been unable to do, what Carol's brother had not been able to accomplish, this man accomplished. He convinced his prince that he would be received with open arms if he returned, and assured him that the people would gladly listen to his explanation of the forgery affair. More—this man assured the prince that no such explanation would be necessary. The people no longer believed it.

It was agreed between them that the young officer should return to Roumania and prepare the ground. When what they had planned should be ready, he was to flash a message to Carol. The former heir to the throne was aroused to action when he saw an opportunity to square matters with his enemies, his mother, Shtirbey, the Bratianos, and Diamandi, who had betrayed him.

Two days later Prince Nicholas wired to his brother, while his mother was away for the Passion Play in Oberammergau, "Now is the time." That wire was sent from a city beyond the Roumanian border. Any telegraph operator in Roumania would have relayed it first to his chief of police. It must be noted here that the chiefs of police are the most powerful adjuncts of the government. They rule.

Close upon that telegram there appeared at King Carol's villa the same young officer. He took Carol aside and told him: "I have arranged everything to the minutest detail. I can seat you back on the throne in three days

Carol taking the oath as King of Roumania in place of his son Michael.

if you agree to obey me implicitly during that time. At the end of that period I shall obey you for the rest of my life. Are you ready?"

Carol agreed.

Before Mme. Lupescu had come down from one of the rooms in the upper story to see the visitor, the high-powered automobile that was waiting outside had whisked away the royal lover. He turned and waved good-by to her.

"You will understand later."

She wept. She stormed. She became hysterical. Then she went to the telephone.

Two hours later the whole world knew that Prince Carol had flown back to Roumania to carry out the *coup d'état* that was to put him back on the throne.

Queen Marie was at Oberammergau.

Had the Bratianos still been in power the streets would have been bristling with machine guns again. They would have known how to prevent his return. With them it was a question of life and death. But Premier Maniu was in their stead and his government was tottering. Carol had to be brought back or the Liberals would sweep into power. Mironescu, an old friend of Carol's, was secretary of state.

Things had been well engineered. The Parliament was in an uproar when the news of Carol's return reached Bucharest. The army could not be relied upon. The army had been switched to Carol's party. That same Parliament had decreed two years before that Carol's name was not to be mentioned; that henceforth he was a closed question.

At first the newspapers that had favored Carol's return tried to circumvent that order by saying, "The 'closed question' has been seen in Paris," or "The 'closed question' is still wintering in Nice." Then even that was forbidden. When the news of Carol's flight from Paris was broadcast in Roumania, the censors forbade its publication after one of the newspapers had appeared with the announcement that the "closed question" was observed flying eastward from Le Bourget, the aviation field near Paris.

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!

IN due time the plane bearing Prince Carol was compelled to make a forced landing not far from its destination. The chief of police of that town, bewildered by what had happened, telephoned to the minister of justice at Bucharest: "Hello, hello. With the band of the Eleventh Regiment of Infantry ahead of him and the rest of the regiment behind, the 'closed question' is marching toward Bucharest. What shall I do?"

Yes, what could be done! The minister of justice knew all about it. He hung up.

The news could not be withheld any longer. Those who felt themselves guilty began to pack. Those who had drawn in their horns let them out.

The rumor spread that Carol, who had been converted to Fascisti methods, intended to have the guilty ones shot first and then tried. No city can become as hysterical as Bucharest. When a tire burst in front of Prince Shtirbey's house, all the inhabitants fainted. People massed themselves in the streets to acclaim the return of the prodigal. They wanted it to be seen that they applauded. The stupendous reception Carol got was as spontaneous as was the reception of Lindbergh when he came flying down on Le Bourget. I was there on that memorable occasion and I know what it was.

LONG before the band was heard playing the national anthem the enthusiastic populace of Bucharest was wild with joy. It was not so much that they were glad of Carol's return, but that they were happy to know that those whom they hated and who had oppressed them for so long would be brought to justice; whatever justice he, Carol, would choose. Had Carol's enemies made any opposition there would have been bloodshed in the streets. Had Queen Marie been there and opposed his return they would have torn her to pieces. But Marie was safely away. Had she been mercifully warned or was it luck?

The army which had sworn allegiance to King Michael and the regency forgot its oath and was now behind Carol. They acclaimed him king, though they still had a king. When Carol's carriage appeared Bucharesters went mad. They would have mobbed him in their eagerness to approach him had not soldiers defended him with their bayonets. Smiling broadly, the prodigal stood up in the slow-moving carriage, bowed right and left, raised his hat and saluted. He looked exuberant. He was happy. And everybody was happy. They had waited for him. He would clean house soon. He would sell their wheat. He would instill hope in the industrialists who had closed their factories. He was a king, a real king.

The gates of the palace were wide open when he arrived. Prince Nicholas received him. Their meeting was touching. They embraced and kissed again and again. The same lackeys and chamberlains who had turned their backs on Prince Carol a few years before now welcomed him, bowing to the ground and moaning,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHEN AN ACTOR WAS KING
Continued from page seventeen

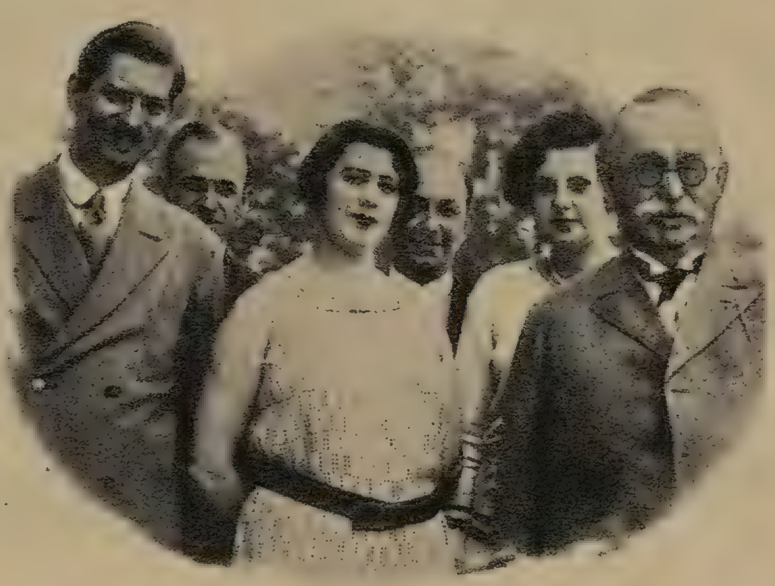
"Your Majesty, Your Majesty." The populace outside continued to acclaim the returned king. They wanted to see the two brothers kiss again. They would not leave the palace grounds. The streets were black with people. The bands of all the regiments played continuously.

Half an hour after he had arrived the king appeared on the balcony to bow to the applause of the populace. And he had to return again and again.

"Nicholas! Prince Nicholas!"

The brothers appeared and embraced.

The people were hungry for the sight of their king. Some said that he had grown paler. Others that his mustache had become thicker. Grizzled peasants said that he looked more like a man than he ever had. He had gone forth a young fellow and had come back a man. Oh, they were mighty lucky to have such a one as he for king. His affairs of the heart? They were nobody's business. He would sell their wheat.



P. & A. photo

The last picture made of Carol before his return. Left to right, Carol, Magda Lupescu, and her father, at Carol's château of refuge in France.

And now the statesmen began to arrive at the palace. Prince Nicholas shooed them away. King Carol would not see any of them until the following day. He had work to do. The king's orders. Finally they had a king who ordered. They were glad.

The populace would not be driven away. They wanted another look at their king. Time and again he had to appear before them on the balcony and bow and smile and bow again.

"Long live King Carol! Long live the king!"

Late that night, at a back door of the palace, two men appeared. One of them was in military uniform and the other had his cap over his eyes and the collar of his trench coat well over his ears. The man who watched that secret entrance and its passageway barred the way. At a word from the officer in uniform the watchman stepped aside. A moment later the two men entered the room where Prince Nicholas sat at a table with his brother. And then the gentleman who had just entered took off his cap and lowered the collar of his coat. It was the real Carol.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

The one who had come on the first plane and had bowed to the ovations of the people was a French actor disguised to look like Carol. The king had refused to risk his head. Had the affair been a fiasco, or had some fanatic sent a bullet crashing into the breast of the prodigal it would have been classed as an unfortunate hoax on the part of Carol's partisans.

AND now King Carol turned to the young officer to whom he had promised obedience for three days.

"Have I fulfilled my agreement?"

The young officer clicked his heels together, saluted, and said:

"At your orders, Your Majesty."

The first order the majesty issued was to tell his brother:

"Tell this man to take off his mustache."

And while the actor was being hustled out through another back door and sent on his way to Paris, the real Carol appeared on the balcony to bow to the ovations.

He evidently did not bow as well as the actor had done. Bystanders remarked that he was tired. It was better to go home and let the king sleep. He needed a rest. He had come flying from Paris. He was tired. There was heavy work ahead of him.

And now, Belascos, von Stroheims, and Shuberts, could you have thought it out? Why not send scouts to discover the man who had evolved the plan? He has the imagination needed to make a marvelous picture and to suggest the text of a hilarious comic opera or musical comedy.

I have checked this story and the only discrepancy I discovered was on the identity of the young officer who had engineered Carol's return. A dozen officers now claim the honor of having done what one had done.

Now that the real king was home and the loud hoorays had died down and the crowd had been dissipated, the work began. Laborers in overalls invaded the Dowager Queen Marie's apartments and began to tear down the wires of half a dozen private telephones which were stretched between the royal palace and the home and offices of Prince Shtirbey. There were telephone receivers in the most unimaginable places in the queen's boudoir. She had acted out the plots and counterplots of the penny dreadfuls which had been her literary fare. They had to rip open the walls to get at the secret wires.

The ladies in waiting to the queen, who were somewhere else when the prodigal king entered the palace, burst into Her Majesty's apartment and in their high-pitched voices demanded to know how these overalled men dared to invade the *sanctum sanctorum* of Her Divine Holiness.

While tearing out one of the wires, a workman turned and said:

"We have orders from our Majesty."

"Majesty?" questioned the women. "Has Her Majesty ordered you to destroy the panels of her boudoirs?"

"No, His Majesty King Carol has ordered it."

THE women fled in consternation. Would he shoot them, hang them, or burn them alive? They dragged themselves on their knees to his rooms. They had always loved him. They had merely obeyed their queen.

The following day King Carol, flanked by his brother, Prince Nicholas, appeared in Parliament. There he ordered the legislature to dismiss the regency, ordered them to abrogate the law which had made his son Michael King of Roumania, ordered them to vacate his own letters of renunciation and abdication, and then declared himself king. Parliament acclaimed.

The few voices that arose in protest, those of former Prime Minister Vintila Bratiano and some of his followers, were quickly hushed.

In his message from the throne Carol told them that he had come home to rule the country to the best of his ability; to rule it without any desire for vengeance.

Yet even while Carol spoke, Prince Shtirbey was going into exile. The queen mother applauded at Oberammergau while waiting tremulously for her son's orders.

Some people who had seen the public arrival looked at King Carol now in Parliament and wondered that he had changed so overnight. He did indeed look thinner and more worn out. It gave Carol the new reputation of being a hard worker. People told me:

"He works fifteen and twenty hours a day; just as he played fifteen and twenty hours a day before. He has tremendous vitality. No wonder women love him!"

As if by miracle, there were no more stories about Nicholas running over people, and no more stories about his slapping old professors.

But they haven't given up the ship, Queen Marie and her clique—they are hard at work.

THE END

This French girl wrote me twice about her complexion . . . now she's taking Camay to Paris!

Several months ago I got a very charming letter from a French girl.

This girl had read some of my magazine articles about Camay. She told me she was greatly impressed when she found that 73 dermatologists had given it their approval as the proper soap for even the most delicate complexions.

She also asked my advice about how to use Camay. She had been used to such elaborate beauty treatments that she didn't know the first *thing* about how simple complexion care can and really *should* be.

I wrote her that the one beauty treatment prescribed by the great complexion authorities I had consulted was simply a thorough cleansing with warm water and such a gentle, mild soap as Camay at least once a day.

Two months later, I got another letter from the same girl. She told me she had never found anything so good for her complexion as Camay. She said she was *so* enthusiastic about it that she was taking a large supply back to Paris with her.

This letter was very gratifying, but it isn't unique. Actually, I get dozens of letters every day telling me how glad girls are to know of a complexion soap which has the approval of 73 eminent dermatologists; and how gratefully their complexions respond to the simple, regular, *right* kind of care.

If you would like further advice about *your* complexion problem, write for my free booklet, "Face Your World with Loveliness." Address me at Dept. YLL-120, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

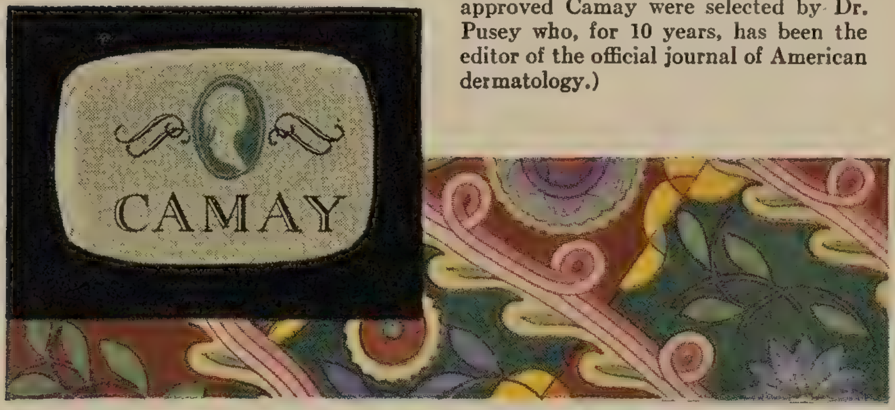
The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

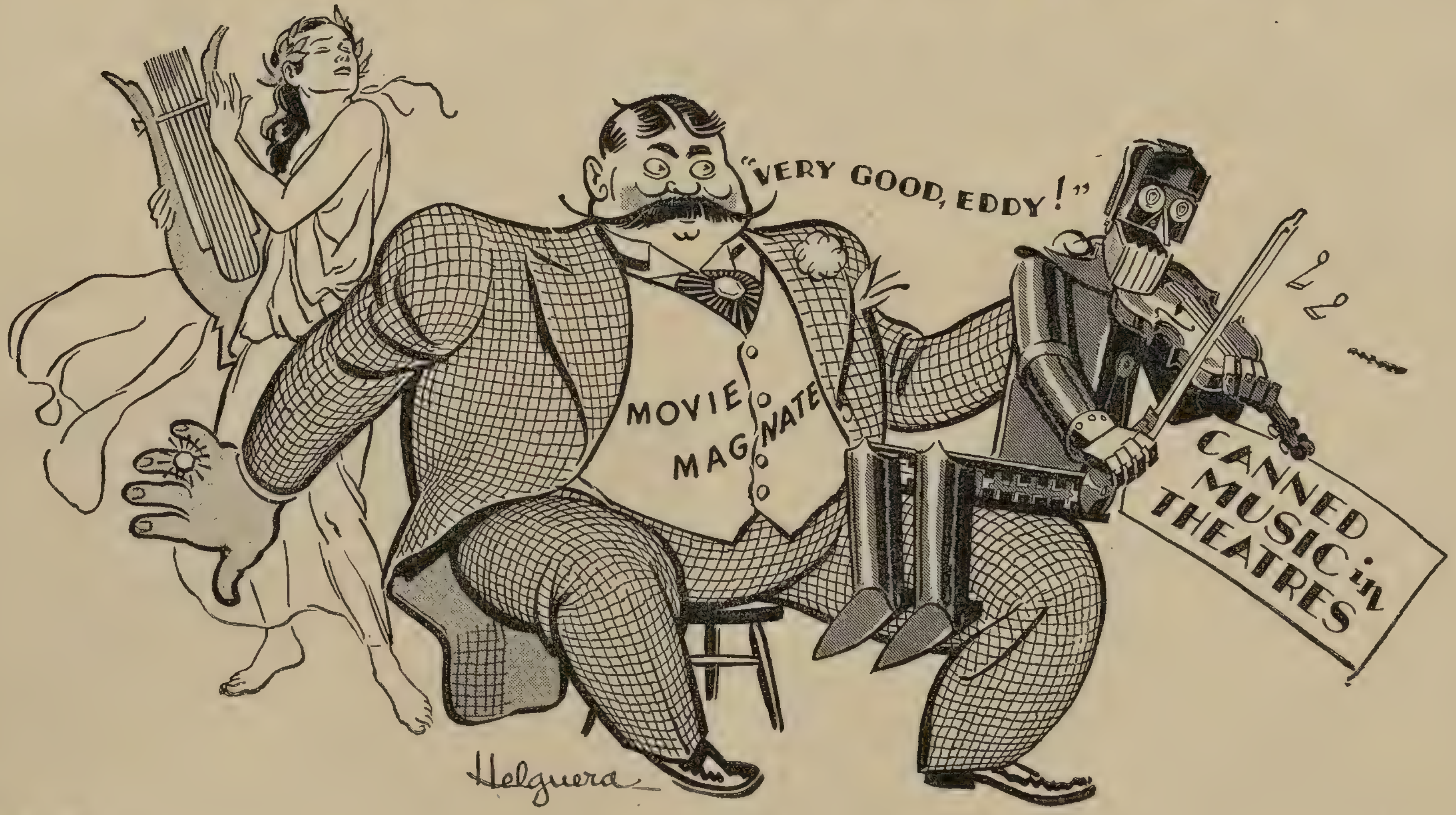
Wm Allen Pusey M.D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)



Camay has been tested and approved by 73 of America's most eminent dermatologists — no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval. Camay [Called Calay in Canada] is a Procter & Gamble Soap — 10¢ a Cake

"MY NEXT IMITA-A-ASHUN"



SHALL we allow this saucy vandal, "Canned Music in Theatres," to assail the Living Art of Music? Shall a mechanical Robot replace the beauty of True Music as created and interpreted by the living artist?

Millions of members of The Musical Defense League are answering "No!"

L-12-20

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

Name..

Address..

City...................................*State*...................

If you, too, would join in protecting musical culture in America from machine-made debasement, sign the coupon TO-DAY!

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

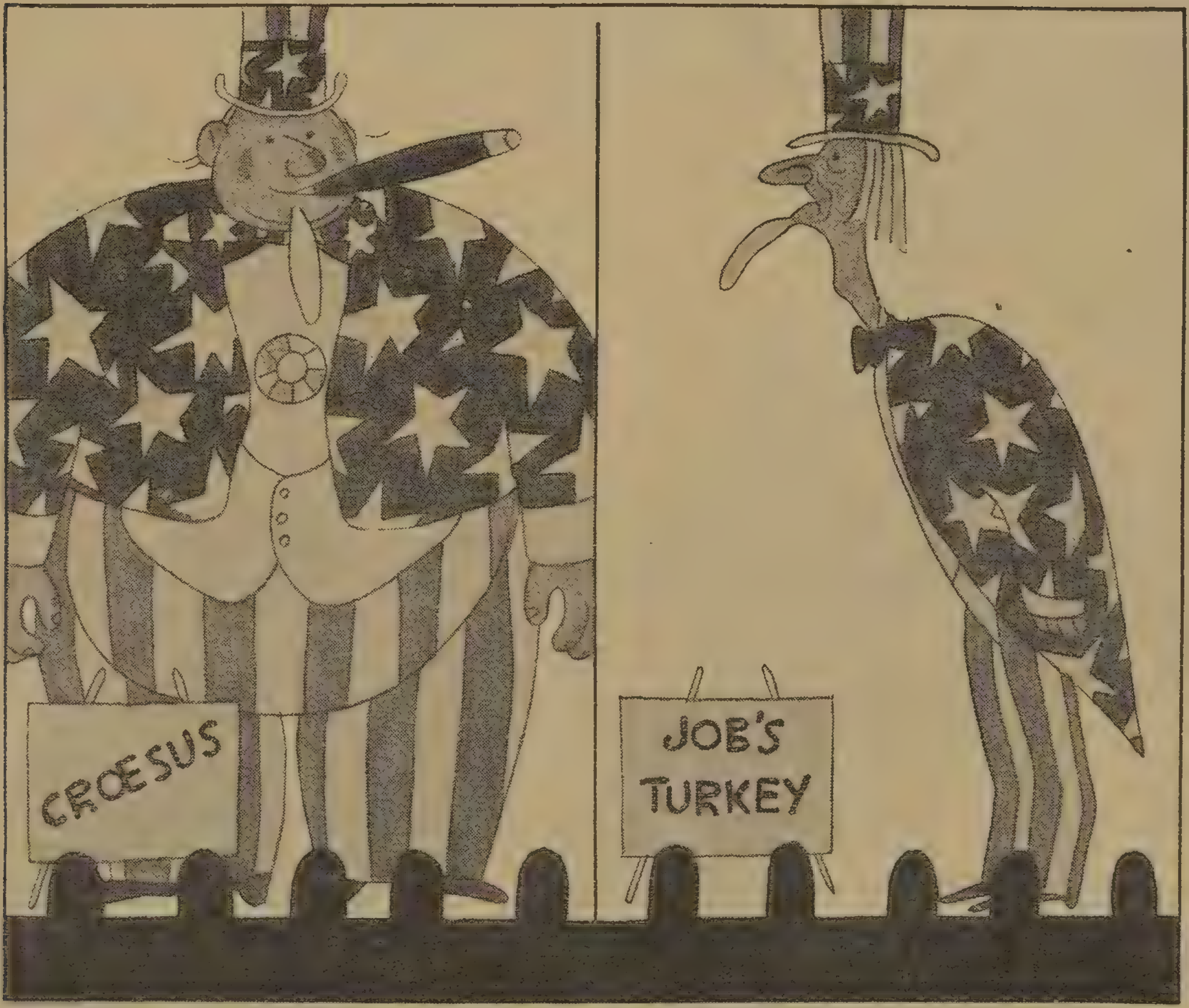
(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada)

JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President*, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

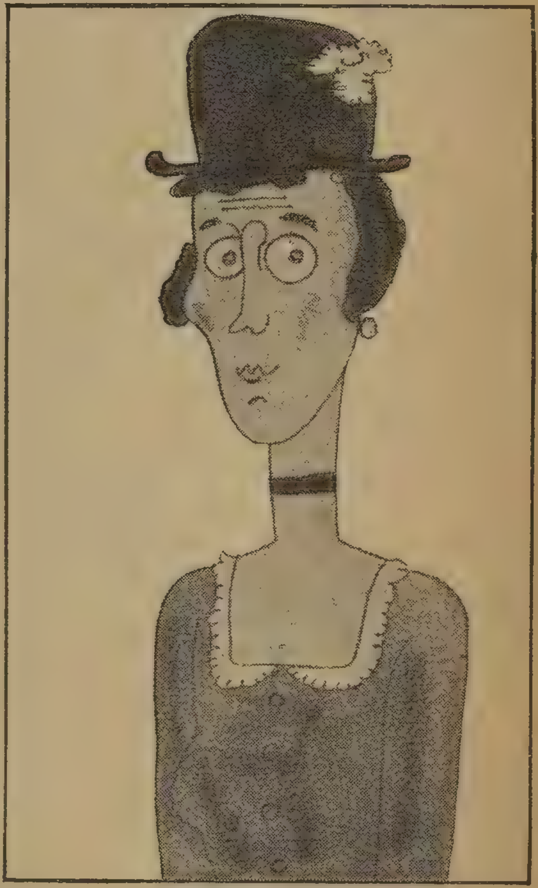
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

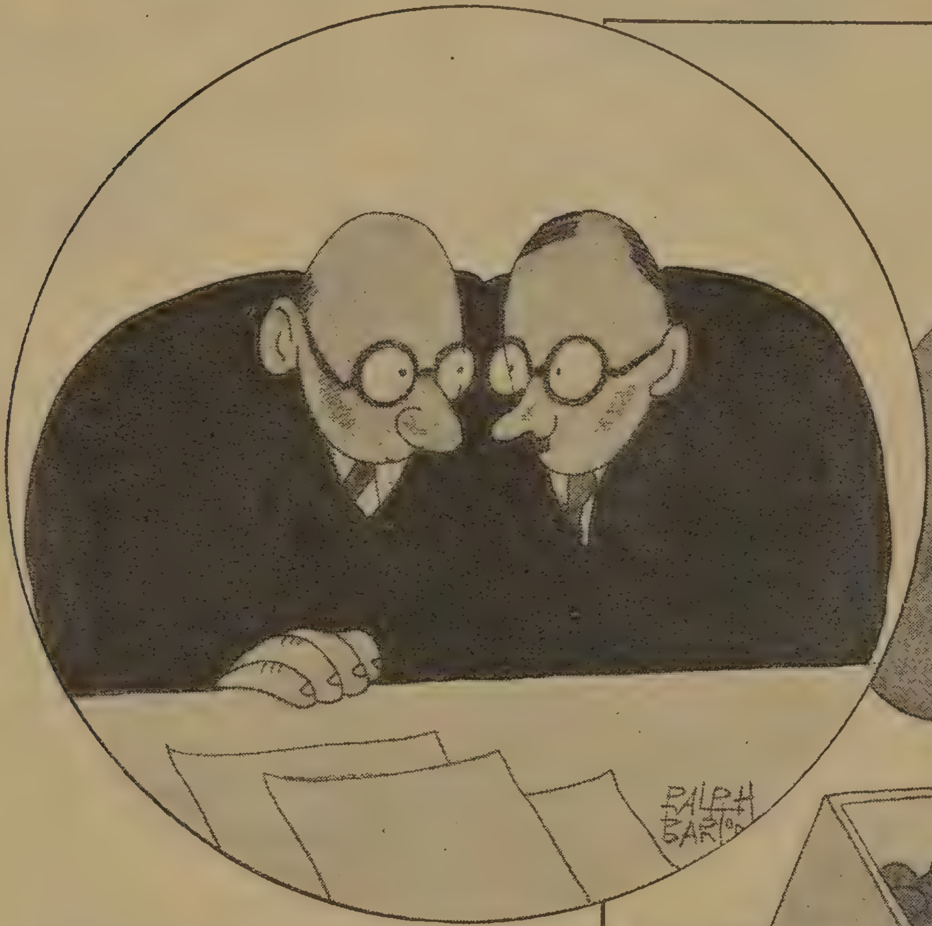
By RALPH BARTON


CROESUS
JOB'S TURKEY

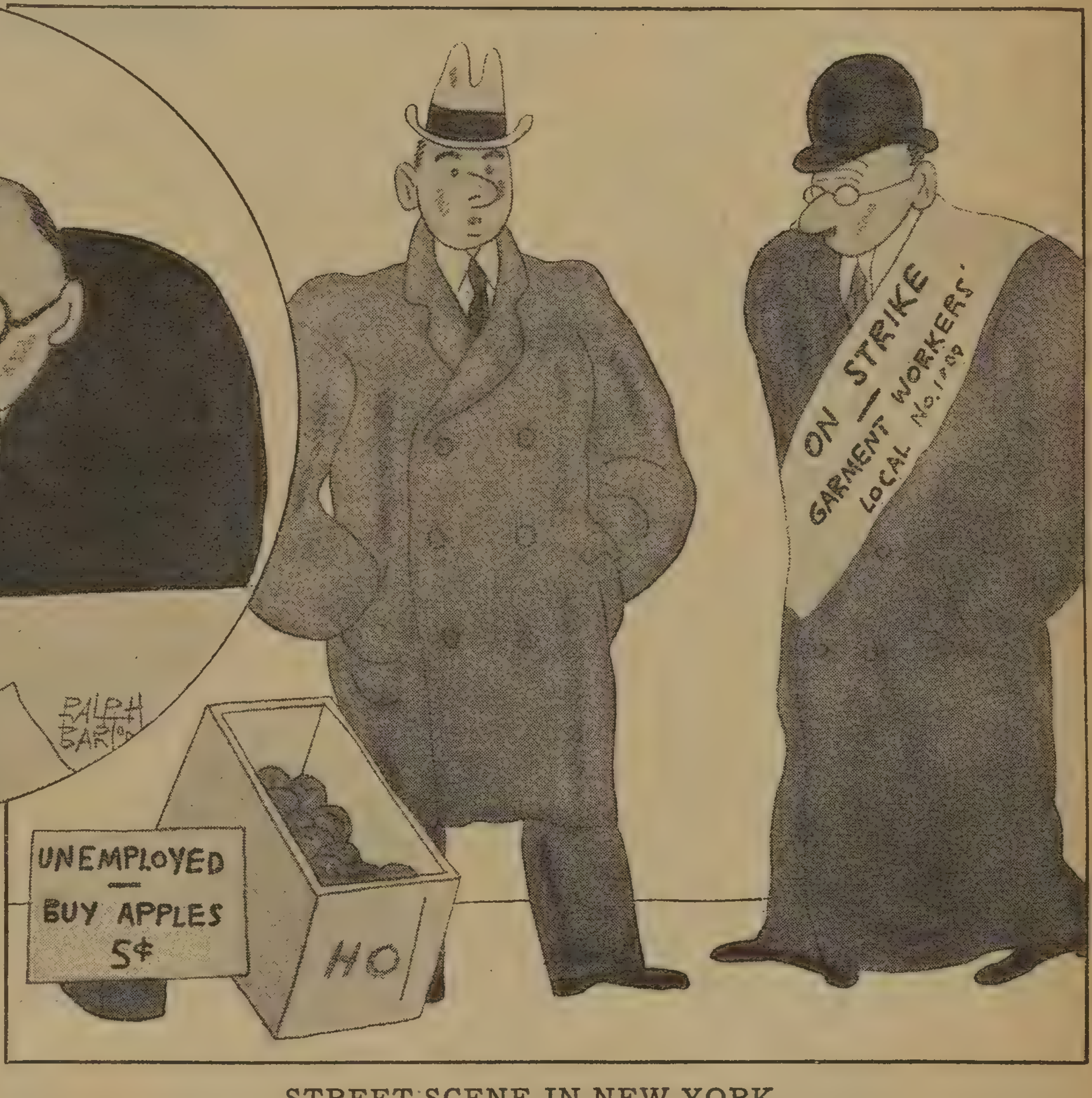
THE QUICK CHANGE ARTIST.



MRS. COOPER CLOUT CANVAS, newly appointed head of the Ladies' Crime Commission which is launching a war to the finish on gunmen and racketeers.


RALPH BARTON

LENDING A HAND TO ONE ANOTHER. The head of the telephone company agrees with the czar of the address-book trust to change everybody's telephone number.


ON STRIKE — GARMENT WORKERS' LOCAL No. 1009
UNEMPLOYED — BUY APPLES 5¢
HO

STREET SCENE IN NEW YORK.

TITLE

A Particularly Mystifying Case Confronts You in A Lady's Morals

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

Love among crooks: Lewis Ayres and Dorothy Mathews in The Doorway to Hell.

The four-footed player withheld his name. The two-footed one is Winnie Lightner. They're in The Life of the Party.

(Reading time: 8 minutes.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ A LADY'S MORALS

CAST

Jenny Lind	Grace Moore
Paul Brandt	Reginald Denny
Barnum	Wallace Beery
Olaf	Gus Shy
Josephine	Jobyna Howland
Inn Keeper	George Marion

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Sidney Franklin.

METRO had already made for them a title to fit the story of Jenny Lind, and one which would have identified the picture immediately as concerning her, in The Swedish Nightingale. But the Hollywood system seems to be to keep the theme of a story secret until you discover it for yourself in the theater. So, therefore, a nondescriptive title such as A Lady's Morals is selected for a story about Jenny Lind.

There is not much else wrong with the picture. The romantic and lovely figure of Jenny Lind serves to introduce a beautiful and charming woman to movie fans. She is Grace Moore of Metropolitan Opera fame. Her singing in this picture will quicken your pulse and delight your ears. Reginald Denny, as Jenny's romantic young lover, is ardent and pathetic in the rôle. The supporting cast is excellent.

BUY NOW!

★ ★ ★ THE DOORWAY TO HELL

CAST

Louis Ricarno	Lewis Ayres
Sam Marconi	Charles Judels
Doris	Dorothy Mathews
Jackie La Marr	Leon Janney
Captain O'Grady	Robert Elliott
Steve Mileaway	James Cagney

Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by Archie Mayo.

Gangland melodrama is old stuff and one crook film seems so much like another. But occasionally one comes along that has been given some special treatment in direction, acting, or dialoguing that renews our interest in gangland, its machinations and machine guns.

The Doorway to Hell is the occasional one that is too good to be lost sight of as just another crook picture. The dialogue is exceptionally well written and the acting by at least three members of the cast is expert.

Lewis Ayres is the gang leader of this plot and while he is rather too youthful-looking for the part his acting is forceful enough to make him a credible Louis Ricarno.

★ ★ THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

CAST

Flo	Winnie Lightner
Dot	Irene Delroy
A. J. Smith	Jack Whiting
Colonel Joy	Charles Butterworth
M. Le Maire	Charles Judels
Mr. Smith	John Davidson

Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by Roy Del Ruth.

This is a good old-fashioned slapstick comedy that will keep you in stitches most of the time. At least it kept me laughing all of the time that Charles Butterworth was on the screen.

There should have been more of Butterworth and less of Charles Judels and his room-wrecking rages.

Winnie Lightner is funny most of the time. She and Irene Delroy are a couple of gold diggers who, after vamping a clothes-shop owner into outfitting them, go to Havana to pick up a millionaire. Their adventures in Havana form the background for most of the comedy.

Charles Butterworth is my favorite comic.

★ THE CAT CREEPS

CAST

Annabelle West	Helen Twelvetrees
Paul	Raymond Hackett
Charles Wilder	Neil Hamilton
Cicily	Lilyan Tashman
Crosby	Lawrence Grant
Harry Blythe	Theodore von Eltz
Mam' Pleasant	Blanche Frederici
Susan	Elizabeth Patterson

Produced by Universal.
Directed by Rupert Julian.

It seems not so long ago since The Cat Creeps was shown on the silent screen under the title The Cat and the Canary, with Laura La Plante in the

Trouble

The Cat Creeps brings some shudders to the screen. The perturbed lady is Helen Twelvetrees.

A singer makes her screen début: Grace Moore, as Jenny Lind, in A Lady's Morals.

rôle of Annabelle West. The first picture, I think, was creepier than this, but that may be because I was prepared for the shocks when I saw this one.

It is amusing and creepy by turns, but neither funny enough nor sufficiently scary to be very entertaining.

Elizabeth Patterson and Lilyan Tashman furnish most of the amusement. If you don't read the cast you may be fooled into thinking that Lilyan Tashman's husband, Edmund Lowe, plays the part of Harry Blythe, but it is some von Eltz, whose first name is Theodore. He is a double for Lowe.

Lupe Velez and E. Allyn Warren in East Is West.

★ EAST IS WEST

CAST

Ming Toy	Lupe Velez
Billy Benson	Lewis Ayres
Charles Yong	Edward G. Robinson
Mrs. Benson	Mary Forbes
Lo Sang Kee	E. Allyn (Fred) Warren
Mr. Benson	Henry Kolker
Thomas	Edgar Norton

Produced by Universal. Directed by Monta Bell.

Lewis Ayres is the kind of leading man that all the studios hanker for. We found him this week in Warner's The Doorway to Hell, but Universal has prior claim on him.

He is, more or less, lost sight of in East Is West, for it is more Lupe Velez's picture than it is his. It is hardly suitable to either player, however, as Lupe is no more Ming Toy than I am. She just couldn't get herself into the character of the Chinese girl.

It is a silly story, not particularly well acted. Lew Ayres has hardly a chance to do any acting, and I have seen Edward G. Robinson do better by a part than he did by Charlie Yong, the fifty-fifty Chinaman.

East Is West was written by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer and was produced on the stage some years ago.

Do you know that—

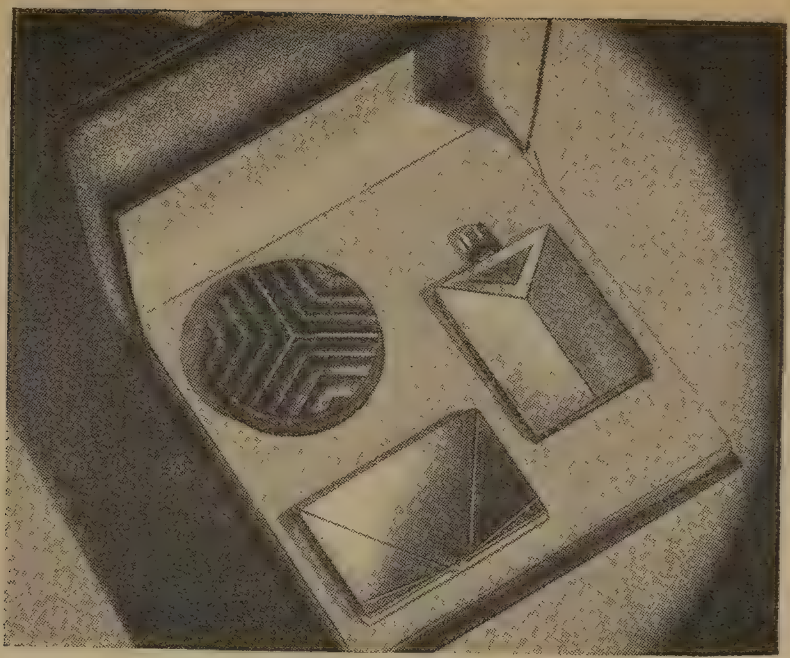
Charlie Chaplin directed Douglas Fairbanks in a scene of Reaching for the Moon, the picture Fairbanks is at work on? Chaplin happened to be visiting the studio while Fairbanks was at work under Director Edmund Goulding and he made some suggestions during the rehearsal of a cocktail scene and the director asked him to take charge of the scene.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

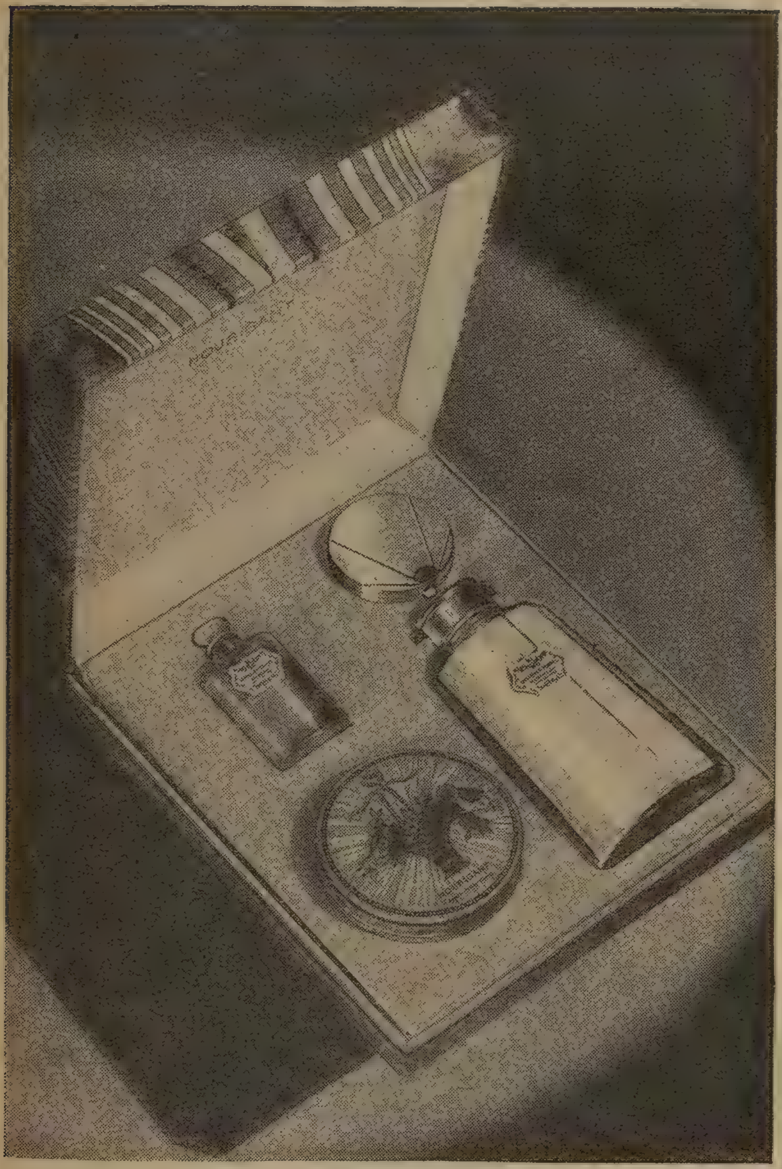
Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—The Big Trail, The White Hell of Pitz Palu.

★★★—Kismet, Check and Double Check, Playboy of Paris, Just Imagine, Murder, Atlantic, Sinners' Holiday.



This silk-lined gift box contains an ensemble of Houbigant's BOIS DORMANT (Enchanted Woodland) Perfume, Face Powder and the Triple Vanity "Moderne". . . . $8.



A velvet-lined gift coffret plays treasure chest for Face Powder, Talc, Single Compact "Moderne" and Perfume. QUELQUES FLEURS or LE PARFUM IDEAL . . . . $5.

JOURNEY'S END . . . A SMART "FINIS" TO YOUR YULETIDE SEARCH FOR THE UNUSUAL

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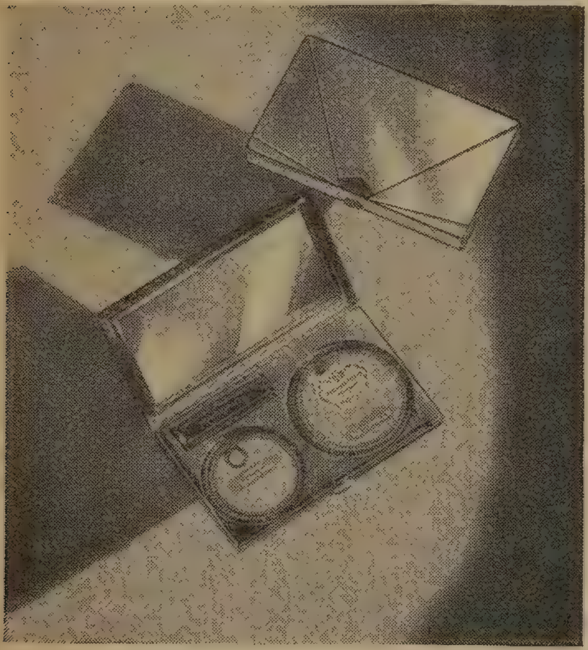
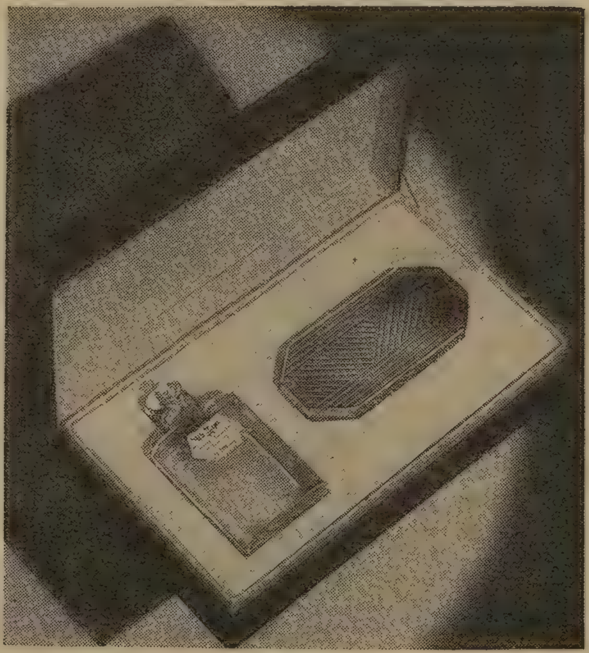
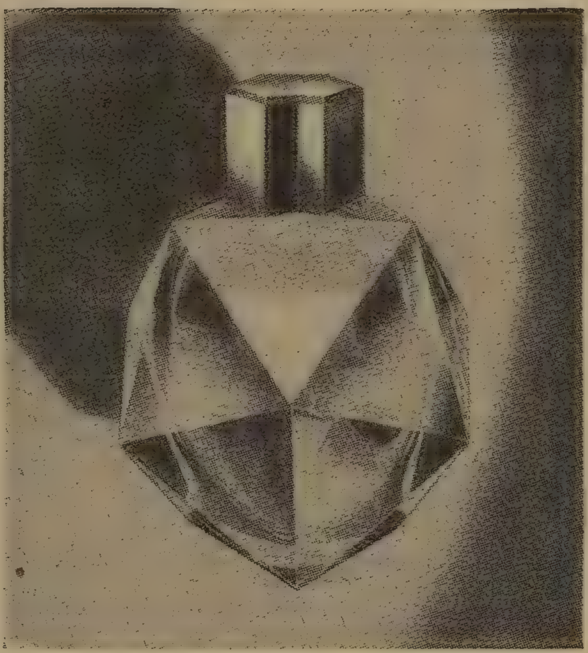


TRIPLE VANITY "MODERNE"—its gold-toned modernistic case containing Compact Powder, Rouge and Lipstick . . . $2.50.

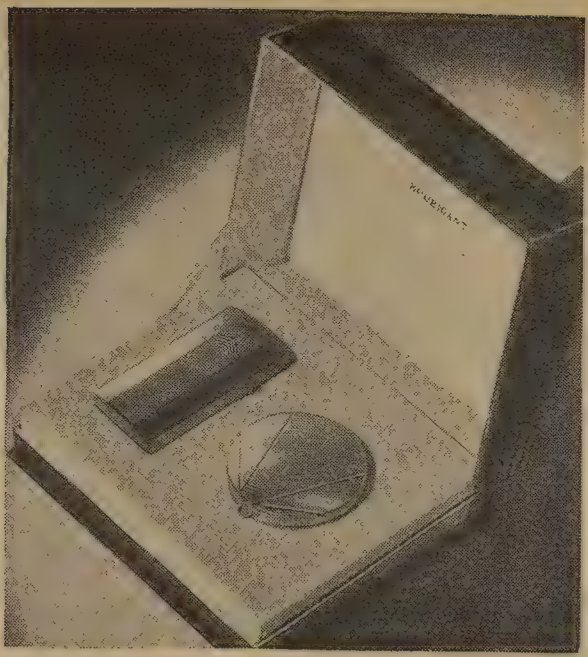


In a silk-lined Chamois case, the Octagonal Triple Vanity and QUELQUES FLEURS or LE PARFUM IDEAL Perfume . . . . . $6.

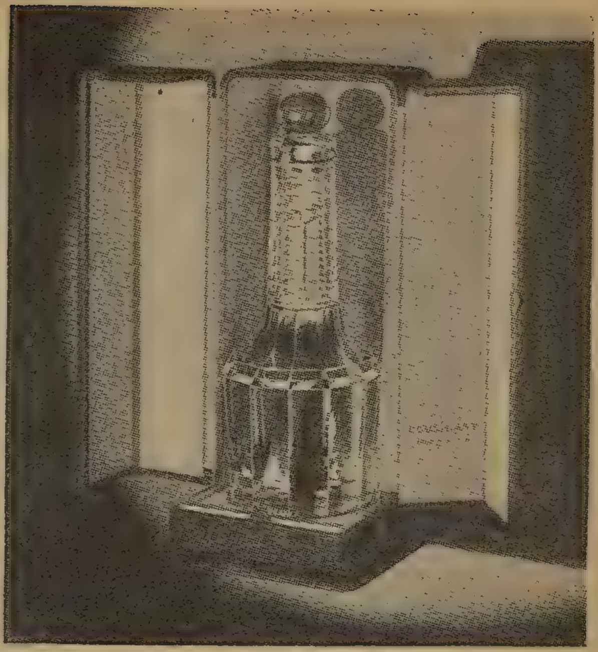


Parfum ESSENCE RARE—supreme fragrance, flaconed as a gem . . . $25 to $125.
Original size with atomizer . . $27.50.

Parfum QUELQUES FLEURS — the world's most favored odeur, original size. $7.50. Other sizes . . $1, $2, $4 and $15.



The Single Compact "Moderne" and QUELQUES FLEURS or LE PARFUM IDEAL Perfume in a gold-toned metal case. $3.50.



Parfums QUELQUES FLEURS or LE PARFUM IDEAL — in a Louis XV gold embellished bottle in a leather coffret . . . $25.

HOUBIGANT CREATIONS.. GLORIOUS GIFTS .. PARIS BORN ... FOR TASTES THAT ARE LUXURIOUS

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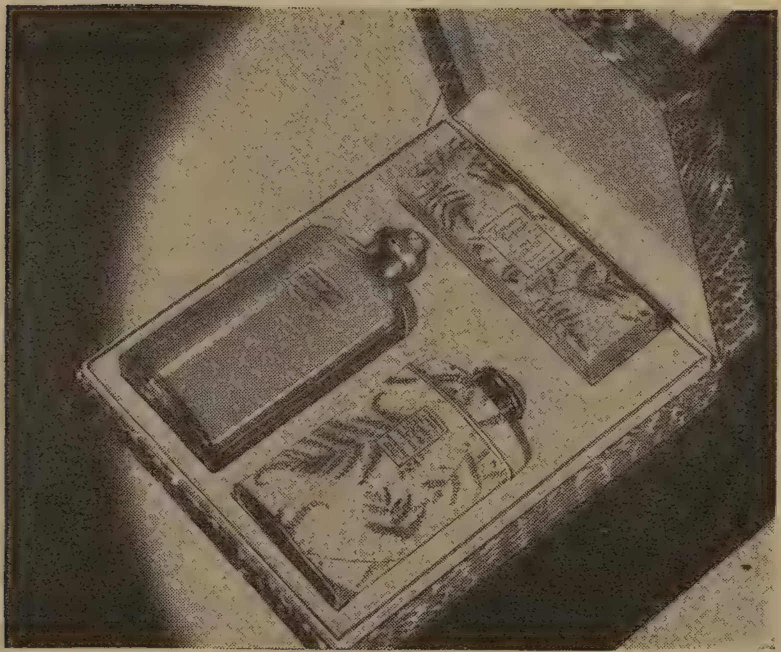
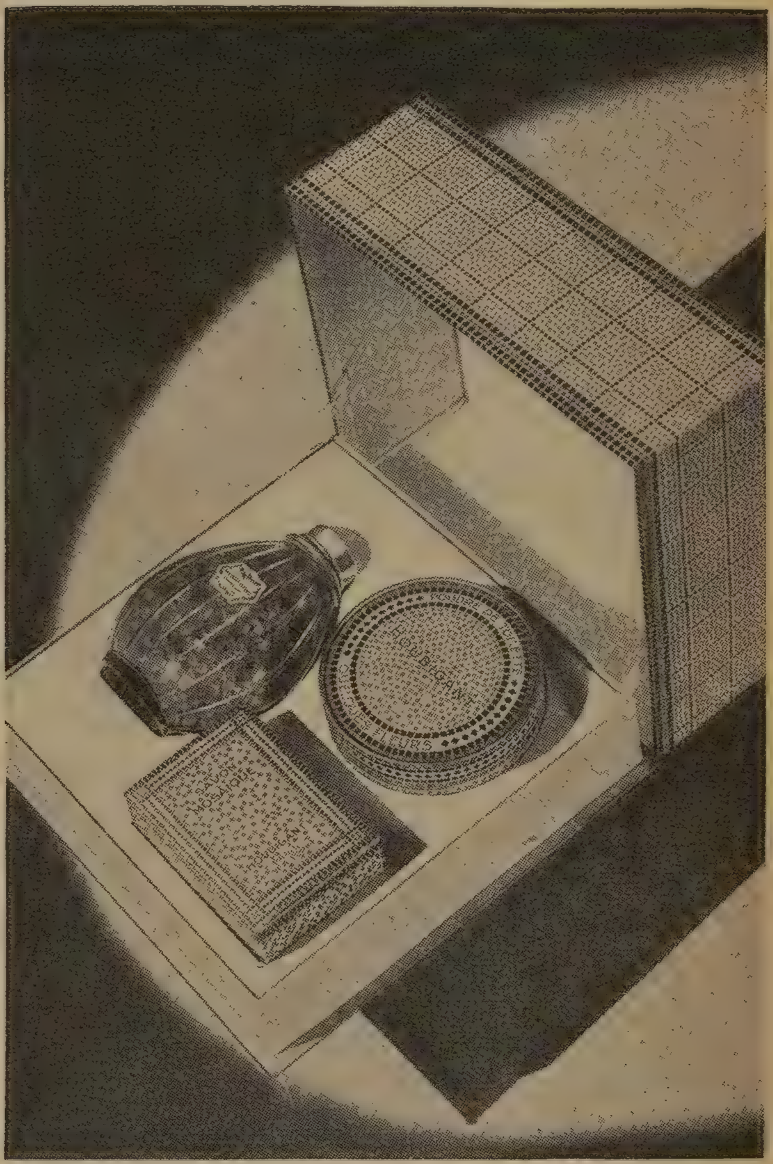


FOUGERE ROYALE SHAVING SET. The Gift for Men. Contains tube of Shaving Cream, flacon of After-Shaving Lotion and tin of After-Shaving Talc . . . . . . $2.



Bath Set in "Mosaic" tile effect box containing Bath Salts, Dusting Powder, fragranced with QUELQUES FLEURS or LE PARFUM IDEAL and Mosaic Soap . . . . $3.50.

Barking Willie and

The Story of a Good Idea Gone Wrong

By

FERDINAND REYHER

who says that he wanted to be a regular newspaper man, so he worked up to it through the preliminary stages of dramatic critic and war correspondent. Then he decided to write fiction instead. He is a native of Philadelphia but lives in Brooklyn.

Pictures by O. F. HOWARD

(Reading time: 17 min. 55 sec.)

BARKING WILLIE coughed and shivered in the bitter breeze that swept around from Broadway as he passed the news stand for the fifth time. For the fifth time he cast a sidelong glance at the dime and four pennies lying on it. But again he kept on without pausing, because the big guy standing in front of the theater was looking his way.

"The Great Gazebo himself, that's what he is!" Barking Willie muttered angrily, shivering with envy of his glossy fur coat as he sidled by him.

There was already a brisk box-office trade, although it was much earlier than the usual show began. As he dodged a woman who had just stepped out of a taxicab he broke into a fit of coughing, and as always when the cough racked him, a sodden anger racked him too.

They had hung the cough on him in jail, along with the moniker Barking Willie, and had taken away everything else that was any good to him—his cash, his youth, his nerve, and above all his name. When a name drops from Sam the Writer to Barking Willie, a good sheet passer has lost more than his reputation; he has pretty nearly lost his reason for living. One of the best penmen that ever lived, and never a signature he couldn't duplicate after five minutes' study, here he was, pounding an icy sidewalk, waiting to cop off a lousy fourteen cents.

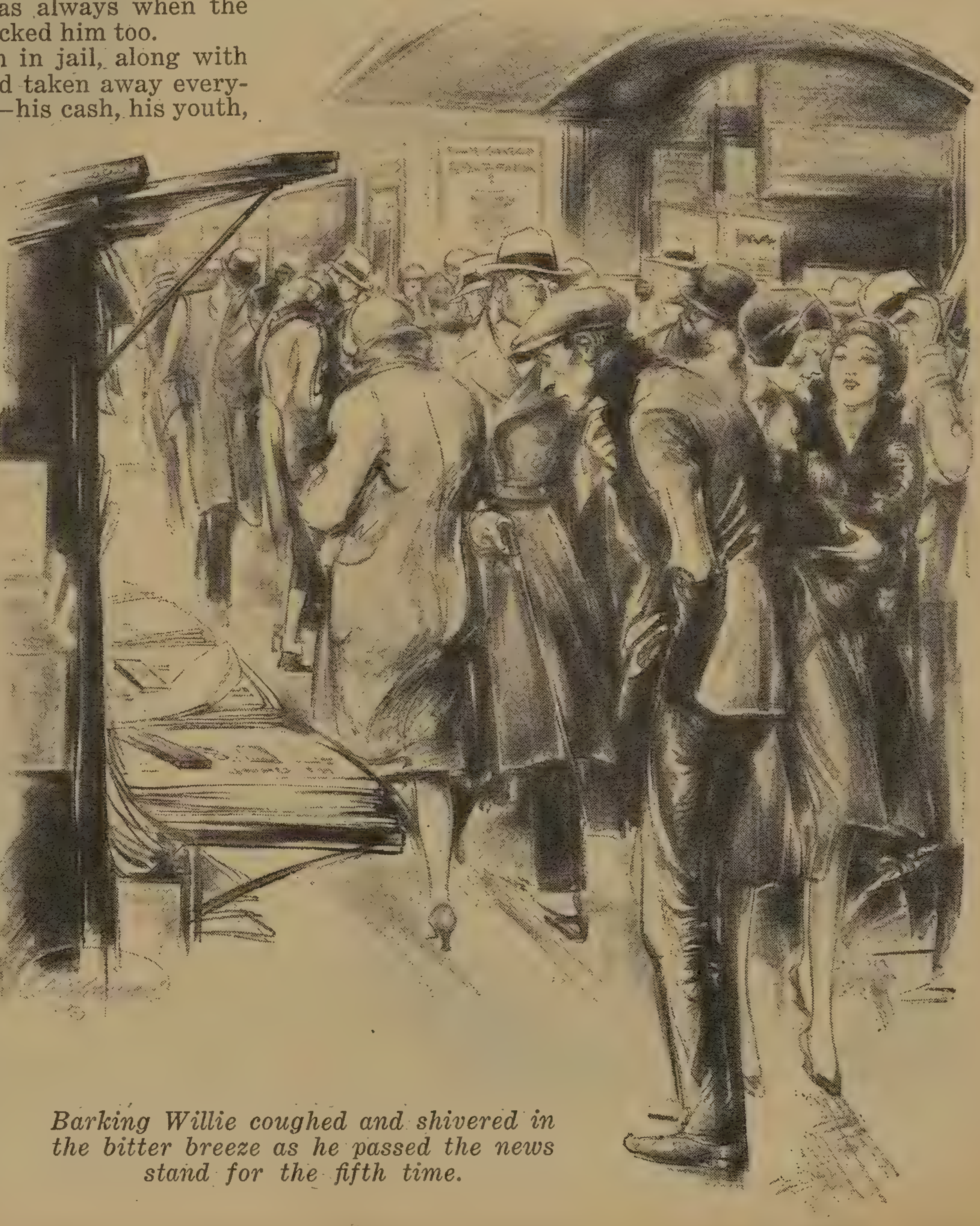
Only those fourteen cents were bigger just then than anything in three figures he had ever cashed for himself out of somebody else's bank account. For he was starving. He was freezing. Life was oozing out of him with every stabbing cough that rent his emaciated body. Those fourteen cents meant a couple mouthfuls of food. They meant the reviving heat of coffee. They meant a couple hours of shelter from the wind.

BUY NOW!

For the sixth time he passed the Great Gazebo in the flossy overcoat. Gawd, if there was only some way of laying his hand on a couple of grand, he whimpered, as the icy wind sawed through him. He could beat it out to Phœnix and take up that little ranch he had dreamed of in stir. He could get cured up like O'Reilly had, and go as straight as O'Reilly, and love it. A couple of measly grand could still pull him out of the coffin. Yeah, try and get 'em.

For the seventh time he approached the news stand. The big guy was gone. He drifted close to it. With a clumsy casualness he fumbled up the four coppers and the dime.

He didn't walk any faster, but he didn't feel the cold now. He had almost reached Broadway when it happened. A hand fell on his shoulder. It wasn't only a hand. It was the dead weight of all the jails in the sovereign state of New York. The insane fear he had of going back to stir almost impelled him to try and tear himself loose. But he was too weak. Half turning, he gazed up into the face of the Great Gazebo in the fur coat.



Barking Willie coughed and shivered in the bitter breeze as he passed the news stand for the fifth time.

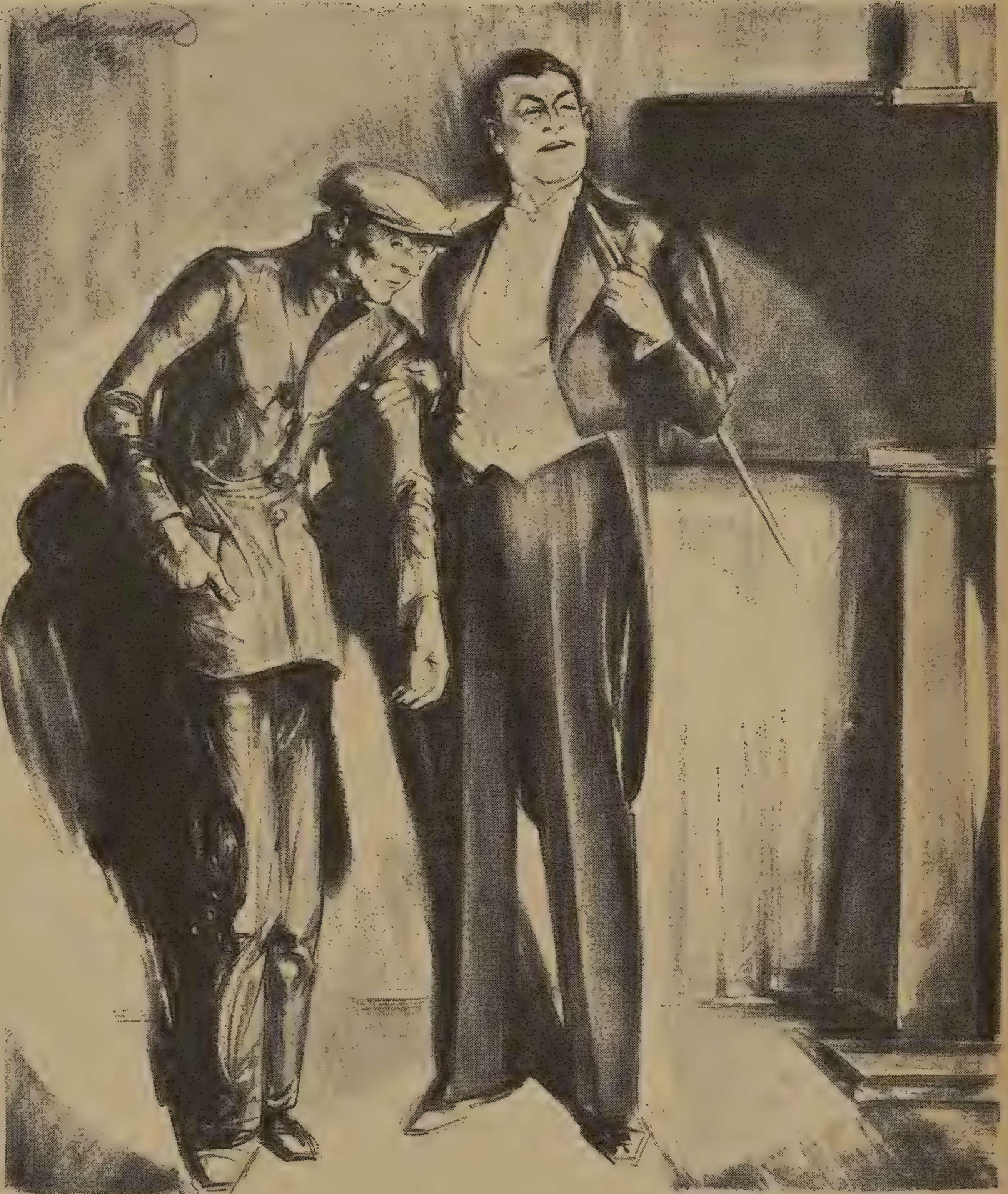
the Great Gazebo

"I thought so! Just a cheap little penny snatcher!"

He spun Barking Willie around and propelled him back toward the news stand. But at the stage entrance of the theater he turned in and pushed Barking Willie up the alley. He conducted him past the doorkeeper, up a short flight of stairs, down a corridor, and opened a door and shoved him into a room. It was a dressing room. A star's dressing room. The Great Gazebo removed his hat and fur coat and thrust out his hand.

"Fork it over!" he commanded.

Barking Willie forked over the fourteen cents. A look of pain crossed the Great Gazebo's face, as though he were insulted. However, he swallowed the insult in his pocket. He studied Barking Willie with half-closed eyes until Barking Willie was so scared that he couldn't even cough. Suddenly, as though that weren't enough, Barking Willie experienced the acute discomfort of realizing that he had seen this man somewhere before, but was unable to place where.



"Ladies and gentlemen!" announced the Great Gazebo. "Meet my friend, Mr. Penny Snatcher, a social problem for which I offer a startling new solution—graphology!"

JUST when he felt he couldn't stand his scrutiny another minute, the Great Gazebo stepped to the mirror and began to fix his face and talk to himself. Yet not exactly to himself either. It was all full of "ladies and gentlemen," and "an experiment never before attempted," and something called "the science of graphology." It gave Barking Willie the creeps.

When the Great Gazebo had finished at the mirror he opened a black bag and took out a thick package of letters and ran through them like a deck of cards. They were of all sizes and most of them were tinted. Each was numbered and had a little typewritten slip pinned to it. Next he brought out a number of pads printed in blank. A moment later there appeared a sheaf of printed columns, with a picture at the top of each, clipped from a newspaper, along with a bundle of dodgers with the same picture on them.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

Barking Willie nearly exclaimed with relief. For all the pictures were of the Great Gazebo, only he wasn't called the Great Gazebo, but the "Great Griffith, Reader of the Mysteries of Character as Revealed in Handwriting, or the World's Greatest Exponent of the Science of Graphology," and Barking Willie recognized him now.

He was the bird who ran the handwriting column in the tabloid. Every day he analyzed first the handwriting of some famous man or woman, and then doped out the scrawl of some reader who had written in, and tied the two together, and got some duck in a shipping room all hot and bothered about being like Horace Greeley in secret—and wotta secret!—or some bob-haired ribbon snipper steamed up for being a dead-soul ringer for the Queen of Roumania. Then once a month he hired a theater and put on a full length show analyzing the handwriting of all the boobs who had sent specimens which he hadn't been able to match up yet in the Hall of Fame, and gave them a public thrill.

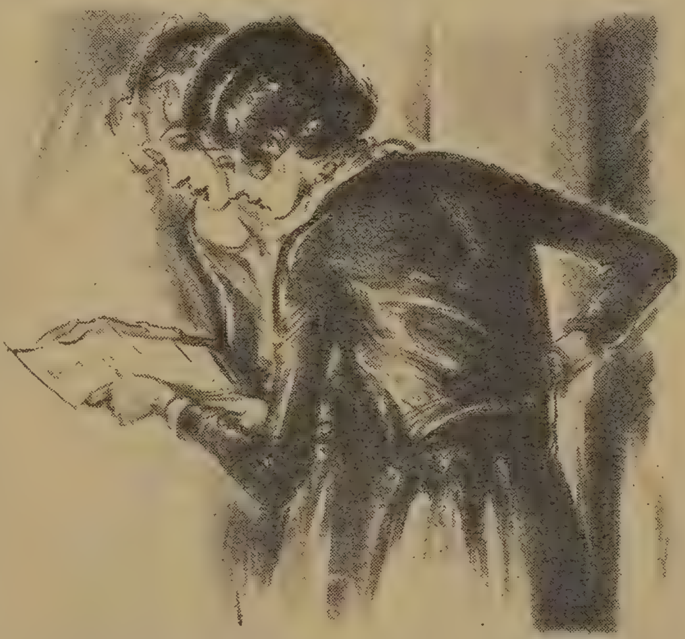
It was a foolproof racket. He packed them in, and he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BARKING WILLIE AND THE GREAT GAZEBO
Continued from page twenty-seven

didn't only get the shipping boys and ribbon girls either. Nobody was letting them off for an afternoon to ride up to a theater in a taxicab and blow two bucks to get the lowdown on their hitherto well concealed affinity for maybe Henry Ward Beecher or the Dolly Sisters.

Almost as though he recognized a kindred spirit Barking Willie relaxed a little and felt the blood once more circulating in him. What he could have done with that tinted sucker pack of signatures in the old days! When the Great Gazebo threw on the table a pile of sheets covered with printed reproductions of handwriting, Barking Willie felt himself beginning to get even more interested. Just then someone knocked on the door, and it opened. A tubby man, with hat cocked on the side of his head and fat cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth, stood in the entrance.



Every day he analyzed the scrawl of some reader who had written in.

"Hello, Marks," said the Great Gazebo.

"All set? Five minutes. You gotta sell-out. Your cut'll top twenny-five hunnerd." His eyes opened a little as they fell on Barking Willie.

"Meet my partner!" said the Great Gazebo, indicating Barking Willie with a sardonic bow.

The man stared. "Pleezameechu," he said, and went out.

The Great Gazebo chuckled and fetched up some more pads. These were of letter size and bore at the top an engraved letterhead. This letterhead was a reproduction of the most ornate handwriting and elaborate signature Barking Willie had ever seen. The Great Gazebo sat down, produced a pen and inkpot, waggled his wrist a few times to loosen up, and with incredible rapidity covered one sheet after another with fresh specimens of the letterhead.

Barking Willie gasped in admiration. Never in his life had he seen anything as beautiful as the Great Gazebo's handwriting, lyrical with twists and turns, flourishes and curlicues, scrolls and shading. A buzzer sounded. The Great Gazebo bounded up, grabbed the package of letters, and turned on Barking Willie.

"You stay right where you are till I come for you," he said. "Make just one move and see where you land."

The command was purely oratorical because he locked the door on the little forger, and the only other opening in the room was a grilled ventilator hole about ten inches square.

BUY NOW!

For a long time Barking Willie stood right where he was, but at last sheer exhaustion united with a growing fascination to give him the courage to sit down. For a few minutes he stared blankly at the dodgers with their pictures of the Great Griffith. Blankly he stared at the letterheads with their engraved facsimiles of the Great Gazebo's flamboyant script, and blankly at the fresh copies performed right in front of him just a few minutes ago. And blankly he stared at the pen, a real penman's pen, which the Great Gazebo had left lying on the table beside the inkpot.

HIS hand reached out and picked up the pen. He dipped it into the ink and made a few strokes with it. But his hand shook piteously. He looked around, and his eyes fell on a cigarette butt lying in a saucer on the dressing table. He rose, listened, and picked it up. He oughtn't smoke—but, gees, just one drag. The smoke swirled into his ailing lungs like a gray flame. But after he had fought down one coughing spasm he took still another drag before he ground the butt out. The smoke mounted and whirled in his head with a giddy recklessness. He gulped in morsels of air until it cleared. He held his hand out. It scarcely trembled. He listened. He went back to the table. He listened. After a moment he picked up the pen again.

Now and then a muted sound crept into the dressing room. He shifted uneasily. There was something about the little room that reminded him of stir.

The sound of a key in the lock jerked Barking Willie to his feet. The Great Gazebo found him standing exactly where he had left him. He collected the dodgers and printed blanks, and without a word gripped Barking Willie's arm and conducted him out. Barking Willie's heart nearly stopped beating. A piano finished a piece; there was a rattle of applause, and the next thing he knew he was pushed out, blinking and nearly blinded by the glare of footlights, on a vast stage. A soft murmur of surprise greeted him.

"LADIES and gentlemen!" announced the Great Gazebo, after he had allowed the effect to sink in. "Meet my friend, Mr. Penny Snatcher, a social problem for which I offer a startling new solution—graphology! I am going to demonstrate to you now an entirely novel feature of the science of reading character by handwriting never before attempted, and the practical application of which is the most important contribution made to the study of criminology in our time.

"You have all heard of Bertillon and fingerprints. That was a great step forward, but, alas! only a step. There is a fatal limitation to the fingerprint. It stops with mere identification. But graphology—graphology, ladies and gentlemen, will not only identify the criminal, it will analyze him. It will settle at once the question whether you and I can afford to take the risk of giving a lawbreaker another chance of becoming a good citizen, or whether we must keep him confined to keep him from preying on us again. In other words, it will prove at once and without possibility of mistake, whether we are dealing with a confirmed outlaw or with a transgressor in whom there still lurks a likelihood of reform."

Although he didn't understand a word of what it was all about, Barking Willie squirmed self-consciously.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I do not even know whether the despicable object you see standing here beside me can write. But if he can, I will strip him to the very soul. I will be able to say things of him which I cannot say of you, and the contrast will but emphasize the truth of the observations I have previously made on your handwriting.

"It will not detract by any means from the value of my analysis that I know beforehand that this wretched parody of a man is a petty sneak thief whom I myself caught red-handed an hour ago in the act of stealing fourteen cents from a news stand, and dragged here for what I can promise you will be a historical laboratory experiment."

He tightened his hold on Barking Willie's arm. That wretched parody of a man felt rather than heard the rustle of silk moving forward on the edges of chairs. The Great Gazebo led him to a huge blackboard. Into his hand was thrust a piece of chalk.

"You will now write exactly what I tell you!" commanded the Great Gazebo. "Write this: 'I am a thief!' And sign it with your name."

Barking Willie stared blankly from the Great Gazebo to the blackboard. Barking Willie was in a dilemma. He was more than anxious to please, but if there was anything at all in what the Great Gazebo said about handwriting revealing character, Barking Willie's revealed the most complete lack of it in the records of graphology. Because the only handwriting Barking

Willie could not write was his own. He had never even signed his own name that he hadn't made it into a composite of half a dozen other styles, and unless he had a copy of it in front of him, he couldn't write it the same way twice to save his life.

The Great Gazebo clapped him on the back. Pure terror alone enabled Barking Willie to choke down a fiery fit of coughing.

"Write, you little thief! Do you hear me? Write!"

The words tore a mist from Barking Willie's eyes. Suddenly he saw a name in front of him. The name of Red Shannon. Gunman, yeggman, and perhaps the most versatile big-time thug in jail or out. William Thompson Shannon—as Red had scrawled it in the jail library one afternoon while Barking Willie watched him.

Without effort on his part, Barking Willie's hand began to move across the blackboard. With all the uncertain, clumsy groping which characterized Red Shannon's use of anything less decisive than an automatic, little Barking Willie traced the pathetic scrawl of that six-feet-three desperado.

IT was the hardest job he had ever done. But like the artist he was he merged himself in Red's character, and got over to the enraptured audience all of Red's own pitiful terror in the presence of the mysterious and incriminating pen which in the end is so much more powerful than the revolver. He wiped his clammy forehead, and the Great Gazebo shoved him aside.

"Ladies and gentlemen! You could not have failed to observe the shifty manner of our subject, that is now so exactly reproduced in his handwriting. To begin with, could you for one minute imagine that the character revealed in this scrawl, as it were with the accuracy of a spiritual X ray, could summon up the initiative, courage, or will-power to perform a single decisive action?" he bellowed, stabbing with a pointer at the handwriting of the guy who had held up a mail truck single-handed and lammed clean with a cold quarter million.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

How the Great Gazebo did spread himself! Maybe he was glad himself to get away for a couple minutes from the saccharine tripe he had to ladle out to the cash customers in his racket. He started with Red's great grandfather, who held the all-time Donnybrook nut-cracking record, and picked out all the other strains of indecision and lack of courage that went into the weaving of Red. He said so many things about Red it would have been an even greater wonder if he hadn't hit a couple of them right now and then, like being white, and more than twenty-one, and having served maybe several sentences in jail.

The audience ate it up. And while the Big Wind tied a fourteen cents news stand pinch to a gorilla who had held up a dozen banks and shot it out with posses in as many states, Barking Willie began praying to God that Red himself would never hear of this.

At last the Great Gazebo wound up with a caustic peroration so tremendous that Barking Willie started spasmodically when he wheeled on him.

"And now," thundered the Great Gazebo, "out you go! Although I ought to have you locked up I'm going to give you one more chance. Get out of this theater as quick as your miserable legs will take you, and don't let me look on your ugly face again! If I as much as lay eyes on you, I'll have you clapped in jail for the rest of your life. Scat, you miserable little rabbit-eared, rat-faced sneak thief, scat!"

Barking Willie scatted. In fact, the little broken human derelict practically evaporated, he disappeared so immediately. Actually the audience seemed to think it was a vanishing act, because they gave Barking Willie's exit a great big hand. No doubt about it, the Great Gazebo was a grand showman, and the Barking Willie bit had certainly put a new punch in the old routine.

The Great Gazebo now brought the afternoon's enter-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

We don't want your money

until you've made this test

Customers won by exaggerated claims are quickly lost. We prefer to win you by the sheer merit of our product.

GENTLEMEN: It's easy to make promises. It's harder to live up to them. Instead of taking up your time to tell you all about Palmolive Shaving Cream, we say: "Take a free supply and try it for 7 days at our expense; you be the judge."

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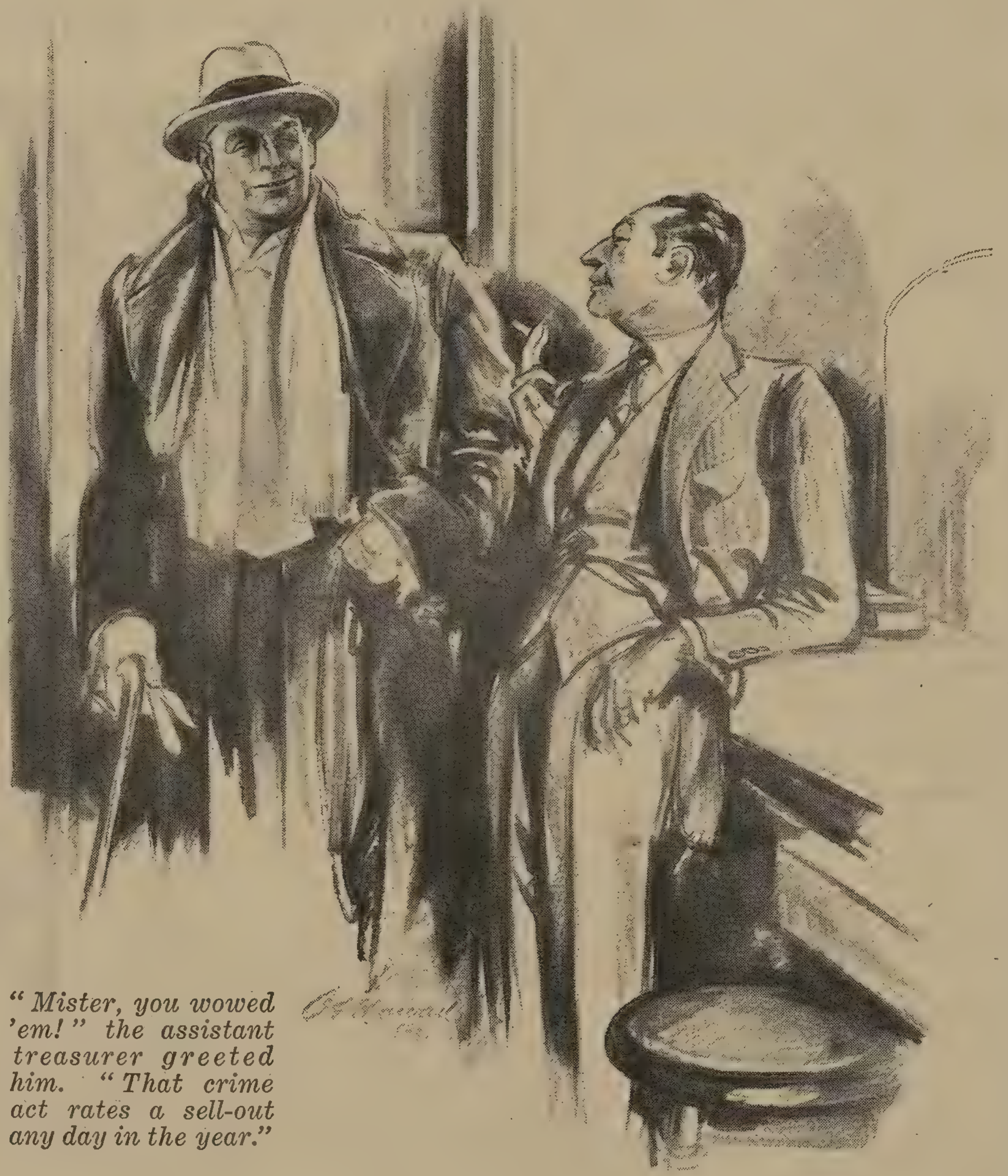
BARKING WILLIE AND THE GREAT GAZEBO
Continued from page twenty-nine

tainment to a snappy close. The ushers passed out the printed blanks for the customers who wanted an even freer, fuller, and more fulsome exposé of their prospects and passions, to be filled out and mailed in with a berry in currency. He gave himself a farewell plug and the audience a merry cheerio, along with a hearty bid to repeat at two bucks a head come next month same time.



“Mister, you wowed ’em!” the assistant treasurer greeted him. “That crime act rates a sell-out any day in the year.”

He went back to his dressing room, stowed his paraphernalia, unfixed his face and washed his hands, let himself into his flossy overcoat, set his hat on at just the right angle, and, giving the old cane a preliminary twirl, stepped out on high. He was a hit and he knew it.

He hummed a little tune as he made his way around to the box office to collect the net. The assistant treasurer was tidying up when he sailed in.

“Mister, you wowed ’em!” the assistant treasurer greeted him admiringly. “That crime act rates a sell-out any day in the year. That little bum’s an actor. Where’d you find him?”

The Great Gazebo smiled an impresario smile.

“Just like I said, on the street, picking pennies off a news stand.”

The assistant treasurer grinned appreciatively.

“Big boy, you’re a cut-up! Have they got any more at the Lambs like him? Who is he, on the level?”

The Great Gazebo bowed, because this was true praise.

“All right, don’t believe me. Well, how was the house?” he asked, rubbing his hands.

“You and Ruth Draper!” laughed the box-office man. “Your cut’s only”—he referred to a slip of paper—“twenty-six fifteen. I guess we eat this week, heh?”

BUY NOW! It’s Bargain Time!

The Great Gazebo wet his lips. “Hand it over, son.”

The assistant treasurer looked at him blankly.

“HAND what over?”

“The money.”

“What money?”

“My two thousand six hundred and fifteen dollars, comedian.”

“Your two thousand six hundred and fifteen dollars?” repeated the box-office man stupidly.

“What is this, an act?” demanded the Great Gazebo angrily.

“That’s what I’m asking you. It’s been banked for you a half hour already.”

“It’s been what?”

“Banked,” repeated the other. “You know—put in the bank for you. The little guy did it.”

“What the devil are you talking about?”

“Talking about? I’m talking about your cut of the take. I’m talking about the other half of your act you sent to Marks with a note saying to give the coin to him so that he could get it to the bank before it closed.”

“Let me see that note!” cried the Great Gazebo, in a terrible voice.

THE assistant treasurer opened a drawer and handed him a note written on a sheet of paper which bore as a letterhead the familiar facsimile of the Great Gazebo’s name in his own handwriting. The Great Gazebo, however, stared at the fresh writing under that facsimile as though he had met the ghost of himself in the flesh face to face.

He brought it up to his face so suddenly that he nearly poked his nose into it. His mind refused to take it in. But there it was, black on white, with all his own inimitable, high-powered, captain-of-industry, strongly artistic, success-in-love, bold-in-conception, and resolute-in-action magnificence, curlicued, scrolled, and underscored, in detail and in full. He couldn’t have done it better himself:

DEAR MARKS: Please give the bearer all my cut except $50 held out for me so that he can deposit it before my bank closes. GRIFFITH.

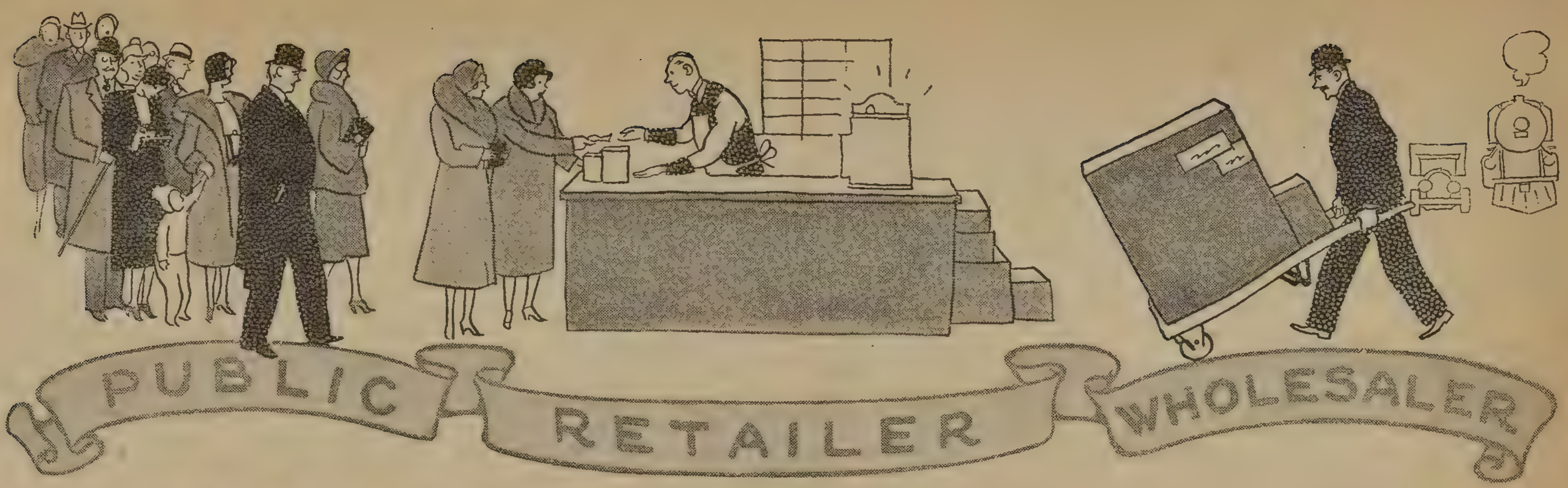
The Great Gazebo collapsed with a funny gurgling rustle, as of air rushing out of a balloon pricked with a fine-pointed steel pen.

Just at that moment a southbound train was pulling out of Newark.

Pressed snugly in a corner, hugging himself and one of the finest collections of small bills in captivity, sat a little guy staring out of the window with the strangely happy smile of an artist who has rung down the curtain of his truly last farewell performance on the masterpiece of his career.

Hereafter he would only write his own name. He was going to make one up and practice it until he knew it. And already he hadn’t coughed once since they had pulled out of Pennsylvania Station.

THE END



Let's BUY Prosperity Back

A Way to More Work, More Money, and More Fun

By

HARPER LEECH

a native of Tennessee who has edited or written for newspapers in Memphis, Washington, and Denver, and since 1921 has been in Chicago, specializing on economic topics. Also, he is co-author with John C. Carroll of a book about newspaper-making called What's the News?

Pictures by Garrett Price

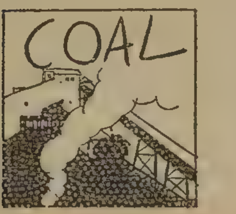
(Reading time: 10 min. 37 sec.)

ALL good Americans hope for the speedy return of prosperity.

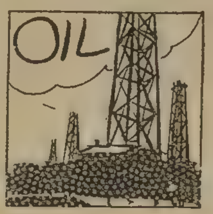
For more than a year now we have either been trying to persuade ourselves that it was still here, or we have been anxiously discussing how to bring it back.

There is only one way to get prosperity back—that is, to buy it back. To an extent not generally appreciated the masses of people who have anything to spend are actually doing that now. But, with all the natural American talent for organization, there is no reason why we could not convert this unorganized buying into a highly organized drive.

A nation which proved itself capable of raising billions of dollars for war loans and auxiliary war activities ought not to have much difficulty in accelerating the return of prosperity by a concerted drive upon the retail stores and markets of the country. The buying power is in the country.



What we need is a little trigger action to convert purchasing possibilities into such a turnover of goods as will start a flow of orders from retailers back to the primary producers.



Once those orders are in the mails, the problem of taking care of the unemployed will be far on the road to solution. No one in his right mind can oppose the belated measures for temporary charitable relief which are now being undertaken, but it is obvious that the provision of bread lines, soup houses, and emergency flop houses offers no prospect of lasting relief.

Political and financial leaders have not gained prestige since the onset of the present business depression. In fact, the utterances and acts of some publicists and financiers have tended to intensify business depression and delay business recovery.

Those who continue to urge the necessity of thrift and saving, after the turn of the business tide imperatively demands more generous spending by those

WATER POWER

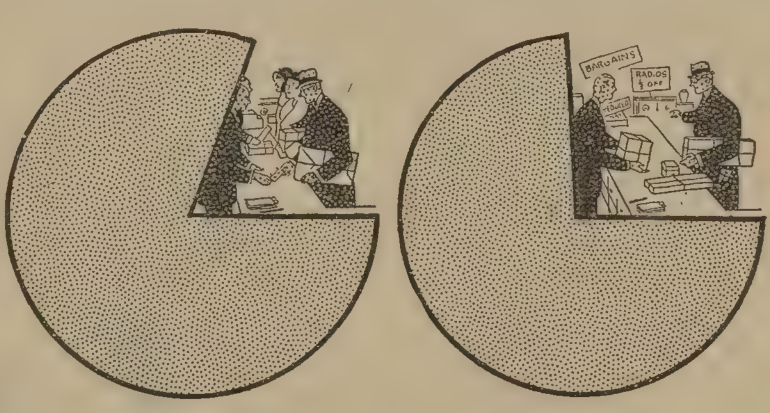
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LET'S BUY PROSPERITY BACK
Continued from page thirty-one

whose incomes have not been seriously impaired, inject into modern life an ancient doctrine which has the effect of a monkey wrench thrown into the delicate wheels of our highly complex industry and trade.

In a measure, these counsels of caution and fear are the ghostly and chilling clutch of a dead era upon our time.

Thrift was just as important as Benjamin Franklin said it was when most of the wealth and income of the world came from cultivating the soil, but the doctrine that wealth is the result of self-denial and saving is only a half-truth—and a very dangerous half-truth in an age like this, when over ninety per cent of the world's creative work is done by the energy of coal, oil, and water power harnessed to modern machinery.



The wage-earning groups as a whole have a bigger slice of the income pie.

We cannot save water power and we have coal and oil all the year round and there is no reason why the work of the world should be constantly interrupted by depressions.

The basic reason for hard times is excessive thrift upon the part of individuals and corporations, dominated by fears and emotions derived from an age in which the world was never far from famine and had to practice rigid thrift and self-denial in order to bridge the winters which came between productive crops.

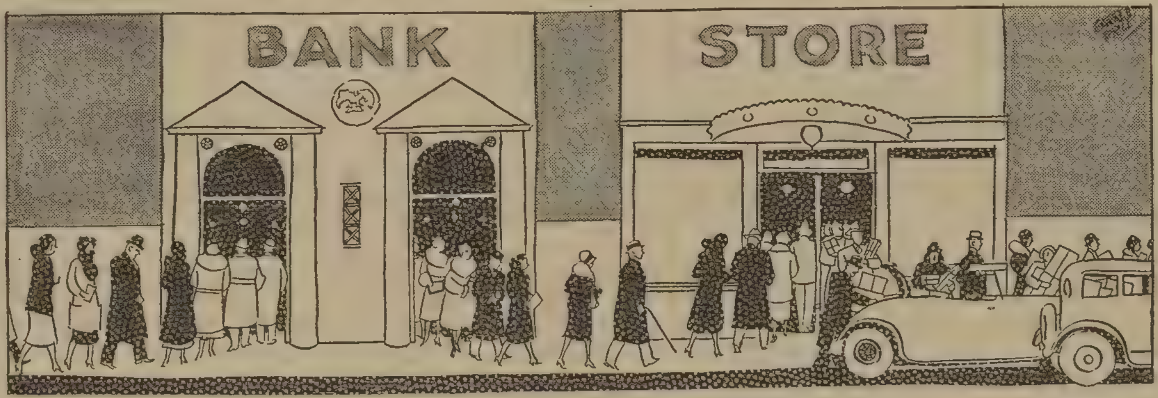
To the extent that the masses ignore fears which result in scrimping, hoarding, and overinvestment in nonproductive securities, business recovery is speeded up. Fortunately they usually do overcome their fright after a few months in the first part of every business recession, when savings deposits pile up in the banks until bankers begin to find it difficult to invest the money in going concerns. We are reaching that point now. Already there is talk of reducing generally the interest upon savings deposits. Unless people start spending, that is inevitable.

BUY NOW!

MONEY, unlike the vegetation and animals on farms, has no powers of reproduction; and unless it is hitched up to the labor of men and machines it soon loses any power to earn interest. That is why the "Buy Now" movements which are springing up spontaneously among the people are the most hopeful indications of business recovery.

This movement appears to have first appeared in organized form in Muskegon, Michigan, then to have popped up in Philadelphia—and at this writing seems likely to spread very generally. The idea back of it is absolutely sound.

As often occurs, the mother wit of the plain people drives quicker to the heart of things than the muddled thinking of men whose intellectual powers are hopelessly entangled in cultural baggage which they have brought down from ages which are vitally different from ours.



Already there is talk of reducing generally the interest upon savings deposits. Unless people start spending, that is inevitable.

The "Buy Now" movement indicates that in the present economic depression the American people are crystallizing into definite expression and organizing into definite action a conviction which has been growing for many years among them that spending—not hoarding—is the key to wealth and welfare under modern conditions.

The last few years of expansion in advertising and the speeding up of turnover in trade have created a favorable mental atmosphere for the reception of the doctrine which we have too long failed to accept and put into practice—that real wealth today consists of men and things in action, not things hoarded up for a "rainy day" which may never come. In truth, our economic rainy days occur only because we bring them to pass by excessive savings of individual or corporation income.

No matter what the gentlemen versed in the shopkeeper's "science" of economics (which is no more a natural science than the rules of auction bridge or chess) may say about it, the American people have sense enough to understand that if every employed American would spend $10 more a month in retail trade, business would improve.

ASSUMING that there are five million workers out of jobs and ten million on part time—an assumption which is much worse than the facts—there are still about thirty million people in this country enjoying something like normal incomes. That many people could easily spend $10 more per month each, by curtailing their usual savings activity—not to speak of drawing upon their accumulated savings.

The sum of 300 million dollars injected into retail trade every month would cause an actual circulation or turnover of much more than a billion dollars a month in all the channels of trade and production. The amount of a people's income depends upon the velocity of the circulation of money as well as upon the amount of money in circulation.

In view of the fact that the actual reduction of our national income in this year of depression, as compared to our income in a year of brisk trade, will hardly amount to more than ten billion dollars a year, the feasibility of a concerted organized buying drive to bring back prosperity is hardly open to question.

We want prosperity back.

And at least ninety per cent of American people want back the same kind of prosperity we had. It might be possible to go through a prolonged period of deflation and of wage and price reduction which would eventually bring us to a condition of full employment at lower wages and lower prices; or it might be possible to reduce the hours of labor and parcel out jobs in such a manner that everybody would have work but less income. But the American people do not want any such readjustment. They do not yearn to go back to the simple life. And the only way to sustain the living standards which we have recently enjoyed and learned to like is to maintain and increase consumption. This can only be done by the people themselves, who must buy if they expect to have. It may be of interest here to put our finger upon the groups who ought to lead this buying movement. Certainly we cannot expect the unemployed or those working on part time to buy now, because they haven't got the money.

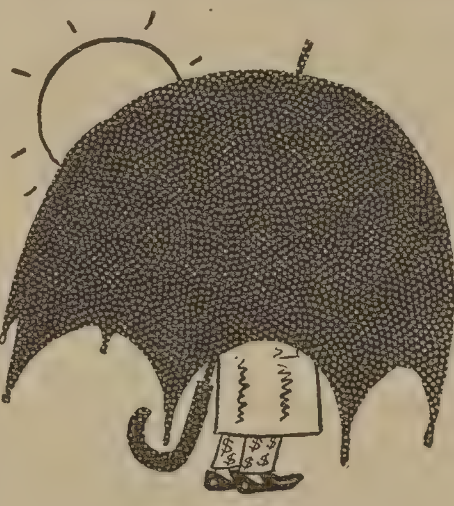
Who has the money?

The richest families of America number about two per cent of the number of families and receive about twenty per cent of the national income. It is this class which, next to the unemployed, suffers the greatest reduction in income in times of panic, because most of their income is from dividends from stocks and gains of property value

—both more variable than wages.

For the first six months of the year 1930, the profits of 550 leading American corporations were reduced about thirty per cent as compared to the year before, but they were still earning at a rate of 9.2 per cent upon their capital and surplus.

If we assume that the very rich have thirty per cent less money this year than last year, they still have ample funds with which to buy luxuries in the retail market, because normally they devote to living expenses only about eleven per cent of their incomes. They save and reinvest about seventy-seven per cent, according to the calculations of Mr. Ralph Borsodi.



Real wealth consists of men and things in action, not things hoarded up for a "rainy day" which may never come.

It is obvious that these men and women ought to increase their expenditures very greatly in times of economic depression. Such expenditures are good common sense—not philanthropy. In fact, in hard times the best way for them to save is to spend. By helping to restore prosperity they will gain far more by the increase in the value of their securities and property than they would by pinching fresh investments out of their income.

About fifteen per cent of American families receive something like twenty-seven per cent of the national income, of which they save ten per cent. It is obvious that these people can contribute handsomely to any buying movement. It is doubtful if the real income of this group has been seriously impaired. Large numbers of them are professional people, executives, or independent business men. It is good sense for them to buy now because there has been a very substantial decline both of wholesale and retail prices since last year, and bargains abound.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

The other groups of families present a mixed picture. In normal times their savings do not amount to more than five per cent of their incomes, and of course it is among these groups that we find the bulk of the unemployed.

ON the other hand, those who have retained their jobs and have not been put upon part time or suffered substantial reductions of pay find themselves in a much better position now than they were last year, because of the bargains in the stores. As they spend from sixty-five to seventy-five per cent of their incomes on retail goods used up in everyday life, bargains mean more to them than to any others of our people.

It is an interesting fact, shown by every informed and competent survey of our national income, that in times of economic depression the proportionate share of the wage and salary earners increases, so that although many workers have no jobs the wage-earning groups as a whole have a bigger slice of the income pie than in times of prosperity. Of course, the pie itself is smaller, but this reduction is more apparent than real.

ALTHOUGH the total income of the American people is reduced by billions of dollars in a year of slack business, as a rule the fall of prices is such that the shrinkage of real income—that is, income measured by what money will buy—is very small.

Such are the fundamental facts of a hard-times year which testify to the inherent soundness of the "Buy Now" slogan. That this is the time to accelerate buying is also indicated by the available reports on savings deposits and other forms of popular investment.

The Savings Bank Division of the American Bankers Association reports for the year ended June 30, 1930, an increase of savings deposits in banks and trust companies amounting to $267,180,000, which contrasts with a loss in savings of $195,305,000 reported for the same period a year earlier, in boom times. Total savings deposits on June 30 stood at $28,485,000,000, the highest amount ever recorded. There is good reason to believe that this amount has grown considerably since June 30.

Getting down from generalities, what can Mr. American Citizen, or rather Mrs. American Citizen, who spends over fifty billion dollars a year, do to bring prosperity back?

How about buying a new suit or overcoat? The old one may save some poor working stiff or jobless fellow human from death by pneumonia.

Why waste good nerves and temper by trying to drive the wheezy old bus through another winter? The dollars you lay down as first payment on the new car will put added energy into American business, which will be reflected all the way back to the mines, forests, and oil wells from which automobiles are created.

A new radio set will start ripples on the economic pond which will reach as far. In fact, so interwoven are the industrial activities of the United States that it is hardly possible to spend a dime in Chicago without affecting somebody in every one of the forty-eight states.

Let's BUY prosperity back!

THE END

This is the YEAST for CHILDREN

pure.. tasty.. doesn't cause gas

For children who are listless underweight undernourished and...

Only half there

A tip to wives—and their husbands! And especially to those who have youngsters: try Yeast Foam Tablets, the modern, non-fermenting, non-objectionable form of pure yeast. One of the best conditioners the human system ever had!

You or your children may not like raw yeast, but you'll swallow or chew these little tablets with relish. Purity and potency guaranteed . . . this yeast is used and recognized as the standard for vitamin studies by leading universities and by the U. S. Government.

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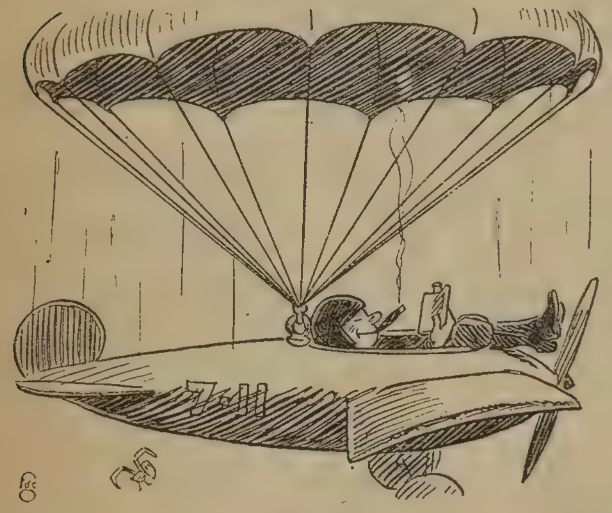
Vox

Subject: What's the Matter with Aviation and What's the Matter with Mr. Rogers

CHICAGO, ILL.—I've just read "What's the Matter with Aviation?" by Bogart Rogers in your November 22 issue. Well, what *is* the matter with aviation?

First, the gasoline engine. It should be entirely discarded and the Diesel engine used exclusively. This will eliminate the fire hazard.

Second, the kite type of plane. It should be superseded immediately by the rotor or windmill air machine. This would reduce landing hazard.



Third, every air machine should have a parachute to slow up the fall of the machine in an emergency, so that chance of injury would be minimized.

Fourth, as operation of the flying machine is simpler than an automobile, flying instruction should go free with the purchase.

Fifth, as the flying machine is mechanically simpler than the automobile, its price ought to be commensurate.

The flying machine, like the steamship, has a fundamental advantage over the railroad and automobile in that its track is furnished free. This is one reason why flying must have a wonderful future.—*Fredk. Wingfield.*

HARTFORD, CONN.—Of all the most ridiculous articles I have read concerning aviation, Bogart Rogers' takes the prize. He certainly had nerve to publish his story.

Why should Mr. Rogers put fear into people's minds about aviation?

The old saying, "Practice makes perfect," applies to airplanes, only we need a little more time.—*Cappy.*

GREENVILLE, ALA.—After reading and rereading your article, "What's the Matter with Aviation?" would like to ask a few questions.

Why did the stock market fall and wipe out so many investors? Why are wheat, cotton, corn, and lots of other farm products selling below the cost of production? In short, why is nearly every business institution in the U. S. losing money?

It seems that Bogart Rogers did not take into consideration the trend of the times. Why should a business as young as aviation succeed when so many other businesses are failing?

Times are hard, mister. So please give the newborn baby time.—*Guy M. Jones, a licensed transport pilot.*

YORK, PA.—Three cheers for the fine article on aviation by Captain Rogers.

I consider his opinion of Lindbergh's journey 100 per cent correct. What a "grand and glorious" feeling it is to know that I am not the only one who claims that Lindbergh's flight didn't further the cause of aviation one iota.—*Clarence D. Stagemyer.*

From a Cross-Continent Flying Ace

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I read with a great deal of interest your article entitled "What's the Matter with Aviation?" I was particularly gratified in Mr. Rogers' statement as follows:

"What American air-passenger travel needs is faster and more frequent services. It seems obvious that air transport is going to progress not by carrying more people at one time than the older forms of transportation, but by carrying people faster and farther in a given time and offering them more frequent schedules."

BUY NOW and BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

It has always been my personal contention that airplanes must be speeded up.

I have endeavored, through a few little flights, to focus attention on this necessity and it is gratifying to see someone else express himself in favor of this important necessity for aviation advancement. —*Frank M. Hawks.*

Disillusioned

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Funny Faces! Ye gods, what a laugh!!

What kind of a nut is the person who selects as being funny such perfectly idiotic monstrosities?

Here are a few helpful hints to aspiring "artists" who would like to have their efforts receive favorable consideration in this so-called Funny Face contest:

1. Draw a pair of half-moons above the eyes, well up in the roots of the hair, where no self-respecting eyebrows ever grew.
2. Smear up the eyes so that they will not resemble eyes, or anything else.
3. Twist the nose off at an angle of 90 degrees and put a wart on it bigger than the nose itself.
4. After you have done all this, throw the whole mess away and forget it, for you won't get anything, anyway.—*One of the Disillusioned Artists (?).*

To See—

LUBBOCK, TEXAS—Why not enlist your Circulation Department in the task of relieving the unemployment situation? If they can take a magazine of the "get-up" and "make-up" of Liberty, and build up a circulation of over 2,250,000, they are capable of *anything.—Dan Flint.*

—Oursel's—

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Oh h—! After all, what can you expect for a nickel? —*Cornelius Philibert Oswald (Lefty) Townsend.*

—as Others—

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Piffle! Rot! And other such English expressions. And who do you folks think you are? You write to Vox Pop that you don't like this and you don't like that. I suppose each week you buy Liberty to read it with disgust. And you continually buy it just to continue reading something you don't like.

Well! You're full of hokum. I'll bet you enjoy reading Liberty even more than I do.—*Geo. C. Saul.*

—See Us

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—Just want you to know that the navy in general and myself in particular really enjoy Liberty.

Our ships service store sells them and they actually sell more Libertys than any navy publication—and there are some good navy publications. Some sailors would actually rather read Liberty than look at pretty girls.

Liberty
Liberty
Liberty

Undoubtedly some of your superintelligent (?) Vox Poppers will come back with a snappy retort that they could expect seafaring men to enjoy such trash. But trash, and call it what you will, we *like* it.—*Average Gob.*

Pop

Slight Discussion, Coherent and Otherwise, of Nikki and Her War Birds

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.—Having read Liberty constantly, if indifferently, for the past few years, I was at last jerked out of my apathy by John Monk Saunders' "Episode in Paris," and "The Episode of the Prairie Oyster." What yarns! And what a writer!

Liberty
The Episode of the Prairie Oyster

I gulped down every word of it. It knocked me down, and I'm still nursing a whale of a hangover.

We must give thanks to Mr. Saunders for his vivid portrayal of postwar Paris night life, his smart cracks that *are* smart, and to good old Liberty for publishing same.

Yours for wilder and wetter episodes—on paper and in the flesh.—*Mountain State Gal.*

PITTSBURGH, PA.—These Parisian stories by John Monk Saunders are too much for even a placid soul like mine to stand without protest.

Ye gods, such an inane and vulgar mess of words I have never read! The unexpurgated Arabian Nights and Boccaccio have nothing on this story, only they have the advantage of being written in an age when culture wasn't so easy to find. In this age such tripe should be banned from the mails, and I am not a Puritan—just a stickler for clean reading.—*Victoria Cobb.*

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

GADSDEN, ALA.—"Episode in Paris," and "The Episode of the Prairie Oyster," were swell, clever, different.

Give us more stories like these and you will continue to get my nickel. But, darn you, you know you would get it anyway!—*Vox Popper.*

ALBANY, N. Y.—How come you damn your pages with the endless maunderings of six perennial drunks? Is "The Episode of the Prairie Oyster" supposed to be a story? If so, where is the plot? What, no plot! Well, who the hell wants to read a story without one?

We can open the window any night and listen to the pointless, asinine prattle of drunks. And dear little innocent Nikki with her five Platonic followers who act as back-washers for her—these war hellion rakes! How come, I say?

Mr. Saunders, you insult our intelligence.—*A Georgian.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I read the darned thing from left to right—right to left—upside down—downside up. I even tried skipping every third word and adding "ing," but "The Episode of the Prairie Oyster," by J. Monk Saunders, had me floored!

Suddenly—in the midst of "pinching Frenchmen" and "biting blondes"—I realized that I, too, was insane—kookoo—and from then on to the bitter end (?) I laffed till I squealed.

On to Versailles an' a straitjacket with m' goo' fren'—hic—Nikki!!!—H'ray!—*Marilyn Scruggs.*

Somebody Must Think We Give Prizes for Wise Cracks

MONROE, LA.—If I had to choose between Liberty and the seven-year itch, I would start scratching.—*A. V.*

"Help Wanted"

HARTFORD, CONN.—Your editorial, "Help Wanted," was excellent. It pointed out the very things over which the country has been dilly-dallying for years without accomplishing anything. I suggest that you print and send special copies of it to all the senators and congressmen.

If the country would permit the making of beer, the breweries of Milwaukee, St. Louis, and Cincinnati could furnish work for a million men—and we would have a better satisfied working class, and it would stop lawbreaking and racketeering.

The sentiment of the majority is being shown in every election we have.

Keep it up, Liberty; maybe we will get them educated in time.—*Thomas M. Parsons.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Liberty's editorial of November 22, "Help Wanted," hit the nail on the head, with "Isn't it time for more action and less talk?"

When men are idle, let us refrain from calculations—consulting this financier, that engineer, and those economists. Let us jump in, and scramble through as well as we can. The last war furnished an example of what can be done in time of need.

This country needs work immediately. Work is a great police agent. If everybody had work, crime would be greatly diminished. Every man who ever amounted to anything in this world was a hard worker. There is no exception to this rule in any profession. We all have a chance to be an Edison, a Julius Cæsar, or a Pasteur.

Men of power, let's get busy at something to look forward to, other than despair.—*Alliare.*

ATLANTA, GA.—"Help Wanted" was interesting.

You said: "Even graft is better than doles." We do not doubt your word, but when you are getting neither it is hard to decide.

With the appointment of a few more commissions the unemployment problem will be settled. Everyone now out of work will be busy on one of the many commissions and everybody will be happy.—*F. D. McNew.*

Heh heh. Get the Idea?

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—When Liberty leaves out the pages between the front cover and the back and burns the front cover they will have a good magazine.—*A Utahn.*

One Side, Fellers; Here Comes Susan, with Nose-Bag

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Of all the complicated things! I didn't realize, before reading "Table Manners," by Helen Hathaway, just how complex this business of eating could be. But now that I know the worst—well, daintiness, grace, and style: that's me, boys!—*Susan.*

We'll Be with You

CHICAGO, ILL.—Say, what are you trying to run, anyway—a magazine or a battlefield? Your Vox Pop is full of men cussing women, women cussing men, pacifists and militarists socking each other, and wets and drys going at each other's wool.

You can only do one thing to add to the excitement: invite all these contending Vox Poppers to your office at the same hour on the same day—and when that roughhouse happens I want to be suspended in a cage somewhere in the vicinity of the ceiling, with permission to use my eyes and ears, and to laugh my head off.—*Just Peter.*

Another Story of NIKKI

The Episode of the

By JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

Pictures by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

(Reading time: 29 minutes 44 seconds.)

NIKKI, the playgirl of Paris, was gone. The first thing that Shepard Lambert said when he found it out was: "What's the use of anything?" Paris without Nikki was as desolate and lifeless as a derelict ship.

Maria, Nikki's maid, had packed up everything neatly and followed her off, wherever she had gone, leaving Eighty-Eight Carlton, a noble pup, and two turtles in the custody of a veterinary in the Place Pereire. It was all very casual, but poor Bill Talbot was devastated and went about with the sad, bewildered eyes of a lost camel.

Shep surmised that Cary Lockwood could throw some light on the secret of Nikki's disappearance, but Cary, too, had left Paris. Shep and Bill Talbot and Francis resolutely refused to desert the Carlton Hotel and haunted the place in the hope that Nikki would reappear as casually as she had left and life would begin all over again.

Shep had a dim theory that Nikki and Cary might be together somewhere. In May, nearly a month later, a cable arrived at the Carlton for Cary. It was from Dublin, Ireland. Shep opened it and read the message:

WHEN YOU SAY YOUR PRAYERS PLEASE
INCLUDE BIT FROM CORNISH LITANY
QUOTE FROM GHOSTIES AND GHOULIES
AND THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT
DEAR LORD PROTECT NIKKI

The cable was unsigned, and Shep knew then that Cary and Nikki were not together and did not know where the other was.

It was early in June when he came upon Nikki again. She was sitting at a side table in the steam room at the Ritz with a strange young man when Shepard came in. He went directly over.

"Hi, Nikki!"

"H'lo, *Shep!* How are you?"

"Charming," said Shep, "charming. I can truthfully say I've never been more magnetic in my life."

"How nice for you," Nikki said.

There were faint purple shadows under Nikki's eyes, and her skin was lustrous with hospital pallor. Her great black eyes were startlingly blind and luminous. Shep knew that a little suffering had passed that way. Nevertheless, she was the most interesting face and figure in the bar; she was bravely dressed in a copper silk jersey frock and short white buckskin gloves and a black, close-fitting hat.

"Where you been, baby?" Shep demanded. "We been a-lookin' all over the shop for you."

"I been sick," Nikki announced, "and this is Roger something, or something Roger, I forget which."

"Hello," said Shep. "My name is Lambert."

"How d'you do?" said the other in a Cambridge accent. "My name is Stewart."

"Oh that's right," Nikki said. "This is the Irish earl."

The Irish earl was quite young and thin and handsome in an intelligent high-bred way. He had a long straight nose and a fine forehead and a slight brown mustache. His gray eyes had the far-away look of one who has been drinking for a long time. His skin had the telltale pale brick flush.

The People in the Story

NIKKI, an American girl who has found her way into the strange disordered lives of five American flyers left stranded in Paris after the Armistice,

And the war birds—

SHEPARD LAMBERT, ringleader of the quintet,

BILL BRONKO TALBOT, all-American half back,

CARY LOCKWOOD, a Rhodes scholar at Oxford,

FRANCIS, otherwise The Washout, and

JOHNNY SWANN, known to the crowd for no good reason as Doctor Krausmeyer.

Shep scrutinized Stewart with interest. "Is he really of the beerage?" he asked Nikki.

"Yep," said Nikki. "Stewart can actually be found in Burp's Beerage. Can't you, sweet?"

"No end of estates and retainers," agreed the Irish earl. When he spoke he gestured jerkily. He was brittle as glass, ready to fly into wild screaming pieces.

"HE comes from a famous hunting country," Nikki explained. "He took me to the Dublin Horse Show. He always carries a hunting seat. Even on boats and things. Where is your hunting seat, darling? Didn't you bring your hunting seat? Aren't you afraid you'll catch cold?"

"What will you have to drink?" the Irish earl invited Shep.

"Thanks. A Martini."

"He followed me all the way from England," Nikki went on. "Didn't you, darling?"

"Been follerin' her around all over the shop," Stewart said. "It's no use, apparently."

"Is that where you've been—England?" Shep asked. "Tell me, how did you ever get there?"

"Flew."

"What was the idea?"

"Regatta! Henley Regatta. We all flew over."

"What on earth did you do that for?"

"I don't know," Nikki said vaguely. "It seemed like a good idea at the time."

"Is that where you met his grace?"

"On the Trinity barge. He took me to a dinner at Cambridge."

"How was her behavior?" Shep asked Stewart.

"Splendid. She danced a hula in her bare feet. I helped skin off her stockings."

"It was better than the Dean's," Nikki defended her behavior. "I saw him sitting in the middle of the Quad unde an umbrella, calling on God to witness that he was a mushroom."

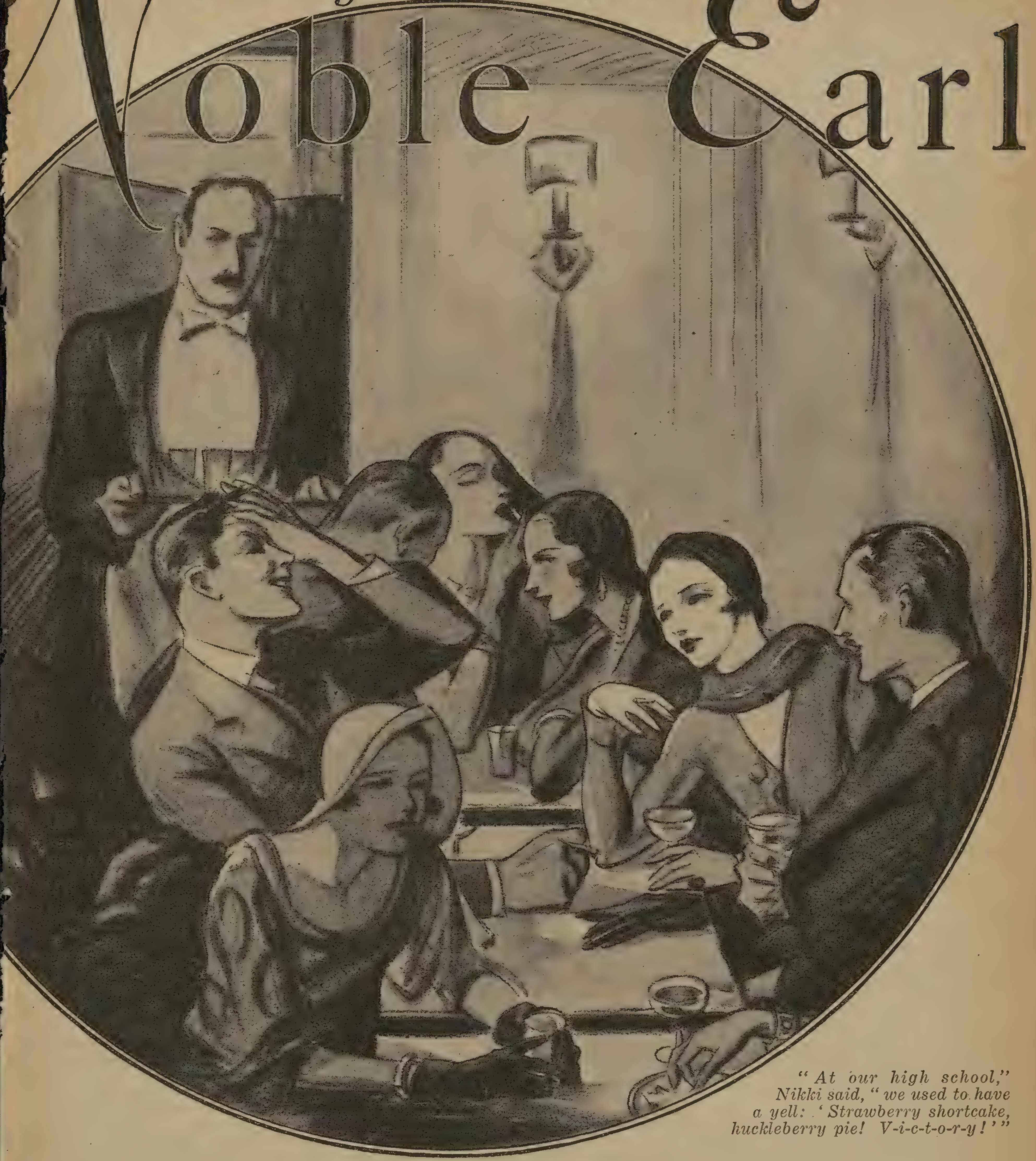
"Good man," the earl observed. And then as an afterthought, "But he'll never be a bishop."

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

The waiter came in with a loaded tray of cocktails. The earl waved him to the table. "Bring six more," he said after the waiter had cleared

Noble Earl

and Her War Birds



"At our high school," Nikki said, "we used to have a yell: 'Strawberry shortcake, huckleberry pie! V-i-c-t-o-r-y!'"

off their glasses and left one for Shep. "It's best to order in series," he explained.

"Where's Bill?" Nikki asked.

"He's knockin' about."

"Where's that licentious old man?"

"Doctor Krausmeyer? Oh, we lost the good doctor. He up and jined the French Cavalry."

"Honestly? Whatever for?"

"Don't know. Probably seemed like a good idea."

"How about Francis?"

"He's still here."

"I missed you all."

"Thanks," said Shep. "We ain't been the same since you disappeared. Well," raising his glass to the earl, "Slog Tabs."

"Do what?" Nikki queried.

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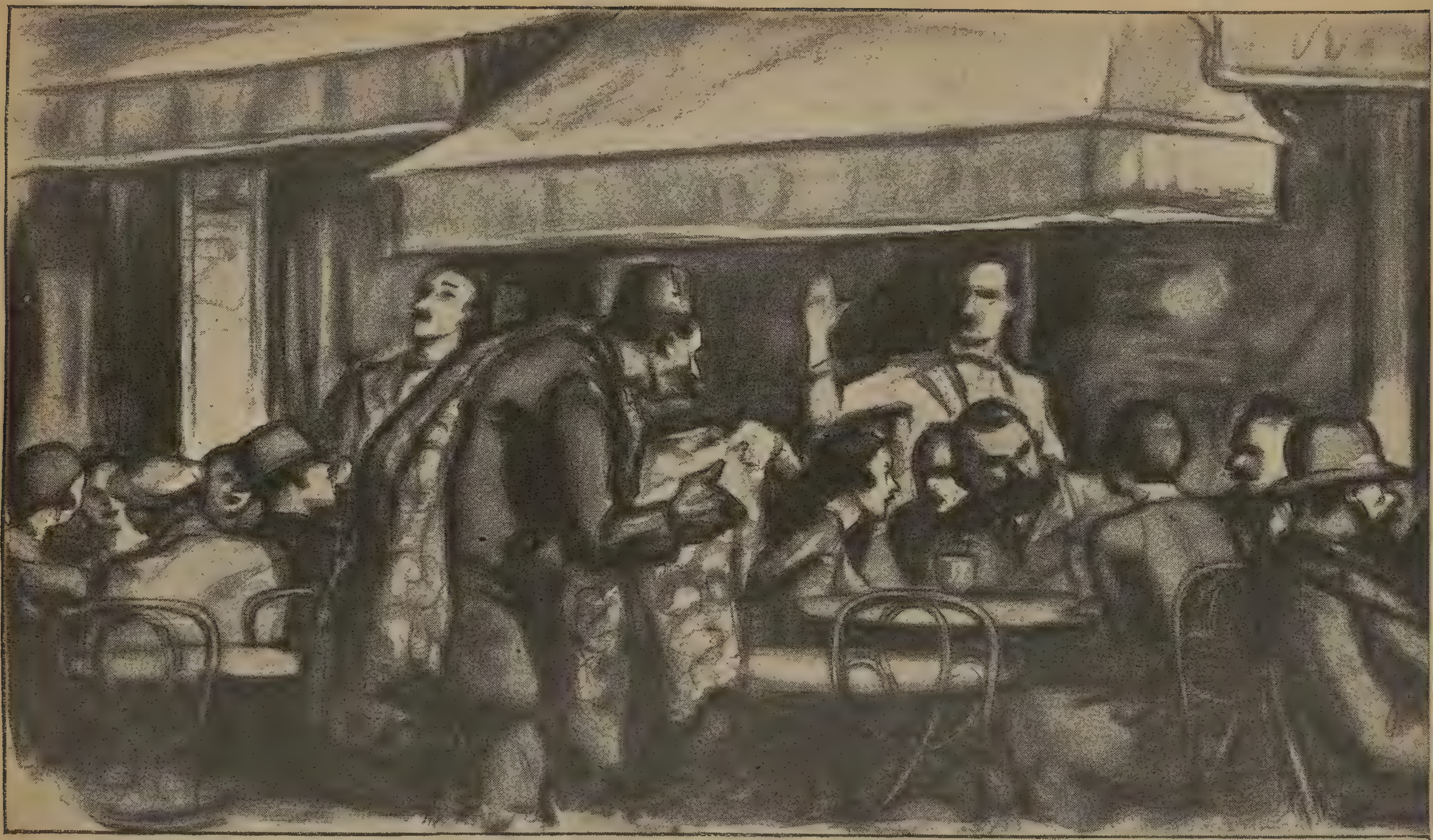


Paris without Nikki was as desolate

[THE EPISODE OF THE NOBLE EARL
Continued from page thirty-seven]

"Slog Tabs."

"What?"

"Slog Tabs," repeated Shep. "Slog Tabs."

"Whoever heard of such a thing?" Nikki said. "Slog Tabs indeed. Whatever does it mean?"

"Well," said Shep, "if you're going to get academic about it, I'll break down and tell you. Did you ever hear of Cambridge University?"

"Quite," said Nikki. "I've been there. Haven't you been paying attention?"

"The lads at Cambridge are called Cantabrigians," Shep proceeded.

"Whoever thought of that?"

"Derived from the Latin, my dear. Derived from the Latin. But for the battle-cry purposes the Oxonions—you know the Oxonions, brave and bold—have trimmed it down to Tabs. So, slog Tabs, you see. Slog the blighters from Cambridge and all that sort of thing."

BUY NOW!

"At our high school," Nikki said ingenuously, "we used to have a yell:

Strawberry shortcake, huckleberry pie!
V—I—C—T—O—R—Y!"

"Look at that girl whittle us down to her own size, would you," Shep murmured admiringly. "Is nothing sacred to her?"

"YOU were up at Oxford, I take it," said the earl.

"Before the war," Shep said.

"What was your college?"

"Cardinal."

"Sporting chaps, Cardinal."

"Hearty," Shep agreed.

"I been sick," Nikki volunteered again.

"Poor darlin'," Shep said. "You really been sick?"

"Yes, I really been sick. In England. I thought it surely was ptomaine or something, but maybe I just forgot to stir out the bubbles."

"You should always have a swizzle stick handy about you," Shep reproved her. "A girl that drinks all that champagne. Doesn't she drink the bubbly, though?" Shep inquired of Stewart.

"Don't she just," Stewart agreed. "Downed all our chaps."

"I WAS sick as sick," Nikki said, "and I got in trouble, too. People got violent and I got hurt and ran away. I dashed for home, but didn't quite make it. They had an ambulance out at the landing field for me. His reverence arranged that."

"Jolly nice ride," agreed his grace.

"Did you ride in the ambulance, too?" Shep queried.

"Held my hand all the way," Nikki affirmed. "He *was* a lamb."

"Did you go to a hospital?" Shep asked.

"Did I not! The American Hospital of Paris. Neuilly. I was a very special case. The first patient in months that didn't have the D. T.s."

"Good girl!" Shep said admiringly.

"I didn't have the screaming mimis or anything, so the coquettish French doctors called it appendicitis. I told them my appendix was gone. I let them see my scar, and they said it wasn't an appendix scar and how did I know it hadn't been overlooked in the operation, anyway? Then they went off leaving me feeling like Alice in Wonderland and hell."

Shep ordered more Martinis.

"I told the night nurse if she saw any Frogs creeping up on me with a knife and a can of ether to bash 'em with a bed pan.

"At a slight charge," Nikki continued, "at a slight extra charge, his earlship got the best man in France for me. He said, acute colitis—at a slight extra charge."

"Were you in the hospital a long time?" Shep asked.

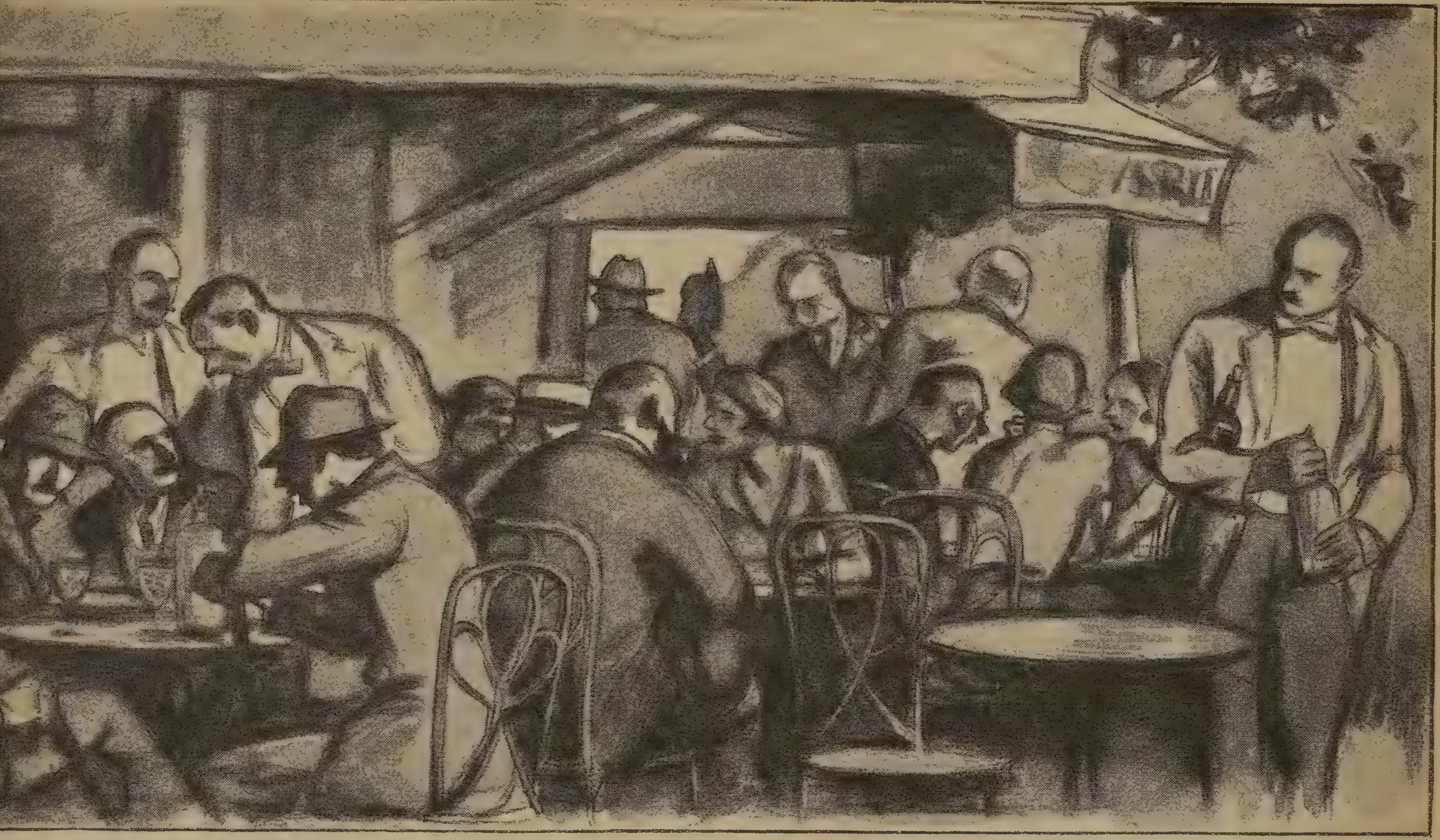
"Days and days and days. They said I must never drink again," Nikki said, looking into her empty cocktail glass.

"Why didn't you let us know?"

Nikki said she had written a note to Cary.

"I don't think he got it," Shep said.

"Why not?"



and lifeless as a derelict ship.

"He went away. Whatever happened between you two, anyhow?"

"It was my fault," Nikki said.

"I'm sure it was," Shep agreed. "But what happened?"

"I said the wrong thing, I guess."

"You're marvelous that way," Shep said. "Put end to end to end the wrong things you say would require seven hours to pass a given point."

"I didn't mean to. Tell me if you think it was very bad."

"All right," Shep agreed. "You present the facts of the matter and I'll hand down an expert opinion. The earl here will sit on the bench with me. What say, Stewart?"

"Give me a wig," said the earl, "and a drink."

"You remember the day you all went to the Cluny? And we went to Père Lachaise?"

"Yep," Shep said.

"It was raining and so we stopped at a place and had some drinks."

"Who is we?" the earl inquired judicially.

"Cary Lockwood," Shep told him. "Cardinal man. Up before the war."

"The American runner chap?"

"Oh, do you know him?" Nikki said eagerly. "Where?"

"Saw him do the hurdles once. Stamford Bridge, Oxford-Cambridge sports."

"Did he win?" said Nikki eagerly.

"Win, my word! The fellow fairly flew over the things. None of our chaps near him. Is he about?"

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

"THAT'S the point," said Nikki. "Leave me tell you. We had some drinks and it didn't stop raining, so we had some more."

"Good ol' Nik."

"When it stopped raining we went into the cemetery."

"My word!" said the earl. "Whatever for?"

"I can't remember," said Nikki, "only I remember that Cary started talking about Abélise and Héloard."

"Who?" inquired the earl.

"Pyramus and Frisbe," Shep suggested.

"I get the idea," said the earl.

"So then he told me the whole thing about them. And I wanted to see their tomb. You know the tomb of Abélise and Héloard. They're there together."

Neither of the other two looked particularly startled at the news.

"Well, maybe you're not interested," Nikki said.

"We're all ears, eyes, nose, and throat," Shep assured her.

"SO Cary took me to the tomb. It was a beautiful place. And Cary read the inscription for me. We were there a long time. Cary never did see what he went to see. They close the place up or something. So on the way out I said anyway we'd found a name for my turtles."

"And then?" queried the earl.

"He pulled down the iron curtain."

"Can't say as I blame the poor man," said the earl promptly. "He didn't know you were looking for a name for your turtles? Has he a sense of humor, the runner chap?"

"Oh, sure," Shep explained, "but Nikki hasn't got a sense of moment.

"He didn't want to take her either," Shep remembered. "She just tagged along."

"I just tagged along," Nikki admitted. "Shepard," she said suddenly, "if I married an earl, what would I be?"

"A countess."

"Is that right?" She turned to the earl.

"Quite."

"You'd be one under a marquise and one over a viscountess."

"Sounds like a good spot," Nikki ruminated. "What about a duchess?"

"She'd rank you."

"The servants would call you 'your ladyship' and you'd have a coronet, a coronet with eight pearls and eight leaves."

"What kind of leaves?" Nikki wanted to know.

"Strawberry."

"I'll take vanilla," Nikki said promptly.

"No vanilla. Strawberry."

"Vadilla," Nikki repeated stubbornly.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE EPISODE OF THE NOBLE EARL
Continued from page thirty-nine]

"You see," Shep said to Stewart, "what a problem this girl is."

"Where would I have the coronet?" Nikki wanted to know.

"Oh, on your note paper," Shep said airily, "and on your motor car and on your silver and on your turtles and bath towels and wash cloths and on your garter belt—"

"Hey there—" Nikki said.

"Beg pardon, milady." Shep subsided.

"I say but you two do rag each other," said Stewart.

"Every once in a while," Nikki said, "Shepard gets too fresh."

"That's right," Shep admitted, "I get fresh with Nikki."

"Shep," Nikki said, "what have you been doing anyway?"

"Research work."

"Are you interested in research?" inquired Stewart in mild surprise.

Shep said he was endeavoring to determine the effect of stimulants, in increasing doses, upon the human system. He said he was conducting experiments along that line. "Just a martyr to science," he concluded. "Ol' Martyr Lambert."

"Shep," said Nikki suddenly, "where is Cary?"

"Listen to that girl," Shep said. "Whenever she mentions Cary her voice drops two registers."

"Don't be absurd," Nikki said, but she blushed a little.

"Ain't you seen him at all, darlin'?"

"No. I thought he was going back to Oxford."

"How did you know he didn't?"

"Oh, I found out," Nikki said a little ashamedly.

"Did you go to Oxford?" Shep accused her.

"Where did Cary go?" Nikki pleaded.

"He went off."

"I know. But where to?"

Shep began to tease her.

"Why?" he asked.

"Oh, Shep, don't be an idiot."

"All right," Shep said. "He went to Germany."

"Whatever for?"

"He went to Germany to find a submarine captain."

"There should be a lot of them lying around loose," said Stewart.

Nikki, suspecting a trick, refused to be drawn in any further.

"IF you think Cary Lockwood isn't a big operator leave me tell you what he did."

"Who's holding you back?" Nikki inquired.

"Now listen," Shep said, suddenly becoming enthusiastic, "now listen. Do you remember the day Wiffy Crouch came into the Claridge bar?" he asked Nikki.

Nikki said she did.

"Do you remember him telling us all that nonsense about treasure on the bottom of the sea, sunk during the war?"

Nikki said she thought so.

"And about one ship in particular—the Belleville? The one with the diamonds? From South Africa? Well, leave me tell you."

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

Here followed Shep's account of Cary Lockwood's movements since the fatal afternoon in the graveyard with Nikki.

The way that Cary had got into the thing was like this. If Nikki remembered, Cary had listened seriously to Wiffy that day and afterwards left the bar with him. They had gone to the Tribune office together and Cary had looked up the clippings.

Further, Cary had combed the files of the French journals and weeklies.

Pieced together, here were the facts:

The name of the ship was the Belleville. She was a Belgian packet boat, a mixed steamer running between the Belgian Congo and the capital. One day early in September, 1918, she left the Colony with two hundred passengers in her cabin, and in her hold rubber, ivory, and palm nuts. Too, she carried the largest single consignment of rough-cut diamonds ever sent out of South Africa. They were blue brilliants, of perfect transparency and of the very finest water. They had been insured for the sum of thirty million francs.

"What's a palm nut?" Nikki inquired innocently.

"Coconut," Shep said.

"I'll take vanilla."

"But look," said Stewart. "I should've thought they wouldn't send all those diamonds out by steamer at that time. Weren't there a lot of submarines about?"

"No end," Shep agreed. "That's the silly part. They just did. That's all there is to it. They just did."

"Well, I shouldn't have thought any insurance company would take the risk."

"One did, all the same. Or two or three or something. You see, I don't know a hell of a lot about this, only what Cary told me."

"Must have been a stiff premium."

"Thirty million francs or so. Distributed among several companies."

"How much is thirty million francs?" Nikki wanted to know.

"How much is it?" Shep turned the question off on the earl.

"About a million sterling, I sh'd think."

"How much is that?" Nikki inquired again.

"About five million dollars," Shep said.

"Well, go on," Nikki said. "Tell us about the ship and the beautiful blue brilliants of the first water and what happened."

"Well, leave me tell you. You keep interrupting."

Nikki said she never heard of such a thing.

THE diamonds, Shep said, were deposited in the purser's safe in the ship's strong room. Off the coast of Portugal the ship was torpedoed.

"She was torpedoed and sunk," Shep said. "And there were no survivors. At least no survivors were picked up."

"I'm sure I didn't pick up any," Nikki said. "But what about the diamonds?"

"Somebody's got to pay more attention to the ordering around here," Shep complained. "It seems hours since I had a drink. Why I'm practically on the wagon. Think of that, Nikki," he declared. "I've been on the wagon for ten minutes!"

Stewart waved to the waiter.

"What about the diamonds?"

"Well, of course," Shep said, "the ship and the passengers and the rubber and the ivory and palm nuts and the whole thing went to the bottom of the sea."

Some more drinks came and they addressed themselves to their drinking for the moment.

"Well, now," said Shep, "all this didn't mean a thing to Wiffy except a piece for his paper, d'you see. But it was different with Cary. He decided to go after the diamonds."

"Cary did!" Nikki exclaimed.

"Oh, sure," Shep said. "Cary is a high-powered egg—with Thousand Island dressing. You don't know how high-powered he is. He's a kind of Zaharoff or Lawrence or something."

"But how could he ever expect—" began the earl.

"Leave me tell you how he went about it," Shep said.

Cary had reasoned that there was perhaps one man who knew where the Belleville lay, and that was the man who had sunk her, the commander of the German submarine. So he had gone into Germany.

"What did he do? Just go around asking people, I s'pose," Nikki said.

"Oh, sure," Shep said. "He just traveled around Berlin and Strassburg and Wiesbaden and Leipzig and Dresden."

"Not to mention München," Nikki said.

"No, no," Shep said. "I wouldn't mention München. No," he protested, "he went to the German admiralty and got a line on him. The old duck was living in some little village in West Germany and had rheumatism."

"And turned out to be his father. *I* know!" said Nikki.

Shep said he didn't know how Cary had ever managed to find the man or wangle the information from him.

"There was a revolution going on in Germany when the subs came home," he explained, "so the officers had nobody to report to. They just kept their records and things and settled down anywhere. Why, hell! Cary actually copied the page out of the log book that described the sinking of the ship. And besides that, the old man sat down and plotted out the position of the wreck on a chart. Cary looked up the soundings and found out that she lay in only about a hundred feet of water off Cape St. Vincent or somewhere."

"The man's a wizard," Nikki said. "And I don't believe a word of it."

"*Now,* leave me tell you what he did," Shep said. "He went to the insurance company that insured the diamonds and told them he knew where the wreck of the Belleville was and that she could be salvaged."

"Why the insurance company?" Stewart asked.

Shep said he thought that Cary had figured that the insurance company, having paid the loss on the diamonds, would be the party most interested. They proved to be. Cary was the only person alive at this time in full possession of the facts concerning the Belleville. The submarine captain, sequestered in his little village, did not know that he had sunk a ship full of diamonds. No one else knew where the wreck lay, except Cary. Cary refused to sell his information. He had prepared a plan for the recovery of the treasure.

BUY NOW!

HE had proposed, first, to locate the wreck of the vessel by dragging the sea floor at the point indicated by the U-boat commander. Once the hulk was located and marked with a buoy it was a simple matter to conduct diving operations from a salvage steamer anchored above.

"Anyways," Shep said, "they fell for it. They agreed to finance the expedition and Cary was to get a share of the treasure."

"Did they find the ship all right?" Nikki inquired.

As to the details of the diamond-fishing excursion, Shep was a little dim. They hung a cable between the prows of two ocean-going tugs and scraped the sea floor and hooked the wreck all right. Then they sent some divers down to dynamite the strong room. They raised the safe to the deck of the ship with powerful electro-magnets.

"Is that where Cary's been all the time?" Nikki demanded. "Was Cary there?"

"Oh, sure. Cary was right on deck."

Shep lighted a cigarette and then began to laugh. "I don't know why I think this is funny," he said, "but I can't help it. They made a big ceremony out of opening the ol' safe after they got her up on deck. People from the company and divers and sailors and Cary and the whole outfit. They all stood around while a machinist's mate cut 'er open with a blowtorch.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE FASTEST GAME SHE PLAYS IS BRIDGE . . . YET SHE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

HER longest walk is a shopping tour . . . and even then she motors from store to store. She enjoys winter sports from the side-lines and skating leaves her cold. Her brain gets plenty of exercise but her feet are strangers to anything but the daintiest leather.

Svelte, *chic,* always immaculate, this clever champion of the great indoors and leader of the bridge-playing set, nevertheless has a case of the ringworm infection now known as "Athlete's Foot."

Even as she puts through a smart *finesse,* a twinge in that dainty left foot reminds her of a puzzling rash she has noticed lately between her smaller toes. It has bothered her and *worried* her . . . and she doesn't even know what it is.

**Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home*

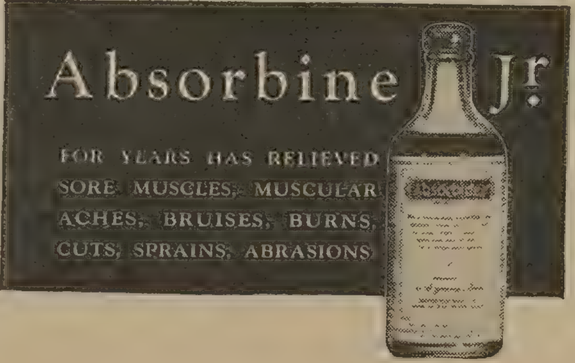
"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton,* is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere.* The United States Public Health Service finds "*It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*" There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton,* has made itself a nuisance in America.

Also Relieves SPRAINS AND STRAINS
Rubbed in, quickly soothes pain; reduces inflammation and prevents stiffness and lameness

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.



Absorbine Jr.
FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot."

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

THE EPISODE OF THE NOBLE EARL

Continued from page forty-one

"The safe was empty," Shep said, and burst into a wild and immoderate fit of laughter.

"The safe was *empty?*" Stewart asked.

"The safe was *empty?*" Nikki repeated.

"Sure, empty as a peanut shell," Shep roared. "Empty as hell. A couple of Belgian francs, maybe. Wasn't that a hell of a note?" and Shep kept on laughing like a crazy idiot.

"Wasn't there anything in it at all?" Nikki said.

Shep kept laughing and shaking his head.

Tears stood out in Nikki's eyes. "Poor Cary!" she said. "Was he dreadfully disappointed?"

"Cary said there was only one answer. Somebody took the diamonds out of the safe before the ship sank. He says whoever took the diamonds perished at sea in an open lifeboat or else escaped to the mainland."

"Poor Cary," Nikki said. "Where is he now?"

"Here."

"Here in Paris?"

"Yep."

Nikki was incredulous. "Well," she said. "Well—well, how about—?"

"I don't think you can find him tonight," Shep said. "He went off some place."

"How about tomorrow?"

"It would have to be kind of early. He's leaving at ten."

"Why? Where for?"

"Sud Express. Lisbon."

"Lisbon? Spain?"

"No, my precious lamb. Portugal. Lisbon is in Portugal."

"Well, what does Cary want to go there for?"

"He's going to look up the diamonds."

"My Lord!" said Nikki. "He's going to a lot of trouble."

"Well," said Shep, "there's a lot in it."

"I suppose so. But why—"

"I think it's important to Cary."

"Why," said Nikki quickly, "does he need—"

"It's stiff going up at Oxford," Shep said, "for a lad with a scholarship."

"Well, couldn't you—"

"*Me?* Cary wouldn't take a sixpence from me. He's a high-bending baby."

A profound depression settled upon Nikki.

"HOW long will he be gone?" she asked Shep.

"God knows."

Nikki relapsed into thoughtfulness.

"Shep," she said.

"Yes, darlin'."

"Shep, have you ever been to Portugal?"

"No, darlin'."

"Have you, Stewart?"

The earl said he'd never been.

"Well," said Nikki brightly, "how about going?"

Gloomily the earl said he couldn't, and Shep, unaccountably, said he was against it himself.

"Oh, Shep, come on and go to Portugal."

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

"No," said Shep, but he added thoughtfully, "but I'll put you up a nice lunch."

"Come to Portugal."

"I'll put in a hard-boiled egg and a bottle of olives," Shep said, "and some potato salad and a pimiento-cheese sandwich, and a napple and a banana—a nice big yellow banana—a little too ripe maybe. In a box. A nice cardboard box."

Nikki turned to Stewart and asked him why he couldn't go.

"Got to go off," he announced.

"Where?"

"Ameddica."

"Whatever for?"

"Going to Bill Brown's."

"What's Bill Brown's?"

"A health-camp sort of thing."

"Great Lord! What do they do there?"

"They get you up at six and push you in steam cabinets and under cold showers and run you around the country and pummel you about."

"What's the point in that?"

"Make you fit."

Shep was looking at Stewart with flickering interest. The idea seemed to seize him for a moment. A health camp—stiff routine—daily workouts—cold baths—hikes in the hills.

Ah, but no, not for Shep. He had a wild fear of being trapped. Trapped where he couldn't take a drink at the very moment when he wanted one. With his morbid hatred of officials, of discipline, of order, he couldn't endure it. It would be like putting himself in a strait-jacket. Nevertheless, he eyed the earl a little admiringly.

"YOU really going to Bill Brown's?"

Stewart nodded.

"Ever been before?"

"Once."

"How long?"

"Seven months."

Shep couldn't believe it. If it took seven months to bring Stewart around . . . Shep measured himself against Stewart. Stewart wasn't a hell of a long ways from the supreme tremors, you could see that . . . those jerky gestures. It was kind of marvelous, though, how a chap like that could put himself in someone else's hands. Shep couldn't do that. The earl must have only just decided about the Bill Brown thing after hearing about Cary. He would have gone on and married Nikki if she'd marry him.

"Come along," Stewart invited Shep. "We'll do it together."

"No, thanks," Shep said.

"Shep," Nikki said, "let's go to Portugal."

"Not your Uncle Shepard," Shep said.

"Why not?"

"How do I know how the drinking is down there?"

"Oh, the drinking is first-rate," Stewart said.

"How so?"

"Great wine country. Porto flips sort of thing."

"That's where it comes from," Nikki said.

Shep was not convinced. He had a superstitious dread of leaving Paris. He was afraid to intrust himself to strange people, strange streets, strange forces.

The Ritz bar was nearly empty. They had talked a long time. Nikki was restless. Shep knew she was thinking about Cary going away in the morning.

When the check came the earl took it and looked helplessly at the figure. Shep looked up and saw Nikki giving him some kind of office.

"Here, give me the check, old chap," Shep said.

"What's the figger?"

Shep covered the check with a five-hundred-franc note and put it in the waiter's tray.

"Oh, look here . . .!"

But Shep waved Stewart down. "I have to have some change anyway."

Stewart, it appeared, was stopping at the Ritz. Nikki insisted on leaving him there. They left him at the lift in the lobby to make his way to his room under his own power.

Shep and Nikki took a cab outside in the Rue Cambon.

"He's so sweet," Nikki said. "He's so sweet and he's going blind."

"Blind?"

"He couldn't read the check even. You have almost to lead him around."

"That's a shame," Shep said. "I noticed something about his eyes. What's the matter with them?"

A year ago, when Stewart was in New York, Nikki said, he was going home from a party and he asked the cab driver to take him to a speakeasy. The driver took him to a dreadful hole on Lexington Avenue, near Grand Central.

Stewart drank a double Scotch and went to his apartment on Fifty-ninth Street. In the morning he woke up with double vision and was frightfully ill, upchucking all over the place. His phone was out of order, so he put on a robe and crept into the hallway. They found him unconscious by the lift.

He was taken to Roosevelt Hospital, where he nearly died. "They sent for the mater," Stewart had explained. "I was solid blind."

He pulled through all right except for his eyes. He said he had to grope about now.

"Poor chap," Shep said. "He seems such a good sort."

"He's a peach," Nikki declared vehemently. "He's the sweetest soul that ever lived. I feel so sorry for him I could cry."

"Go ahead," said Shep. "Go on and cry."

So Nikki began to cry softly.

"That's a terrible way to treat anybody in New York," Nikki wept.

"Terrible."

"He comes to America for the first time and we make him blind."

"Pretty bad, all right."

"When an American boy goes to England, they don't make him blind."

"No, the English don't make people blind."

"It's terrible to think of what happened to Stewart in New York."

"Fantastic," Shep agreed and drummed on the cab floor with his crook stick.

"I WISH I could do something for him," Nikki said.

"You can."

"What? What can I do for him?"

"Don't marry him."

"Why not?"

"I don't think it would work."

"It would work as well as anything."

"That's not saying much."

Nikki relapsed into thoughtfulness.

"You sure you don't want me to be a countess?"

"I'm against it," Shep said positively.

"Well, then," Nikki said, "I'll tell you what I'll do with you."

"Faster, faster," Shep said.

"You come to Portugal and I won't marry Stewart."

"Listen," said Shep, "have you got to go to Portugal?"

"That's how it is."

"Will you be nice to me," Shep said, "if I go?"

"Ever so nice." Nikki took his hand in the darkness of the cab.

"I'M just a tool in your hands," Shep said with a sigh. "I think I'm being used."

"Come to Portugal," Nikki pleaded.

"You know," Shep said, "I think if we go the others will go too."

"That's what *I* think."

Shep began to examine the idea in his mind. "You know what this means?" he demanded. "Tickets and passports and visas and things and all by ten in the morning."

"You can do it, Shep," Nikki assured him. "You can do anything."

"That's right," Shep agreed. "I can do anything—for you. Putty is all I practically am in your hands. Just putty."

"You're a nice boy, Shep. Well," she said brightly, "let's go home and pack."

"Anything to please a lady," Shep said.

So off to Portugal and, in next week's Liberty, The Episode of the Lisbon Express.

NEXT WEEK—

Compassion

A tender little
love story with
a touch of
Christmas
in it

By

WARWICK
DEEPING

BUY NOW and BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

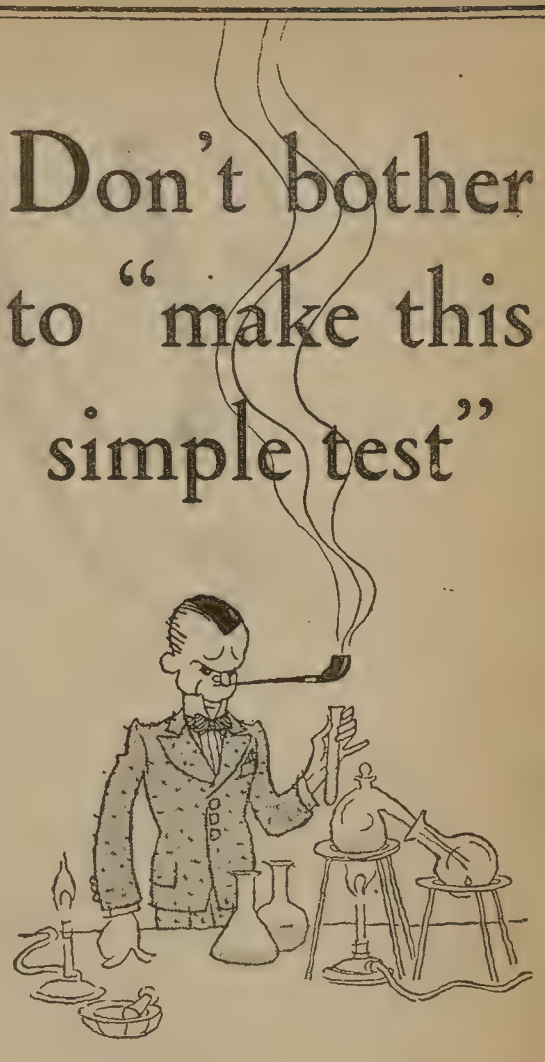
TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—Which is the largest of the Great Lakes?
2—Where is Vanderbilt University?
3—Who wrote the Divine Comedy?
4—What was the ancient name for the Dardanelles?
5—What is ornithology?
6—Which extends farther north, Delaware or Colorado?
7—What is the crow's nest on a ship?
8—Who are *hoi polloi?*
9—What kind of creature is an alewife?
10—What river forms the northern boundary of Kentucky?
11—What flag was called the Stars and Bars?
12—A kilometer is what part of a mile?
13—What is strabismus?
14—What is the least populous state of the Union?
15—What is the difference in time between New York and London?
16—What is the common name for the clavicle?
17—What bodies of water are connected by the Kiel Canal?
18—What is the largest city in Africa?
19—Who won the 1930 Nobel prize for literature?
20—What river is sometimes called Big Muddy?

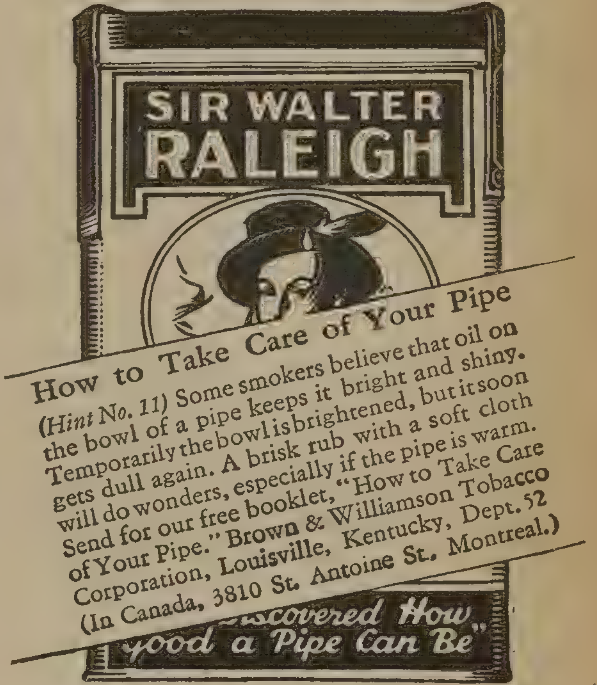
(Answers will be found on page fifty-seven)

Don't bother to "make this simple test"



BUT if you must convince yourself, try some ordinary tobacco in an old pipe. Note result in chalk on the bottom of your left shoe.

Then try some ordinary tobacco in your favorite pipe. Note on other shoe. Finally, try some Sir Walter Raleigh smoking tobacco in any good pipe. You won't have to note it anywhere, for you'll notice with the very first puff how much cooler and milder it is. It stays so, right down to the last puff in the bowl—rich, mellow and fragrant. Your regular tobacconist has Sir Walter, of course. Try a tin—today.



How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(*Hint No. 11*) Some smokers believe that oil on the bowl of a pipe keeps it bright and shiny. Temporarily the bowl is brightened, but it soon gets dull again. A brisk rub with a soft cloth will do wonders, especially if the pipe is warm. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 52 (In Canada, 3810 St. Antoine St., Montreal.)

IT'S 15¢—*and milder*

A HEADLINE HUNTER Adventure

The Yanks ARRIVE

By

FLOYD GIBBONS

(Reading time: 20 min. 45 sec.)

THE clouds of war had become darker as days, weeks, months and years rolled on. Hope in France and England was at a low ebb in 1917. Their ally, Russia, had collapsed. America had joined, but, as Secretary of War Baker said, that war was 3,000 miles away. For the trained Russian troops, seemingly unlimited in numbers, were to be substituted the unprepared and inexperienced American soldiers. Even if Uncle Sam could raise the necessary army before the Germans succeeded in striking a fatal blow, the problem of transportation over submarine-infested waters presented to many an insuperable difficulty.

BUY NOW!

Out of those dark clouds of despair, over those storm-tossed seas, appeared a rainbow of promise and hope, though the real Rainbow Division was yet to come.

Off those sea-gray camouflaged transports marched those American soldiers, America's first installment on her debt to Lafayette. That was the First Division—United States regulars—who were the first American troops to land in France.

Many of those soldiers had not been in uniform more than a month. American Negroes wore old Civil War uniforms—an illustration of Uncle Sam's unpreparedness. Their presence in France, however, was concrete proof that America intended to fight as well as produce money, food, and ammunition for her allies.

The transportation of this first convoy was so successfully carried out, the secrecy enveloping the entire trip across the Atlantic so well maintained, that the arrival was an almost unbelievable achievement. It was to be followed by numerous similar achievements until, in less than a year and a half, Uncle Sam had 1,500,000 soldiers in France.

General Pershing and his staff having arrived in France, the first executive work of the American Expeditionary Forces was performed in a second-floor suite of the Crillon Hotel on the Place de la Concorde in Paris.

The tall windows of the rooms looked down on the historic Place which was the scene of so many momentous events in French history. The windows were hardly a hundred yards from the spot where the guillotine dripped red in the days of the Terror. It was here that the heads of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette dropped into the basket.

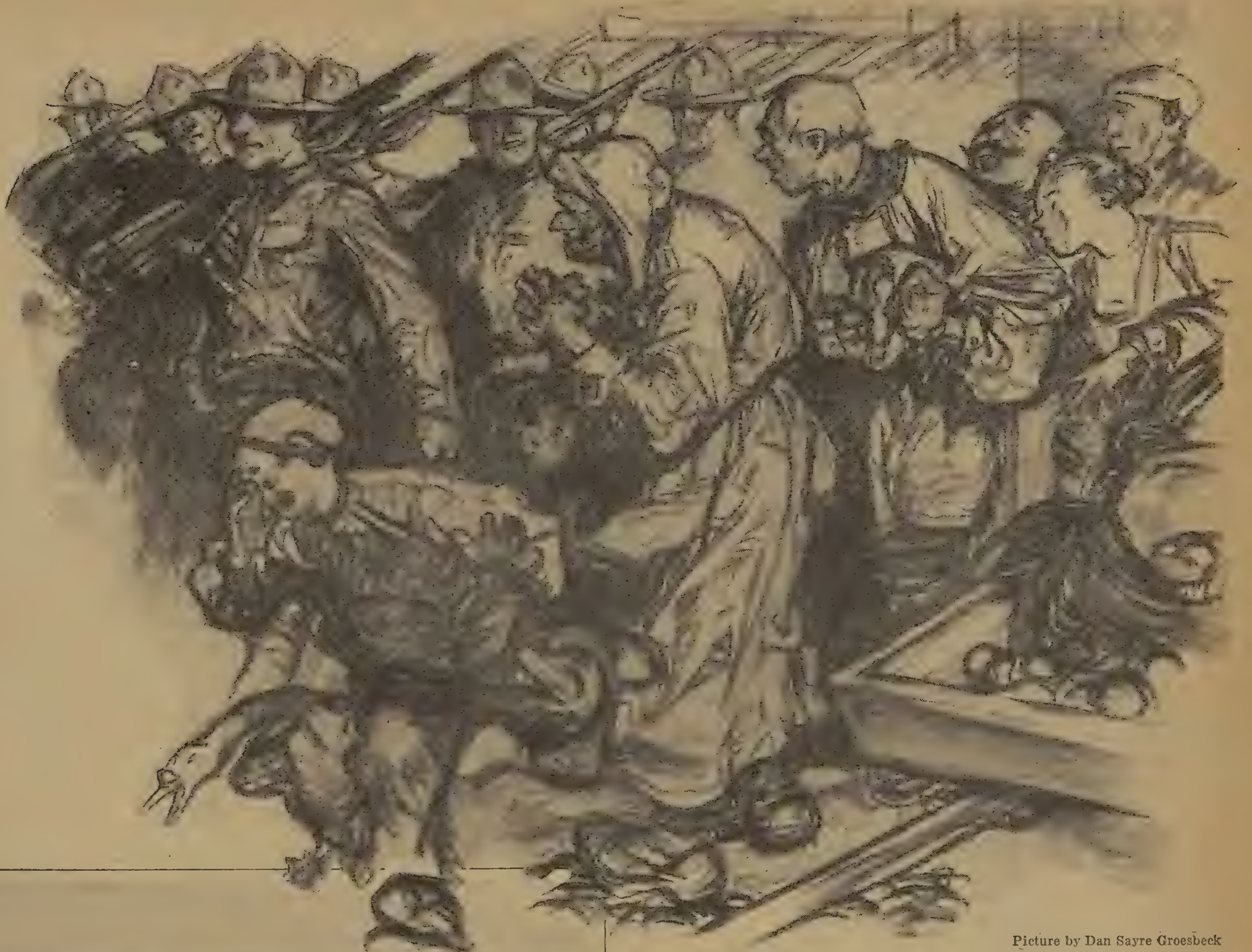
During General Pershing's comparatively brief occupancy of these headquarters, the reception rooms were constantly banked with fresh-cut flowers, the daily gifts of the French people. The sidewalk and street beneath his windows were always crowded. It seemed as if every Parisienne and Parisian had taken upon herself and himself the special duty of personally observing General Pershing, of waving him an enthusiastic *vive* and of possibly being within the scope of his returning salute.

On the morning of the third day after General Pershing's arrival in Paris, the typewriters began clicking and the telephones began ringing busily in the large building which was occupied on that day as the headquarters of the A. E. F.

This building was Numbers 27 and 31 Rue de Constantine. It faced the trees and shrubbery bordering the approach to the Seine front of the Invalides. The building was two stories high, with gray-white walls and a mansard roof. At that time it could be immediately identified as the one in front of which stood a line of American motor cars, as the one where trim United States regulars walked sentry post past the huge doors through which numerous orderlies dashed with messages.

Doughboys of the First Division marching to their cantonment in

General Pershing's office was on the second floor of



Picture by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

St. Nazaire came to life more quickly that morning than ever before in its history.

France, as prisoners in German labor battalions look on.

the building and in one corner. In those early days it was carpetless and contained an almost monkish minimum of furniture. There were the general's chair and the desk on which stood a metal standard for a one-piece telephone set. A bookcase with glass doors, a stenographer's table and chair, and two red plush upholstered chairs for visitors completed the furniture inventory of the room.

This was the first workshop in France of the American commander in chief. Adjoining rooms to the left and right were occupied by the general's staff and his aides. And it was in these rooms that the overseas plans for the landing of the first American armed contingent in France were formulated.

I was in Paris when the information of their coming was whispered to a few chosen correspondents.

THIS was the first time in the history of our nation that a large force of armed Americans crossed the seas to Europe. For five and a half months prior to the date of their landing the ruthless submarine policy of the enemy had been in effect, and our troopships represented the first large group to dare the ocean crossing since Germany had instituted her blockade zone in February, 1917.

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

Thus it was that any conversation concerning the fact that our men were on the seas and at the mercy of the U-boats was conducted with the greatest of care behind closed doors. In spite of the efforts of the French agents of *contre espionage,* Paris—and all France, for that matter—housed numerous spies. There were some anxious moments while that first contingent was on the water.

Our little group of correspondents was informed that we should be conducted by American officers to the port of landing, but the name of that port was withheld from us. By appointment we met at a Paris railroad station, where we were provided with railroad tickets. We took our places in compartments and rode for some ten or

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE YANKS ARRIVE
Continued from page forty-five

twelve hours, arriving early the next morning at St. Nazaire. This little village on the coast of Brittany is tucked away there in the golden sands of the seashore. Its houses have walls of white stucco and gabled roofs of red tile. In the low rolling hills behind it are green orchards and fields of yellow wheat.

In 1917 the villagers, old women in their starched white headdresses and old men wearing faded blue smocks and wooden shoes, were unmindful of the great event for which history had destined their village. On the night before the landing the townspeople had retired with no knowledge of what was to happen on the following day. In the morning they awoke to find strange ships that had come in the night riding safely at anchor in the harbor. The wooden shutters began to pop open with bangs as excited heads, incased in peaked flannel nightcaps, were thrust from bedroom windows.

St. Nazaire came to life more quickly that morning than ever before in its history. The mayor was one of the busiest figures on the street. In high hat and full-dress attire, he hurried about trying to assemble the village orchestra of octogenarian fiddlers and flute players to play a welcome for the new arrivals. The townspeople neglected their *café au lait* to rush down to the quay to look at the new ships.

American soldiers chatting with German prisoners while they give the timber a rest.

The waters of the harbor sparkled in the early morning sunlight. The dawn had been gray and misty, but now nature seemed to smile. The strange ships from the other side of the world were gray in hulk, but now there were signs of life and color aboard each one of them.

Beyond the troopships lay the convoy of United States warships.

PUFFING tugs were bringing the first troopship toward the quayside. Some twenty or thirty American sailors and soldiers, who had been previously landed by launch to assist in the disembarkation, were handling the lines on the wharf.

When but twenty feet from the quayside, the decks of the first troopship took on the appearance of mud-colored layers from the khaki uniforms of the stiff, standing ranks of our men. A military band on the forward deck was playing the national anthems of France and America and every hand was being held at salute.

BUY NOW!

As the final bars of The Star Spangled Banner crashed out and every saluting hand came snappily down, one American soldier on an upper deck leaned over the rail and shouted to a comrade on the shore his part of the first exchange of greetings between our fighting men upon this historic occasion. Holding one hand to his lips, he seriously inquired:

"Say, do they let the enlisted men in the saloons here?"

Another soldier standing near the stern rail had a different and more serious interrogation to make. He appeared rather blasé about it as he leaned over the rail and, directing his voice toward a soldier on the dock, casually demanded:

"Hey, where the hell is all this trouble, anyhow?"

These two opening sorties produced a flood of others. The most common inquiry was: "What's the name of this place?" and "Is this France or England?" When answers were made to these questions, the recipients of the information, particularly if they happened to be old-timers in the army, would respond by remarking, "Well, it's a damn sight better than the Mexican border."

As our men came over the ship's side down the runways, there was no great reception committee awaiting them. Among the most interested spectators of the event were a group of stolid German prisoners of war and the two French soldiers guarding them. The two Frenchmen talked volubly with a wealth of gesticulation, while the Germans maintained their characteristic glumness.

THE German prisoners appeared to be anything but discouraged at the sight. Some of them even wore a smile that approached the supercilious. With some of them that smile seemed to say: "You can't fool us. We know these troops are not Americans. They are either Canadians or Australians coming from England. Our German U-boats won't let Americans cross the ocean."

Some of those German prisoners happened to have been in America before the war. They spoke English and recognized the uniforms of our men. Their silent smiles seemed to say: "Well, they don't look so good at that. We have seen better soldiers. And, besides, there is only a handful of them. Not enough can come to make any difference. Anyhow, it is too late now. The war will be over before any appreciable number can get here."

But the stream of khaki continued to spout out of the ship's side. Company after company of our men, loaded down with packs and full field equipment, lined up on the dock and marched past the group of German prisoners.

"We're passing in review for you, Fritzie," one Yank from our ranks shouted, as the marching line passed within touching distance of the prisoner group. The Germans responded only with quizzical little smiles and silence.

Escorted by our own military bands, the regiments marched through the main street of the village. The bands played Dixie—an air new to France. The regiments as a whole did not present the snappy marching appearance they might have. There was a good reason for this. Sixty per cent of them were recruits. It had been wisely decided to replace many of the old regular army men in the ranks with newly enlisted men, so that veterans could remain in America and train the new drafts.

However, that which impressed the French people was the individual appearance of these samples of American manhood. Our men were tall and broad and brawny. They were young and vigorous. Their eyes were keen and snappy. Their complexions ranged in shade from the swarthy sun-tanned cheeks of border veterans to the clear pink skins of city youngsters. But most noticeable of all to the French people were the even white rows of teeth which our men displayed when they smiled. Good dentistry and clean mouths are essentially American.

The villagers of St. Nazaire, old men and women, girls and school children, lined the curbs as our men marched through the town. The line of march was over a broad esplanade that circled the sandy beach on the bay, and then wound upward to the higher ground back of the town. The road here was bordered on either side with ancient stone walls covered with vines. Over the tops of the walls extended fruit-laden branches to tempt our men with their ripe, red lusciousness.

As they marched through the heat and dust of that June day, many doughboys yielded to temptation and paid for their appetites with violent colic that night.

A camp site had been partially prepared for their reception. It was close to the French barracks. The French soldiers and gangs of German prisoners who had been engaged in this work had no knowledge of the fact that they were building the first American cantonment in France. They thought they were constructing an extension of the French encampment.

The first contingent, composed of United States infantrymen and marines, made its first camp in France with a small amount of confusion, considering the fact that almost three-quarters of them hadn't been in uniform a month. It was but a few hours after their arrival that the smoke was rising from the camp stoves and the aroma of American coffee, baked beans, and broiled steaks was in the air.

On the afternoon of that first day some of the men were given permission to visit the town. They began to take their first lessons in French as they went from café to café in futile efforts to connect up with such commodities as cherry pie.

Upon meeting one another in the streets, our men would invariably ask: "Have you come across any of these Frogs that talk American?"

There was nothing disrespectful about the terms Frogs or Froggies as applied to their French comrades in arms. American officers hastened to explain to French officers that the piece of information concerning France most popularly known in America was that it was the place where people first learned to eat frog legs and snails.

When the general went to the sea dog. Pershing with Rear Admiral Gleaves, on the flagship in St. Nazaire harbor.

THE Frenchmen, on the other hand, were somewhat inclined to believe that these first Americans didn't live up to the European expectations of Americans. These European expectations had been founded almost entirely upon the translations of dime novels and moving-picture thrillers of the Wild West and comedy variety.

There were to be seen on the streets of St. Nazaire that day some representative black Americans who had also landed in that historical first contingent.

There was a strange thing about these Negroes. It will be remembered that in the early stages of our participation in the war it was found that there was hardly sufficient khaki cloth to provide uniforms for all our soldiers. That had been the case with these American Negro soldiers.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

But somewhere down in Washington, somehow or other, someone resurrected a heavy old iron key and this, inserted into an ancient rusty lock, had opened some long forgotten doors in one of the government arsenals. There were revealed old dust-covered bundles wrapped up in newspapers yellow with age, and when these wrappings of the past were removed, there were seen the uniforms of the old Union blue that had been laid away back in 1865—uniforms that had been worn by men who fought and bled and died to free the first black American citizens.

And here on this foreign shore, on this day in June more than half a century later, the sons and the grandsons of those same freed slaves wore those same uniforms of Union blue as they landed in France to fight for a newer freedom.

Some of these Negroes were stevedores from the lower Mississippi levees. They sang as they worked in their white army undershirts, across the chests of which they had penciled, in blue and red, strange mystic devices, religious phrases, and hoodoo signs calculated to contribute the charm of safety to the running of the submarine blockade.

Two of these American Negroes, walking up the main street of St. Nazaire, saw on the other side of the thoroughfare a brother of color wearing the lighter blue uniform of a French soldier. He was a colonial from the north of Africa and, of course, spoke French.

ONE of the American Negroes crossed the street and accosted him.

"Looka here, boy," he inquired good-naturedly, "what can you-all tell me about this here wah?"

"*Comment, monsieur?*" responded the nonunderstanding French black, and followed the rejoinder with a torrent of excited French.

The American Negro's mouth fell open. For a minute he looked startled, and then he bulged one large round white eye suspiciously at the French black, while he inwardly debated on the possibility that he had become suddenly color-blind. Having reassured himself, however, that his vision was not at fault, he made a sudden decision and started on a new tack!

"Now, never mind that highfalutin language," he said. "You-all just tell me what you know about this here wah and quit yo' puttin' on aihs."

The puzzled French Negro could only reply with another explosion of French interrogations, coupled with vigorous gesticulations. The American Negro tried to talk at the same time. Each of them, endeavoring to make the other understand, increased the volume of his tones until they were standing there waving their arms and shouting into each other's face. The American Negro gave it up.

"Lawdy, Lawdy," he said, shaking his head as he recrossed the street and joined his comrade, "this is some funny country."

Still, those American blacks were not alone in their difficulties over the difference in language. I discussed the matter with one of our white regulars who professed great experience, having spent almost one entire day on mutual guard mount with a French sentry over a pile of baggage.

"You know," he said, "I don't believe these Frenchies ever will learn to speak English."

Our veterans from Mexico and the border campaigns found that their smattering of Spanish did not help them much. Still, everyone seemed to manage to get along all right. Our soldiers and the French soldiers in those early days couldn't understand each other's language, but they could understand each other.

This strange paradox was analyzed for me by a young American lieutenant who said he had made a twelve-hour study of the remarkable camaraderie that had immediately sprung up between the fighting men of France and the fighting men of America. In explaining this relationship, he said:

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE YANKS ARRIVE
Continued from page forty-seven

"You see, we think the French are crazy and the French know damn well we are."

Those of our men who had not brought small French-and-English dictionaries with them made hurried purchases of such handy articles and forthwith began to practice. The French people did likewise.

I saw one young American infantryman seated at a table in front of one of the sidewalk cafés on the village square. He was dividing his attention between a fervent admiration of the pretty French waitress who stood smiling in front of him, and an intense interest in the pages of his small hand dictionary.

She had brought his glass of beer and he had paid for it, but there seemed to be a mutual urge for further conversation. The American would look first at her and then he would look through the pages of the book again. Finally he gave slow and painful enunciation of the following request:

"Mad-am-moy-sell, donnie moy oon baysa."

She laughed prettily as she caught his meaning almost immediately, and she replied:

"Doughboy, ware do you get zat stuff?"

"Aw, hell," said the young infantryman, as he closed the book with a snap. "I knew they'd let those sailors ashore before us."

From the very first day of the landing we began to learn things from the French and they began to learn things from us.

Some of our men learned that it was quite possible to sip an occasional glass of beer or light wine without feeling a sudden inclination to buy and consume all that remained in the café.

The French soldiers were intensely interested in the equipment of our land forces and in the uniforms of both our soldiers and sailors.

They sought by questions to get an understanding of the various insignia by which the Americans designated their rank.

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We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

ONE thing that they noticed was a small round white pasteboard tag suspended on a yellow cord from the left-hand breast pocket of either the blue jackets of our sailors or the khaki shirts of our soldiers. So prevalent was this tag, which in reality marked the wearer as the owner of a package of American tobacco, that the French almost accepted it as uniform equipment. We used to roll our smokes in those days.

The attitude of the American soldiers toward the German prisoners who worked in the camps and along the docks was a curious one. Not having yet encountered in battle the brothers of these docile-appearing captives, our men were inclined to treat the prisoners with deference almost approaching admiration.

BUY NOW!

In a measure, the Germans returned this feeling. The arrival of the Americans was really cheering to them. The prisoners disliked the French because they had been taught to do so from childhood. They hated the English because that was the hate with which they went into battle.

It sounds incongruous now, nevertheless it was a fact then, that the German prisoners confined at the first American sea base really seemed to like the American soldiers. Perhaps the feeling was one of kindred, based on a familiarity with Americans and American customs—a familiarity which had been produced by thousands of letters which Germans in America had written to their friends in Germany before the war. On the other hand, it may simply have been by reason of America's official disavowal of any animosity toward the German people.

One day I watched some of those prisoners in St. Nazaire unloading supplies at one of the docks, more or less under the eyes of an American sentry. One group of four Germans was engaged in carrying what appeared to be a large wooden packing case. As if by accident, the case was dropped to the ground and cracked.

INSTANTLY one of the prisoners' hands began furtively to investigate the packages revealed by the break. The other prisoners bestirred themselves as if preparing to lift the box again. The first German pulled a spoon from his bootleg, plunged it into the crevice in the broken box, and withdrew it heaped with granulated sugar. With a quick movement he conveyed the stolen sweet to his mouth and that gaping crevice closed quickly on the sugar, while his stoical face immediately assumed its characteristic downcast look. He didn't dare move his lips or jaws for fear of detection.

Of course, these Germans had been receiving but a scant ration of sugar, but their lot had been no worse than that of the French soldiers guarding them.

Surreptitiously, the American guards would sometimes leave cigarettes where the prisoners could get them. It should be specifically stated, however, that leniency could not be and was not extended to the point of fraternization. But the relationship that seemed to exist between the German prisoners and the American soldiers at that early date revealed undeniably the absence of any mutual hate.

Around one packing case I saw, one day, a number of German prisoners who were engaged in unpacking bundles from America and passing them down a line of waiting hands that relayed them to a freight car. One of the Germans leaning over the case straightened up with a rumpled newspaper in his hand. He had removed it from a packing. A look of indescribable joy came across his face.

"*Deutsch, Deutsch!*" he cried, pointing to the type. The paper was a copy of the New York Staats-Zeitung.

The German prison camps at St. Nazaire were inspected by General Pershing on the third day of the American landing when he, with his staff, arrived from Paris. The general and his party arrived early in the morning in a pouring rain. The American commander in chief then held the rank of major general. In the harbor was the flagship of Rear Admiral Gleaves.

There was no delay over the niceties of etiquette when the question arose as to whether the rear admiral should call on the major general or the major general should call on the rear admiral.

The major general settled the subject with a sentence. He said, "The point is that I want to see him," and with no further ado about it General Pershing and his staff visited the admiral on his flagship.

Next week Mr. Gibbons will take Liberty readers through the school of war that made American farmers, factory hands, clerks, and business men into a fighting army.

Strays

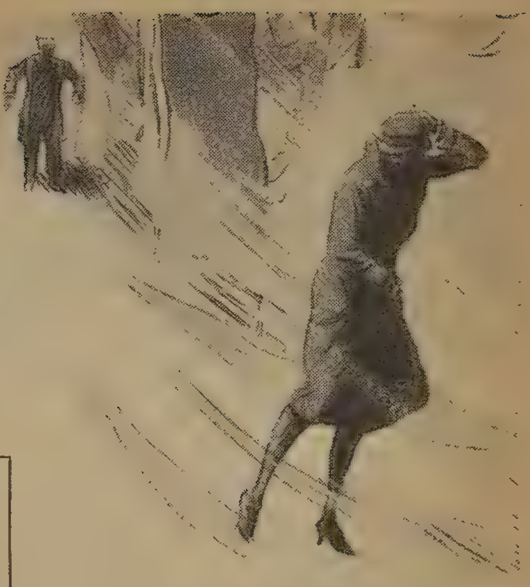
A Short Short Story

(Reading time: 4 min. 58 sec.)

By

FRANCES SLATTERY

who has a perfect record thus far in the matter of selling what she writes. Her first story was accepted by a Chicago newspaper; this is her second. She was born and lives now in Chicago.



Faster she walked, lowering her head before the wind.

SHE felt that she could not go up to her lonely room tonight. Through the day she was busy in the store. It was in the evening and at night that the loneliness gripped her. It was just beginning to get dark outdoors. She had eaten no supper. She had no one to talk to. She had no place to go. But even wandering along the streets was better than that desolate room.

Two years ago she had had a husband and a baby. A year and ten months ago she had had only the baby. Now she had neither husband nor baby—just a job in a department store and a lonely room at night.

Evening after evening she had come home, cooked a little supper, washed the few dishes, sewed or read a bit, and then had gone to bed. She would wake some time shortly after midnight. For a few seconds while she was only semiconscious she would feel her baby at her breast—or she would turn to stroke her husband's face and murmur "Dearest." Then as she became fully conscious it was as if a knife were thrust through her heart. She would press her hands to her sides and moan.

She found that at such times she could never remain in bed; the pain was too intolerable. She would get up and walk about; peer out a window, walk again, back and forth, back and forth, until at last a merciful drowsiness would send her to bed.

Well, this evening, she would not go up to that room. She would walk—faster, faster. Perhaps she could become so weary that late at night she might creep in and then sleep on through the night.

It was winter—cold and dreary. People were hurrying along the chilly street. She pictured the warm lighted rooms they would come home to. There would be husbands and wives and children.

She tried to remember the face of her baby, but it was as though remembering a dream. Sometimes she felt she had never had a baby. Even her husband's image was receding into the shadows. Her husband and her baby—where were they? Oh, where were they now, through this wailing night?

BUY NOW!

THE wind blew and she felt buffeted. It was a sad wind. It blew through the streets, sobbing, forlorn, seeking respite. Complete darkness had come, and a gloomy sky spread like a pall above the dim streets. Was it there, she thought, somewhere beyond that shadowy sky, out of reach of the wailing wind, far beyond the last point of space, that her husband and her baby waited?

Faster she walked, lowering her head before the wind. Skeletons of trees shuddered and sighed. There was a gloominess, a dreariness, over the almost deserted streets. Faster and faster—she was not yet tired enough. It would not do. She must be quite worn out, so that she could sleep. Not for one more time could she endure that intolerable midnight pang. Even the remembrance of it suffocated her.

What, she thought, what did people do when they were like this? She was thirty-five years old. Suppose she lived until she was seventy. She tried to figure how many nights that would be—365 times 35— No, it was impossible; no one could endure a knife thrust that often. If she could keep a vivid image of her baby, it might be consoling. She stopped for a minute, crooked her arms as one does who holds a child. She stroked where its face would be. "Dear one, little love," she murmured. No; it didn't work. Her empty arms dropped to her side. . . .

The women of the street—they were scorned—but were they not better off than she? They found those who spoke their language. They did not walk as ghosts who can find no kindred spirit.

Faster she sped along. How many miles must she go before fatigue would dull her brain? She pulled her coat about her. The wind moaned, carrying through the night all the desolate cries of earth. Ah! She who had known love now sought only exhaustion, that she might become stupefied.

SUDDENLY she stopped. There, huddled against a hedge, shrinking, trembling, gaunt in the dim light, was a kitten. It pressed to the hedge as the wind swept by. It swayed a bit and crouched deeper into the shadows.

She stooped and lifted it up. Still shivering, it nestled to her coat. She turned to go back to her room. Holding it close she hurried along through the cold. It set up a pitiful mewing and she shielded it from the wind with her arm. Oh, she thought, what misery it had endured in its few weeks of existence. So short a time since it had lain beside its mother's warm fur.

She reached the rooming house. Stealthily she let herself into the hallway and noiselessly tiptoed up the dim stairway. She drew her coat over the kitten's head to stifle its mewing. Quietly she opened the door of her room, put the kitten on a mat, took off her coat and hat. Then, lighting the single gas plate, she heated some milk and gave it to the kitten. Ravenously it lapped it up, then curled down on the mat and slept.

She made herself some tea and toasted some bread and sat down to eat. She looked down at the kitten. There it was, warm and safe, while outside the sorrowful wind still cried in weariness. She washed her cup and plate and went to bed.

Shortly after midnight she awoke. She reached over to touch her husband's face—"beloved face." Feeling emptiness, she quivered as she waited for the knife thrust, but before it pierced she remembered the kitten. She slipped out of bed and put on the light. There it lay, quietly sleeping on the mat. It did not even stir as she went near. In the morning she would give it another saucer of heated milk and tomorrow evening when she came home it would be there. It would learn to purr and would forget the desolate streets where it had known cruelty.

She stooped down to stroke its fur without waking it. Then, comforted, she went back to bed.

THE END

"I hate him he coughed me into a Cold"
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relieve coughing in ten seconds

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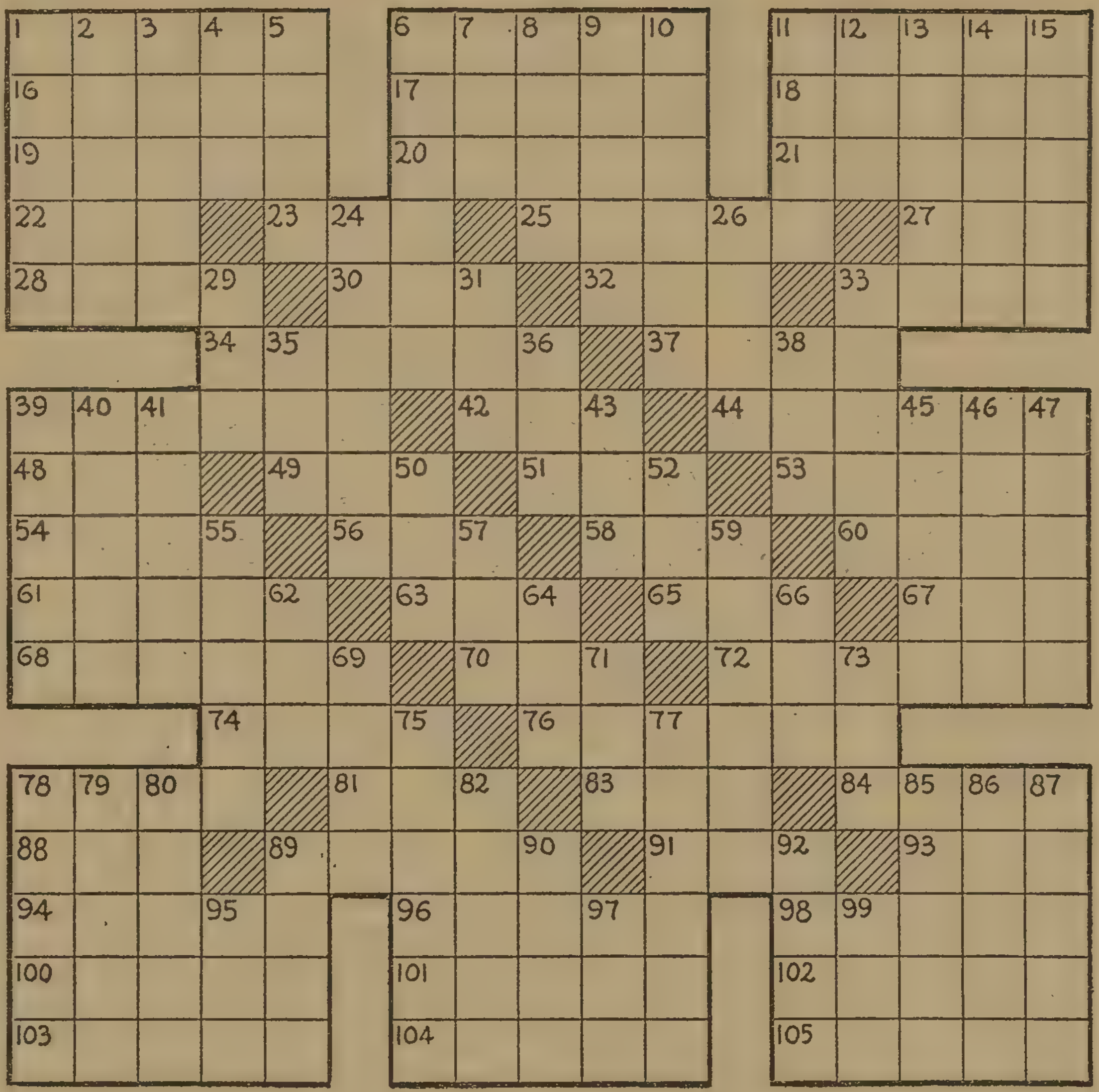


HORIZONTAL

1 Minister of Ahasuerus (Esther iii.)
6 Ceases
11 Cripples
16 Having wings
17 Hourly
18 Smell
19 The reins used in driving
20 Growing out
21 Proof reader's mark
22 A number
23 Definite article
25 Legal claim; charge upon property (pl.)
27 Pronoun
28 Sudden breaking
30 Corroded
32 Eggs
33 Concludes
34 Ascended
37 Bad
39 An organ of a seed plant
42 Prescribed rule
44 Blotted out
48 Man's name
49 Couch
51 A fondling
53 French public storehouse
54 Lighting device
56 Incline downward
58 Small mark
60 Dash; spirit
61 American Indians
63 A negative
65 Urchin
67 A month (abbr.)
68 Harassed
70 Small bird
72 Stamps
74 Allowance for waste
76 Flocks of birds
78 Garment worn by Arabs (plural)
81 Measures of area
83 By
84 Interweaves
88 Sack
89 Blemishes
91 Kind of worm
93 Stake; wager
94 Declaim
96 Of a pole
98 Abscond
100 Fusible substance
101 Wear away
102 Helper
103 Highly skilled
104 Stitched
105 Lining, as of a well or cistern

VERTICAL

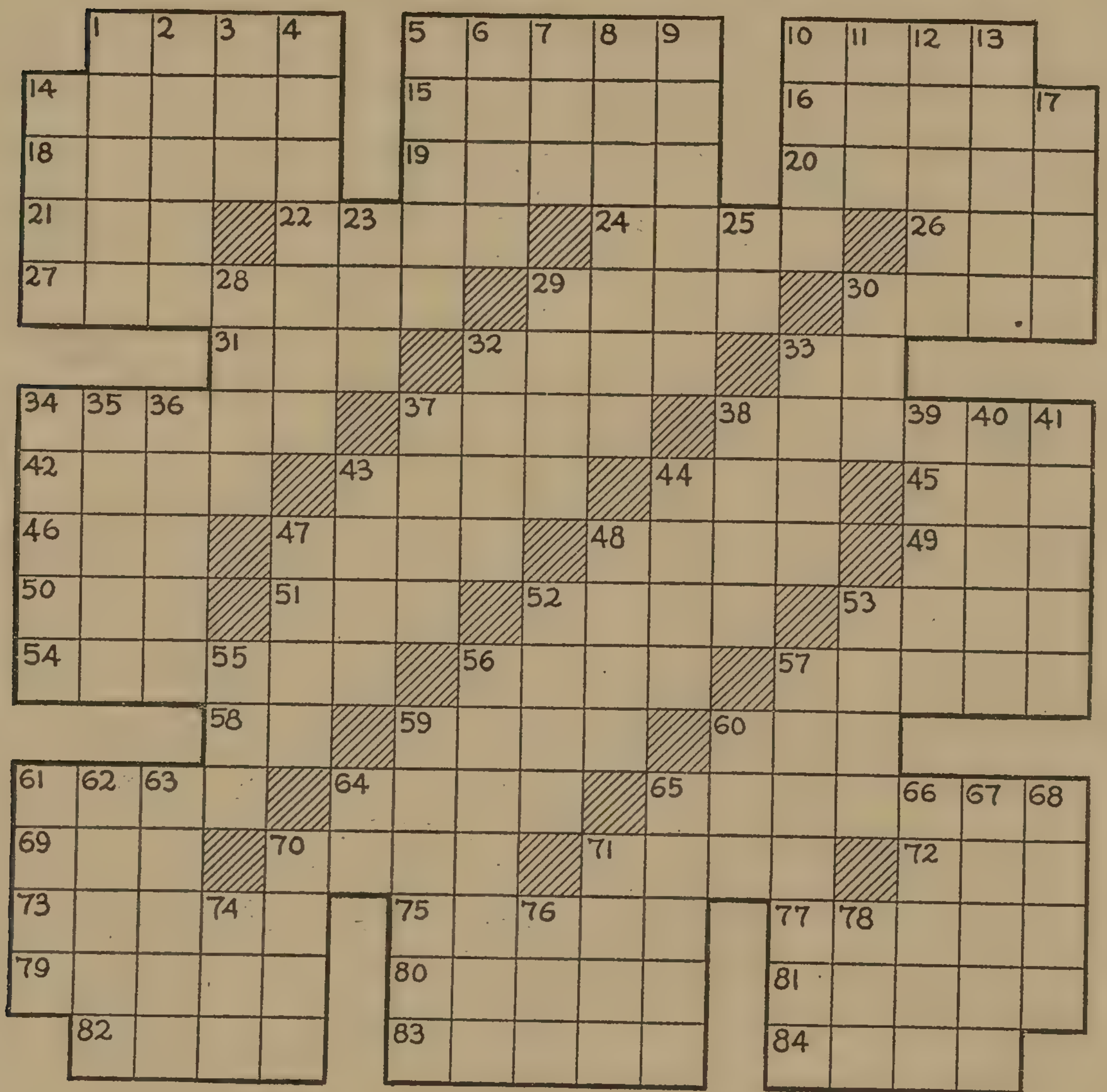
1 Ceases from motion
2 Foreign; adverse
3 Food from heaven (Exodus xvi.)
4 Bewilderment; infatuation
5 Cozy abode
6 Broad piece of paper (plural)
7 Measure of weight

BUY NOW!

8 Of the mouth
9 Inner court
10 Part of a coat
11 One hundred thousand rupees (plural)
12 A constellation
13 Feeble-minded person
14 Amend
15 Gluts
24 Accosted
26 Part of a church
29 Appropriate
31 A fish
33 Make happy
35 Vein of a leaf
36 Sleep
38 Ill temper
39 A guide
40 Angry
41 Pacific island group
43 Espouse
45 Reception room
46 Excess of a calendar month over a lunar month
47 Small hollows
50 Noise
52 A child
55 Nuisances
57 Cooking vessel
59 Candles
62 Weight of India
64 Nervous twitching
66 Free from moisture
69 Distribute
71 Topmost part
73 Theory
75 Figures of speech
77 Turned; shifted
78 South American boa
79 Denuded
80 Size of type
82 Shop
85 Dwelling
86 Wigwam
87 Severe
89 Girdle
90 Stupid; not alert
92 Billows
95 Spigot
97 American author
99 Illuminated

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

Take Your Choice



HORIZONTAL

1 A mark used in punctuation
5 Steep declivity
10 A rynd (milling)
14 A territory of Japan
15 Vigor; force
16 Appended
18 Dull; inactive
19 Goddess of peace
20 Indigent
21 Measure of weight
22 An engine of warfare
24 Observed narrowly
26 Period of time
27 Expungers
29 Was indebted
30 Employs
31 Fragment
32 Caused to make haste
33 By
34 Scrutinizes
37 Illustrious act
38 Reluctant
42 A Chinese dynasty
43 Form of to be
44 Silkworm that feeds on the castor-oil plant
45 Beard, as of grain
46 Termination
47 A fruit
48 Recompensed
49 Obtained
50 Character in Spenser's Faërie Queene
51 Ever
52 Difficult to impress or influence
53 At this point
54 Privations
56 Swage or die used for shaping metals
57 A duck
58 Conjunction
59 Substance used in brewing
60 Combining form: all; every
61 Soon
64 Burrowing animal
65 Partaker; sharer

BUY NOW!

69 Hebrew letter
70 Town in Siberia
71 A fertilizer
72 A salutation
73 Declaim
75 Ill temper
77 Borders of a roof
79 Measure of length
80 Frighten
81 Slope
82 Appear to be
83 Stitched
84 Preserve with brine

VERTICAL

1 Giver
2 Any sphere of action
3 A unit of weight in India
4 Miners who work alone (Australia)
5 Works at drawing and twisting threads
6 County in Ireland
7 Reverential fear
8 Restored to vigor or freshness
9 Pillaged; spoiled
10 Conspire together
11 American humorist
12 Notions
13 Shelf
14 Predatory bird
17 Colors
23 Dexterity
25 Verb suffix
28 Musical setting for a lyric poem
29 Not concealed
30 American Indian
32 Prophet
33 Eager
34 Move clandestinely
35 Division of a poem
36 Mountain range
37 Costly
38 Dry; barren
39 Fumed; stormed
40 Cursed
41 Penetrate
43 Insects
44 Parts of the head
47 Look intently
48 Gone by
52 Cavity
53 Suggestion
55 Descendant
56 Cause to be in equilibrium
57 Without ears
59 Swamp
60 Parity
61 Minute particle
62 Nostrils
63 Oval
64 A parent
65 Peeled
66 Of vessels of war
67 Occurrence
68 Repose
70 Definite extent of time
71 Such and no more
74 A mound
76 Crease in cloth
78 Wing

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

"THE Velvetskin PATTER keeps the skin in wonderful condition"

Olive Borden

Since the "talkies" she has risen to greater heights than ever before . . . and now she tells you how she keeps her petal-smooth skin in the best of health.

Says Miss Borden:

"My VELVETSKIN PATTER pats the cream in and out of the pores so quickly and thoroughly that I can actually feel its benefit after each application.

"It's delightful to use and it keeps the skin in wonderful condition."

Women everywhere are rapidly adopting this scientifically correct way of keeping the complexion at its best. It's so much faster and better than the old finger method. And does not harm even the most delicate of skin textures.

THE VELVETSKIN PATTER is available in Orchid, Jade Green, and Primrose, at all the better shops and stores. Mail the coupon for free beauty booklet.

THE VELVETSKIN PATTER is a happy thought for Christmas. It has the charm of being totally unlike the usual. It is electrical . . . merely plug it in any convenient wall socket.

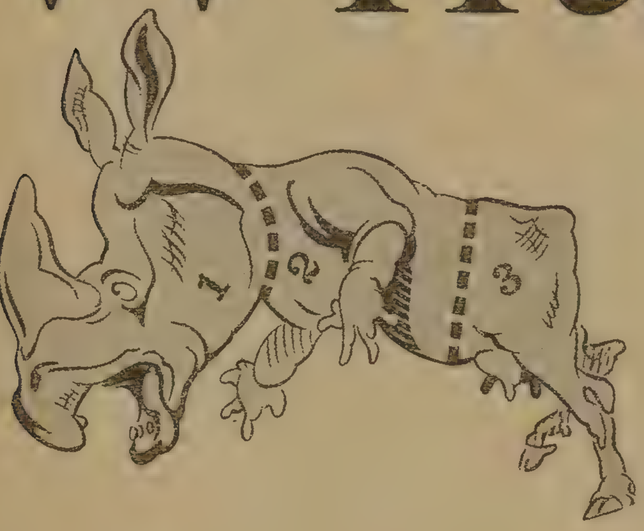
CONNECTICUT
TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC
CORPORATION
(Division of Commercial Instrument Corp.)
Meriden, Conn.

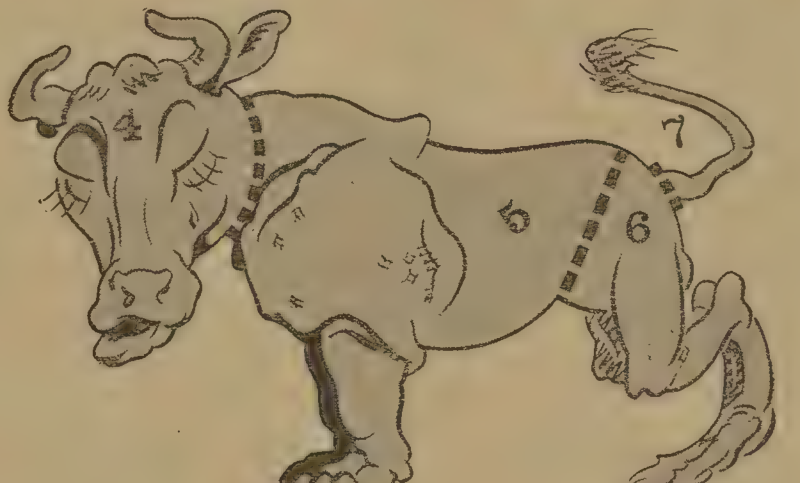
Connecticut Telephone & Electric Corporation
74 Britannia Street, Meriden, Connecticut
Enclosed find check or money order for which please send one VELVETSKIN PATTER with privilege of return for refund within 30 days.
Mark X here ☐ for Alternating Current, $5.00.
Mark X here ☐ for Direct Current, $7.50.
Mark X here ☐ for free Beauty Booklet only.
Color wanted: ☐ Orchid, ☐ Jade Green, ☐ Primrose.

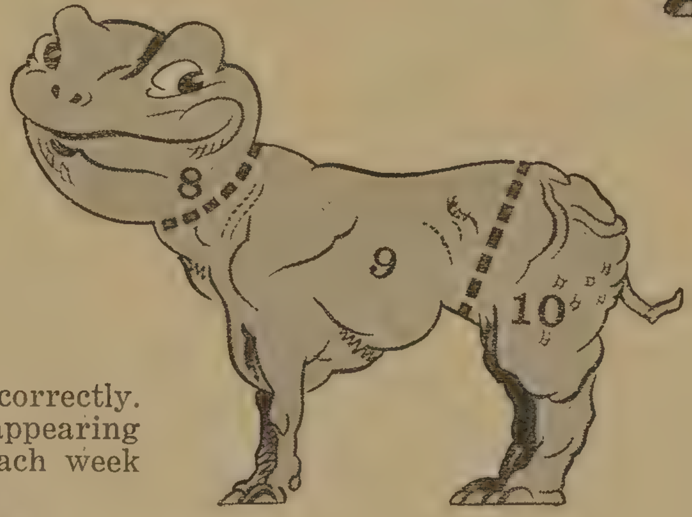
Name..
Street and No..
City..State..............
My dealer's name..

Well, Folks, Here We Are Again with the Game of

The Great What-is-it?







WEEK after next we begin announcing the names of prize winners. It takes time to print a magazine, you know, but we'll have the first announcement ready by then. Meanwhile, here's another installment of those funny-looking scrambled animals. See if you can cut them apart on the dotted lines and put them together again correctly.

A set of these animals is now appearing in each issue of Liberty. And each week Liberty is offering

$500 in Prizes

to those who do three things best—FIRST, cut out the animals and put them together as they should be; SECOND, name them; and, THIRD, write a rhyme of either two or four lines about any one of the animals that appear when the pieces are properly matched.

For instance, if you find a cow among the pieces on this page, you might write:

COW

This cow looks mournful. Well, I know it.
She has a horn, but she can't blow it.

Of course you can't use this verse—this is ours—but it gives you the idea. The rhyme doesn't need to be serious; the funnier and more clever it is the better your chance for a prize will be.

Now read the rules on this page, get out the old scissors (or, if you prefer, make a tracing of the pictures), and see what you can do.

Entries for this week's prizes must reach us before midnight, December 27. The first announcement of What-Is-It prize winners will be made in Liberty for January 3.

BUY NOW!

The Prizes

will be divided as follows

First Prize	$100
Second Prize	$50
Third Prize	$25
Twenty prizes of $10 each, making	$200
Twenty-five prizes of $5 each, making	$125
Total each week	$500

The Rules

Every week until further notice Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures under the title, THE GREAT WHAT-IS-IT? The pieces of each set, when cut apart and put together correctly, will make a number of animals.

To play the game of THE GREAT WHAT-IS-IT? you must do three things—

First, cut the pictures apart on the dotted lines, put the pieces together so that they will make properly formed animals, and paste the animals on a sheet of paper.

Second, write the name of each animal under its picture.

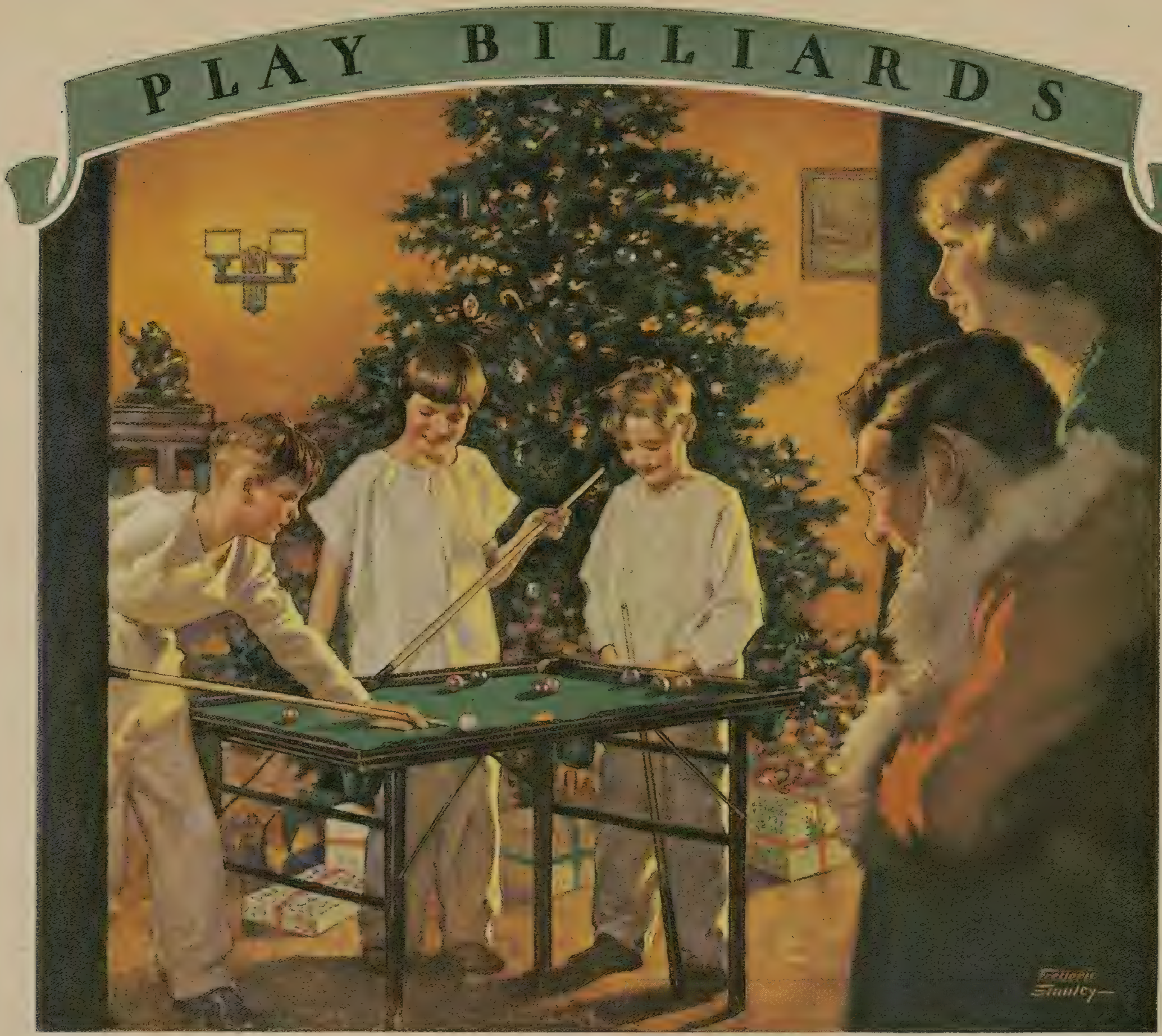
Third, write a rhyme of two or four lines about any one of the animals you have made. The rhyme may be on the same sheet of paper with the picture, or on a separate sheet.

When you have finished, send your pictures and rhyme, with your name and full address, to WHAT-IS-IT, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the pictures which are most neatly and accurately put together and named, and accompanied by the cleverest rhymes, Liberty will pay $500 in cash prizes each week, the prizes to be divided as indicated elsewhere on this page. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

This game is open to everyone, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and their families. The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and their decision will be final. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.



WHAT A Christmas PRESENT!

. . . AND ONLY $7.50 COMPLETE WITH ALL PLAYING EQUIPMENT

THE Brunswick Junior Playmate Pocket Billiard Table is the best juvenile Christmas investment you can make. Children and grown-ups alike, all love games. In Billiards you have one that affords healthful recreation . . . mental and muscular coordination . . . endless, tireless amusement . . . all-year, all-weather play.

It gives parents added control over the children by making the home more attractive . . . thus keeping them within the family circle during their most formative and impressionable years. Every member of the family will enjoy the game . . . *and Billiards is easy to learn.*

The Junior Playmate is strong . . . sturdily constructed . . . of quality materials. Children won't drop it in a week like a cheap toy but will play on it for years . . .

Five other sizes, $13.50, $18.50, $37.50, $60.00 and $100.00 (prices slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada).

For sale at leading department, hardware and sporting goods stores, everywhere. You'll identify it immediately by its rich mahogany finish and the gold and black Brunswick trade-mark on the rail, which is shown below.

Brunswick
JUNIOR PLAYMATE
MF'D BY
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

A complete line of Junior Playmates and other home tables are shown in "The Home Magnet" catalog, which we will gladly send on request. The more expensive tables can be bought on a deferred payment plan from Brunswick Branches in all principal cities.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., 625 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada, Toronto.

PUNK...?

WHEN YOUR FIRST CIGARETTE ON A NEVER-AGAIN MORNING SEEMS LIKE SO MUCH PUNK... AND YET YOU'D LIKE A SMOKE ... REMEMBER THAT ONE GREAT CIGARETTE WHICH SYMPATHIZES AND SOOTHES WITH OLD-FASHIONED TOBACCO ENJOYMENT.

◆

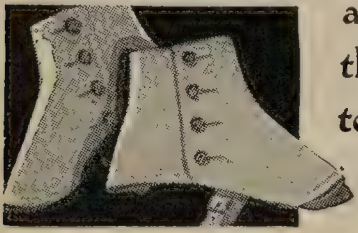
IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

◆

SPUD CIGARETTES - 20 FOR 20c
THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

FOR THE MEN ON YOUR "GIFT" LIST —SPATS

Whether or not they now wear Spats, your gift of "Standard" Spats will be most welcome. Spats are both comfortable and smart. Made in a wide range of colors and prices. Be sure to look for the name "Standard". At the better shoe stores and haberdashers.



S. RAUH & COMPANY
650 Sixth Ave., New York

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"Standard"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
SPATS

"an' a Sled— an' a Radio.."

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

IT was merry Christmas shopping weather in Lil's home town and life on Main Street was very hectic. Sore toes were stepped upon. Hats were knocked down over noses. Hips banged against hips. Parcels split open. Lost children were crying. Crowds milled around the windows to look at bargains in vases, bath towels, and incense burners. And weary people squeezed holly wreaths into crowded trolley and bus.

This week's cover picture.

"I got an oilette painting for Gertrude," a woman shouted above the din. "It's a grand view of Mount Blank and you can see the moon. Only one dollar. It has pegs to hang up neckties."

"I got socks for Howard," her friend shouted back, slightly bending at the waist to let a colored woman pass with a doll's carriage. "Green socks! Ha-ha!"

"What'll I get for Bertha?" another woman asked. Her eyes were strained from looking at shop windows and her feet ached. "Garters?"

"Garters?" the worn-out creature with her yelled. "Better get snappy ones. And you could give Ned a pipe."

"Pipe?" her friend shrilled above the traffic cop's whistle. "The only kind he hasn't is a stovepipe."

"Your ideas aren't much smarter than mine, dearie," she was told. "Come on into Flynn's. They're having a sale of house slippers—all colors—an'—"

Thoughtful people knew that the sum total of all this energy would bake one million pies, patch up a thousand crazy quilts, and build a bridge across the Gulf of Mexico.

"Has there been a fire?" little Ulysses asked, clutching Gwen's hand as they stood on a crowded corner.

"*Fire!*" she shrieked, sending several parcel-burdened women into a panic. "This ain't no fire. It's Christmas shopping! All the men are buying all the ladies fancy combs and silk shirts, and all the ladies are buying all the men cigarettes. And all the men and all the ladies are buying all the children dogs and cats and candy sticks."

"You're dumber than a chestnut," Red Hancock told him. "Take hold of my hand or you'll get lost. D'you know what they do with lost little boys around Christmas?"

"I'll tell him," Gwen giggled as she shoved her way into the shopping crowd. "They're collected at the dog pound and they ain't allowed to hang up their stockings."

Poor little U. began to whimper. He imagined himself in a cage with a bulldog.

"Don't cry," Gwen told him. "If *he* sees you cry, you won't get nothin'!" She pointed to the left, nearly removin U.'s red nose with the buttons on her cuff. And she sang out, "Hello, Santa!"

Yes, there stood Santa, ringing a bell. His fake beard wagged up and down and fussy people passing thought they smelled beer.

"Give money for Christmas dinners," he chanted, clanging his bell like a hokey-pokey peddler. "Your pennies will turn into turkeys—"

"I hope mine won't," Red laughed at him. "If they did, I'd get nipped." And he jangled his pocket.

"—turkeys, plum puddings, nice soft tender soup. Give money for Christmas dinners."

Clang-clang-clang!

"We don't want Christmas dinners," Gwen giggled up at him. "We want candy—an' a sled—an' a radio—an' a five-dollar gold piece!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Christmas Eve)

Queer Money

Why Counterfeiters Can't Win

By
EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by T. S. TOUSEY

(Reading time: 13 minutes 35 seconds.)

HAVE confidence and you will succeed the wise men tell us. But here's a man who had too much confidence. Be smart and you will never want, is another maxim. Joe Miller was smart, but he was too smart.

Joe came into Chicago not so long ago and began to spend money. He was a promoter, he confessed, and a wall-paper salesman on the side. He stopped at the New Southern Hotel, registering as from St. Louis, and made a connection with one of those rent-a-car garages where you pay so much a day for a car you drive yourself.

He slept late apparently, for he never took out the car until two or three o'clock in the afternoon. And he usually returned the vehicle about seven or eight o'clock. He was "calling on the trade," he explained.

Every day he deposited twenty dollars with the garage. Each night he received whatever change was coming to him. He was a pleasant young fellow with a spicy tongue and a catalogue of traveling salesmen's stories he was willing to retail at any time. Probably they were all out of the original Joe Miller's Joke Book. The garage mechanics liked him.

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

One night the garage cashier couldn't make the right change for Mr. Miller. And Mr. Miller laughed good-naturedly.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "You give me the twenty dollars I deposited this afternoon, and I'll pay what I owe you on the day. Fair?"

Of course it was fair. Mr. Miller paid his bill, told a new yarn, and walked over to his hotel.

Some counterfeiter has a fight with his light of love, and she babbles.

But the next afternoon when he came to take out the car he was not smiling so brightly as on former afternoons. Still he did smile—but in an embarrassed sort of way.

"I'm sorry," he told the cashier, "but this is a counterfeit twenty-dollar bill you gave me last night."

The cashier looked at the bill and shook his head.

"It looks good to me," he said. "If that's counterfeit I wish I had a million of them."

Mr. Miller was still good-natured, but insistent.

"Yes," he admitted, "it does look like a genuine bill. Fooled me too, at first. But then I didn't suspect it. Yet it's counterfeit. Any expert would tell you that."

The cashier studied the bill. He took a genuine note from the till and compared it. He shook his head.

"I can't see any difference," he said.

"Dip a corner in water," Mr. Miller instructed the cashier, "and see what happens."

The cashier shrugged his shoulders. Anything to oblige a nut, he thought. Besides—maybe it was counter-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

QUEER MONEY
Continued from page fifty-five

feit. But what had baptism to do with learning the truth?

He dipped the note in a pail of radiator water and the note came apart in his hands.

It was not one piece of paper with a front and a back. It was two pieces, both fronts, and no backs. The backs had been stuck together, with little pieces of silk between them.

"You see?" Mr. Miller asked, quite his natural self by this time.

The cashier said nothing. He handed Mr. Miller the genuine bill, and Mr. Miller rode away. The cashier called up Sergeant William Cox of the Chicago detective bureau, and Cox was interested.

"That guy," he said, "knows too much about counterfeiting. I'll be over in a little while."

When Mr. Miller was taken into custody by Sergeant Cox and a couple of operatives from the secret service bureau of the United States government, he was surprised and rather indignant.

He said quite a lot. But that was before they searched him. The detectives found $300 in counterfeit twenty-dollar bills in Mr. Miller's possession. At his hotel they found $1,700 more in queer money. The twenty-dollar notes, all of the old size, were rather good imitations—so good they would fool the average bank clerk. There were some hundred-dollar bills too, and some fifties—but the fifties were off color, and the hundreds were not so good either. They might fool a foreigner, but the average American used to handling fifty- and hundred-dollar bills would not have been victimized.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

Mr. Miller, who, it seems, sometimes called himself J. D. Cross, was turned over to Thomas J. Callaghan, secret service agent in Chicago, and was indicted.

This was, and perhaps still is, a favorite trick of the counterfeiter—this pasting of two pieces of onionskin paper together, with silken threads smeared in the paste. Both sides of a real treasury note were photographed, brought down to size, and then were engraved on copper plates, and transferred to the onionskin.

Now that there is so little silk in our paper money it isn't necessary to do this. One obtains paper of a quality somewhat similar to that used by Uncle Sam, and treats it fore and aft with the engraver's art. And there it is. A modern clique that has discovered how to use the intaglio process of printing turns out $100 bills that are almost perfect. Perhaps almost isn't the word. Experts say they are too perfect. These are, of course, duplicates of the new issue. But counterfeits of the old issue are still being turned out.

No matter how good a counterfeit may be, an expert can always prove it spurious. And once a bill is proved phony it is only a matter of time until its maker is discovered by the United States Secret Service, and given a chance to develop his muscles on the rock pile.

NO matter how clever a man may be, he cannot exactly duplicate the work of some other man. A forger may imitate your signature so you would swear it was your own—but a handwriting expert could easily show you what a clumsy piece of work the forgery was.

You cannot successfully imitate the paper currency of the United States, unless you have the government paper and the government plates. And if you have them, why—you're the government and the money isn't counterfeit. But try to get them!

It is the fact that a good counterfeit will fool many that makes the counterfeiter counterfeit. If he can "shove" a million dollars' worth of the "queer"—and he always believes he can—he feels it is worth the risk of going to jail. He knows that he can shove part of that million anyway. With luck he may get rid of all of it. People are so careless in handling money, so unsuspecting! The average American is easy prey for a good counterfeit, and the average foreigner is a sure thing. Some French bartenders even accepted cigar-store coupons as American currency during the war.

The average counterfeit gang—and it takes a gang—usually strikes off $1,000,000 in phony currency, and then destroys the plates—unless the government men have found them.

It takes good money to make bad money. Photographing and engraving apparatus must be bought, along with colored inks, dies, paper, presses, and other things. Then there must be a market for the money. It must be sold to the distributor at twenty to twenty-five dollars in real money for $100 in the phony. And the distributor must deal that money out to the passers or shovers—the men like Joe Miller, who pass it on the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker.

Thus the counterfeiter is forced to take a lot of crooks into his confidence. And one or more is bound to be caught. That means that there is likely to be a squeal.

A PASSER is caught and threatened with years in a federal penitentiary. He is told that if he makes a complete confession, and names all the others in the gang, he may not go to jail. Does he name his pals? Not always. And yet—

Some years ago, in New York, a group of men were suspected of counterfeiting on a large order. They were merely suspected, yet the secret service men were confident they could get a confession from one of them if they went at the matter astutely.

They made a checkup on the personal habits of each one, and discovered the one to approach was a young man who had a wife and two children. He was deeply in love with his wife, and he adored his boys.

"Bring him in," said Mr. X to one of his men, "and I'll talk to him. And, John, every little while you come into my office and say that So-and-so has just been convicted and sentenced to ten years, or twelve, or twenty. Get the idea?"

The young man was brought in, and the secret service agent didn't look at him. He was busy with papers and batches of counterfeit bills. He didn't let the young man sit down. He didn't even acknowledge his presence.

The door opened, and John said, "Mr. X, they've just convicted Magnano. The judge gave him six years."

"Hell," said Mr. X, "he should have got life."

"Tomaso Callardi got twenty years," John said.

"Damn fool. He had a chance to sing. Let him rot!"

John retired, and Mr. X seemed to notice the young man.

"Sit down," he ordered. "I'll be with you in a minute."

The counterfeit suspect sat down, and the secret service agent went on with his papers. Presently he touched his buzzer. John appeared as by magic.

"Any news of that five-dollar silver certificate bunch?" X asked.

"I'll see, sir," said the well trained subordinate. He vanished, to reappear in a few minutes.

"Convicted them all, sir," he said. "Thirty years apiece—except Andrews. He turned state's evidence."

"Fine!" said X. He looked suddenly at the young man.

"The bird who turned state's evidence," he said, "had a wife and two children. And while I had a duty to do, I found I could temper justice with mercy. The man made a complete confession. He took the stand. He helped us to convict all his associates. So I helped him. He's home with his family now—while the others are on their way to jail. Thirty years! You wouldn't know your two sons in thirty years, would you, Mr. ——?"

The young man signed a confession before he left the office. And his associates all went to jail.

A crook is always under the disadvantage of knowing he is guilty. The disadvantage is particularly great to those who have just turned crooked. A western man who had lived a straight and narrow life for nearly fifty years turned counterfeiter in his old age. He took some twenty-dollar gold pieces, cut them in half, extracted the gold from the inside, filled them up with alloy, and cleverly fitted the halves together again. He was arrested when he tried to pass the first coin. He went into a saloon—his first visit to any bar and his last, incidentally—and tendered the gold piece for a glass of beer.

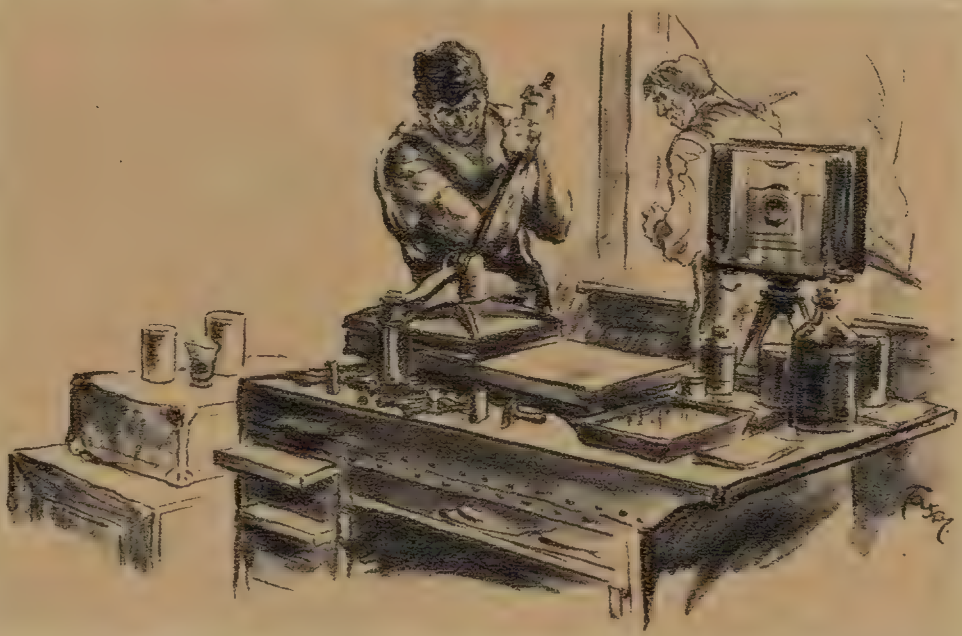
The bartender called a policeman.

"I knew that guy was up to no good," the bartender explained.

"I knew it because he was always so damn' churchy. If he'd been the ordinary human being who took a drink now and then I wouldn't have been suspicious when he came in here."

Many counterfeiters prefer to work with coins, rather than with paper money, because it seems easier. All one needs, it appears, is a supply of base metal, a forge, and some molds. That's all anyone needs to get himself into a lot of grief.

There are numerous examples of this. Two men set themselves up as "manufacturing jewelers" in Salt Lake City some time ago, and manufactured "silver dollars." A plumber's furnace, some plaster-of-Paris molds, some tin, some antimony, some lead, and a silver wash—that was all they needed. Then one day the tramp who lived in a box car near the "jewelers'" shack turned out to be a secret service operative and the jewelers found they had been making nothing but trouble for themselves.



Perfect bills were to be turned out in this quiet house where the blinds were always down in the daytime.

Rollie York and Edward Carr, two of the most dangerous counterfeiters ever detected, passed some $30,000 worth of bogus five-dollar gold pieces before they were caught. Their coins contained fifty per cent gold, fifty per cent copper, and were so near genuine that some experts pronounced them genuine. It took months of patient work to find the two men—but once the government starts looking for a counterfeiter it never quits. Detectives worked for eleven years on at least one case, but they arrested all the members of the gang, and salted them away for long sentences.

BUY NOW!

Two citizens of Boston thought it would be simple to counterfeit dimes. Who would suspect a dime of being counterfeited? They bought dies, molds, a rolling machine, a gas forge with an air pump attachment, and a plating outfit.

They spent $1,500 for their apparatus, and then they bought sheet silver, and began to make ten-cent pieces.

Their dimes contained a trifle more silver than Uncle Sam puts into his, and there was but little profit in their product, less than a penny a dime. Can't get rich on that? What about Woolworth?

THESE dimes were passed in the subways of New York and Boston, but, clever imitations as they were, they were detected. The secret service men went to work at once.

Now in most instances the secret service works from tips—exactly like the police. Some crook has a fight with some other crook, and he tells what he knows to the authorities. Some counterfeiter has a fight with his light of love, and she babbles. Sometimes the crook trips up himself, as Miller did.

But here was a case in which there was no information to be had. Bum dimes were turning up in Boston and New York. There were millions of people who might be shoving them. But which one of all those millions was making them? How would you find out?

The detectives canvassed the places dealing in sheet silver. They learned where every bit of sheet silver sold in the last few months had been consigned. They discovered that R. E. and William Sample of Boston had bought 300 ounces of the metal recently. So they put shadows on the Sample brothers.

WHEN you read about secret service men shadowing some criminal, you may believe it. The finest shadows in the world belong to this branch of the government service. Some of them can shadow a crook for weeks and never be suspected. And they don't disguise themselves much, at that. Perhaps one will let his beard grow and put on shabby clothes if he thinks it advisable. Usually a disguise is unnecessary —even a bit foolish.

The detectives shadowed the Sample brothers, saw them passing bogus coins, placed them under arrest, found their $1,500 worth of dime-making paraphernalia, let justice take its course. Simple, wasn't it?

Speaking of tips, there was the case of Francisco Martino, an elderly gentleman who wanted to make good in a bad way.

He and his associates worked for many months in Sicily, perfecting their counterfeit-making machinery. When everything was as perfect as they could make it, they began to operate.

The dies were shipped to New York in various boxes and crates, labeled as furniture or smoked fish. The boxes and crates were then sent to Coytesville, New Jersey, where a house had been bought. The machinery was assembled, and a plan of distribution made.

Everything was ready for the great conspiracy. Perfect bills were to be turned out in this quiet house where the blinds were always down in the daytime. The presses started. The money rolled out. And five secret service men rolled in. They had known, even before the machinery came to New York, that the gang intended to operate. They knew each member of the band. They knew exactly what was in each crate and box. They knew when the house in Coytesville was purchased, and why.

Most of the counterfeiters are aliens; and much of the queer money shoved in the United States is made abroad. The Morello gang—sentenced a long time ago to terms ranging from fifteen to thirty years—at one time imported bad bills. They came in as "olive oil."

Counterfeiters are not as numerous as crooks of other kinds, but since the new sized bills have been issued they are growing in number. The new bills are easier to counterfeit than the others; and there are a lot of very good ten- and twenty-dollar counterfeit notes now circulating in the big cities. If you get one, call a cop.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 43

1—Lake Superior.
2—In Nashville, Tennessee.
3—Dante Alighieri.
4—Hellespont.
5—The branch of zoölogy that treats of birds.
6—Colorado.
7—A lookout station near the top of a mast.
8—The masses or populace.
9—A fish of the herring family.
10—The Ohio River.
11—The flag of the Confederate States of America.
12—Approximately five-eighths.
13—Cross-eye.
14—Nevada.
15—Five hours.
16—Collar bone.
17—The North Sea and the Baltic Sea.
18—Cairo, Egypt.
19—Sinclair Lewis.
20—The Missouri River.

Concluding—

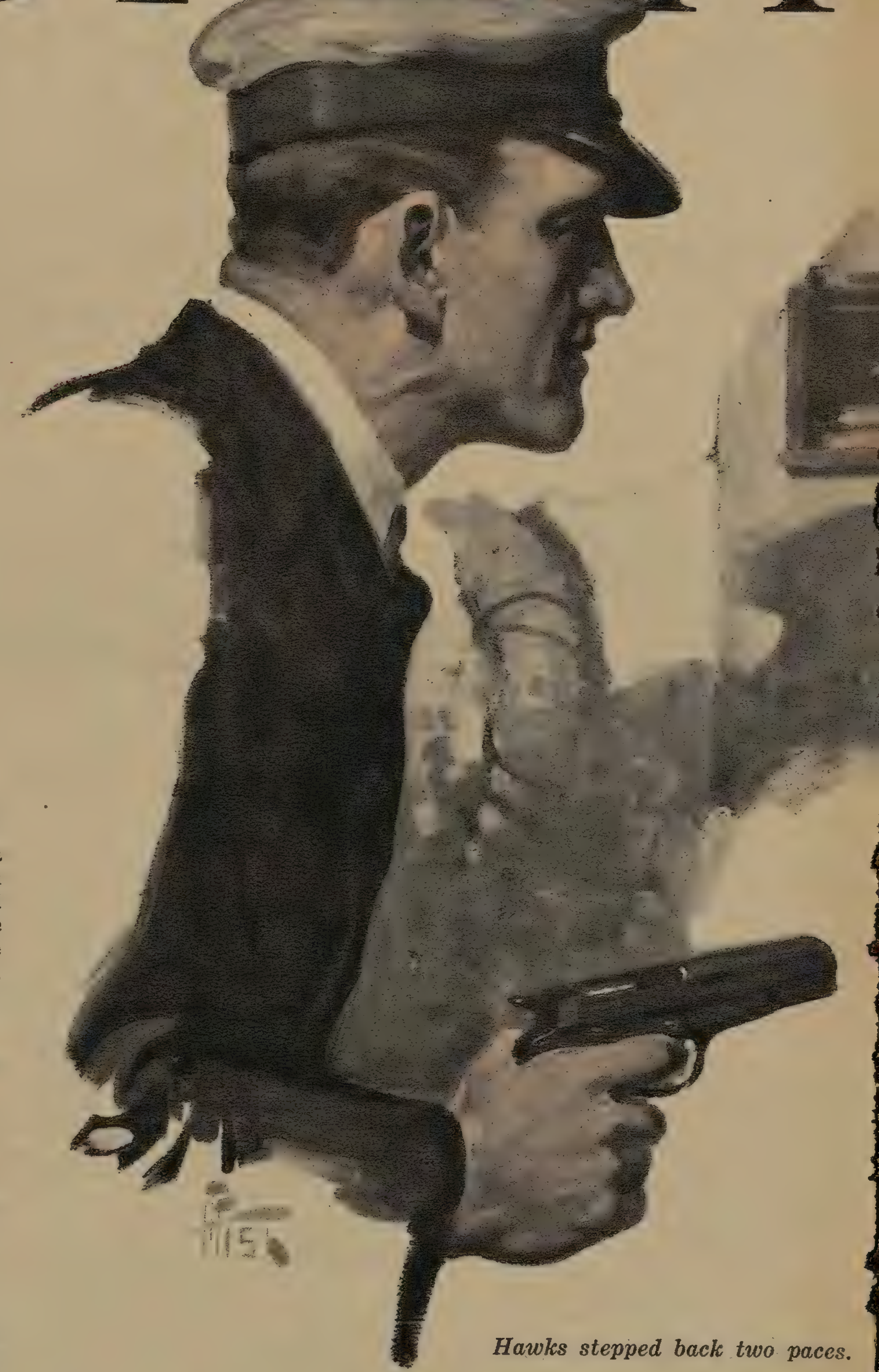
Corsair

The Love Story of a Modern Buccaneer

By

WALTON GREEN

Pictures by HARRY T. FISK



Hawks stepped back two paces.

(Reading time: 27 minutes 30 seconds.)

PART FOURTEEN—ON TOP OF THE WORLD

JOHN HAWKS found O'Toole seated at a table in the rear of the restaurant. With him were two of his guerrillas. He looked up, recognized John, and indicated the fourth and empty chair with a curt nod. The big man's mouth was full of chocolate éclair, a delicacy to which he was notoriously addicted.

John sat down.

"I want to talk to you alone, O'Toole."

O'Toole wiped some blobs of éclair filler from his walrus mustache, and looked at Hawks. Then he looked at his henchmen.

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

"You guys kin beat it," he commanded.

The men left the table.

"Have a drink?" asked O'Toole.

"Yes," said John. It pleased him that this man who was trying to kill him should now be offering him a drink. And it pleased him to drink it.

"A year or so ago," began Hawks, "you made me a proposition."

"Huh-huh."

"Now I'm going to make you one, O'Toole. You've got a steamer outside that you can't unload—and that I can."

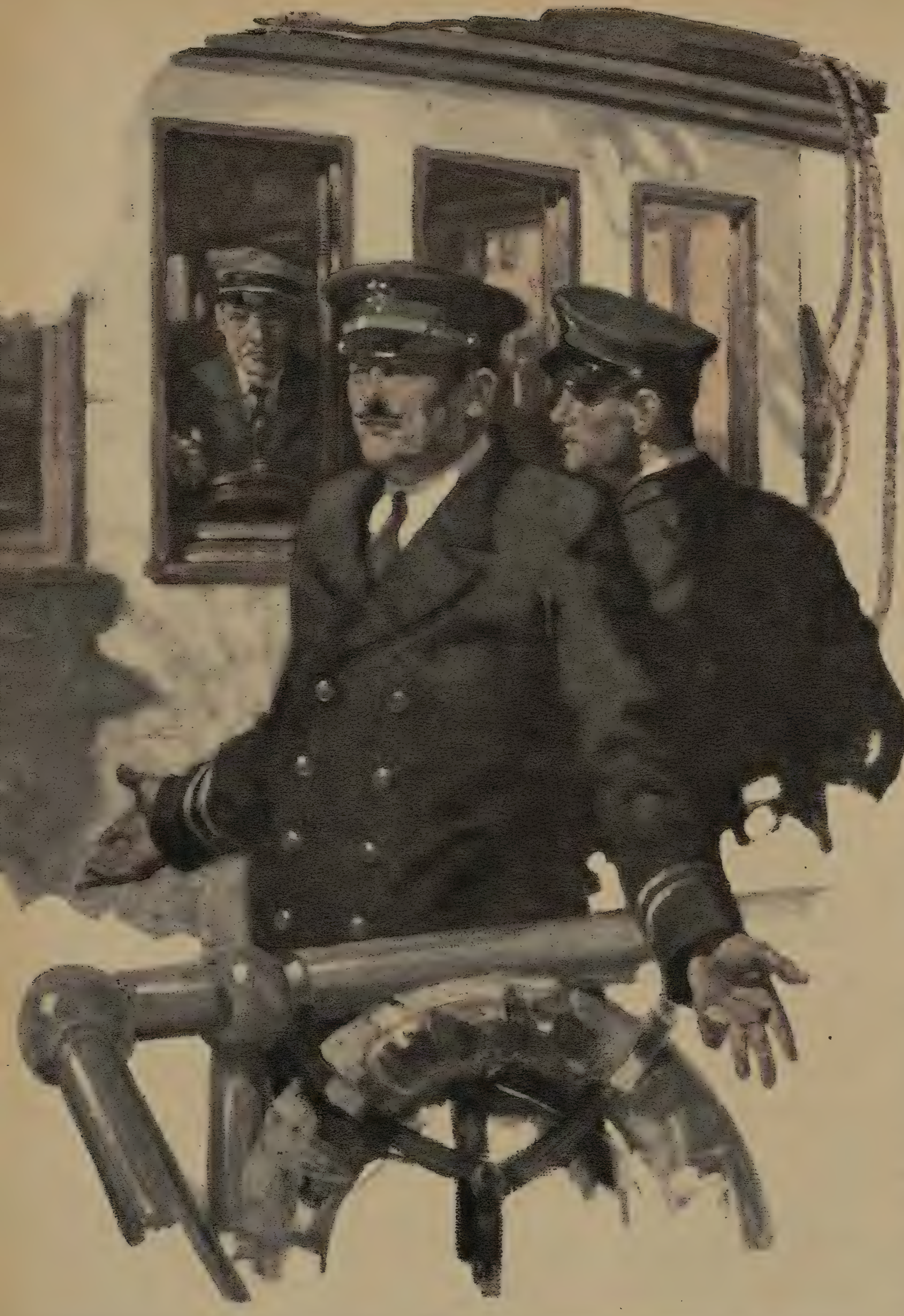
"How come?"

"I can board her for you—get her away from the destroyers—and sell her cargo at sea, which you can't do. You can forget your Montreal partners, and go fifty-fifty with me. I have customers I don't have to run it ashore for."

"So I've heard tell," said O'Toole laconically. He hadn't the slightest intention of making peace with this smart Alec. Things had gone too far for that. But the smart Alec was playing straight into his hands. He frowned, transferred another half éclair to his mouth, and appeared to meditate.

"You gotta list of my cargo?" he demanded.

"Of course."



An automatic appeared in his right hand. "That's the explanation, captain," he said quietly.

"O' course," agreed O'Toole without rancor. "How much can you sell for—ocean cash?"

"Four hundred and thirty thousand gross."

"Humph. Not so worse. But if I fixes it for you to jack me own steamer, how do I know you won't hold out on me, huh?"

"You don't," said Hawks equably. "For the matter of that, how do I know the steamer's still there? Or the stuff there? Maybe you've been feeding me hooey, just like the fake messages you've fed the government people."

"The boat's there, an' the stuff's there," snapped O'Toole. "I'll take you out any time you wanta go."

"Thanks!" said John sardonically. They both laughed.

But John Hawks had established the suggestion toward which he had been aiming. So had John O'Toole.

"I was figurin' on running out tonight for a look-see," observed O'Toole impartially. "Thought you wasn't afraid of nothin', Hawks."

"I'M afraid of you," smiled John. He judged it time for the next hazard.

"Tell you what I'll do, O'Toole. I'll board your steamer alone with you, if you'll go out to her in my boat."

BUY NOW!

"Huh," grunted the big man, "d'you think I'm that dumb?"

"Or we'll charter a neutral speed boat and go out together," offered John.

O'Toole frowned — to hide his satisfaction. All he really wanted was to leave the restaurant with Hawks, and get into the taxi of Dago Joe, who was presumably back by now.

"Might take you up on that," said O'Toole cautiously. He must not appear too eager.

"We'll drive to the yacht basin and charter the first seaworthy boat we can pick up," continued Hawks. "When we get out there, you'll O. K. me aboard your steamer, and I'll wire ashore for my own boat. You can go back as you came."

"Young feller," said O'Toole slowly, "I'm jest agoin' to play along with you on that. When do you want to start?"

"Right now if you like. But, one thing, O'Toole. I'm going unarmed, you understand."

John lifted his arms and raised the corners of his coat to show the absence of pistols.

"Me, too," said O'Toole simply. "You can frisk me if you wanter. I never pack no rod. Can't afford to in my business."

Which interchange, by the way, was the only truthful thing spoken by either man in the entire interview.

A few minutes later they left the restaurant. Hawks,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CORSAIR
Continued from page fifty-nine

perfectly safe for the moment, walked leisurely in front. At the sidewalk, knowing that O'Toole had glanced quickly up the line, he made a pretense of entering the first cab on the stand.

"Not so fast, young feller," called O'Toole. "I don't never take the foist cab." His tone was splendidly in keeping with his part.

"Pick your own hearse, then," snapped John with a show of irritation.

O'Toole lumbered ahead, glancing casually at the familiar-coated back and the greasy brown golf cap of Dago Joe. He yanked open the door and settled himself on the familiar cushions of Finnusini's cab. John climbed in beside him.

"Over to Eleventh Avenue, driver," ordered John. "We'll tell you where from there." And then, to O'Toole, "You can give him the next order if you like."

"I'm rather crazy about you myself," she said softly. "That's the trouble with both of us."

O'Toole produced a pair of long cigars, offered one to Hawks, and settled himself to think out his next move.

His problem, of course, was to contrive some pretext for leaving the cab himself and letting Hawks go on with Joe. Yeah, that was it. Joe had his orders. But no, by God! Joe hadn't had Hawks spotted to him. Hadn't ever seen him!

How in hell to tip Joe? He thought for a moment. Then it came to him. Cheest, it was simple!

"How come, Hawks?" he asked in a loud and meaningful voice. "How come you calls yourself John Braughan?"

"Family name," said John shortly, puffing on his villainous cigar.

They were in the middle of a tenement-house block on the far West Side. The taxi was going very fast. John's right hand slipped down behind the seat cushion. Yes, they were there.

BUY NOW! It's
Bargain Time!

"Slow it down, driver," he said, and braced his feet.

The driver braked sharply, the car skidded violently, and stopped. O'Toole was flung to his knees; caught himself with his two hands thrust against the back of the driver's seat.

THE driver wheeled in his seat, whipped a heavy automatic through the open window, whipped it to the collar bone of the half-kneeling O'Toole. Hawks jumped him from the side.

But Big John O'Toole was of different metal from the Swan Snyders of this world. With a bellow of rage he upthrust his great bulk—trying to shake off the encircling arms of Hawks.

"Don't shoot," grunted John.

Harris didn't shoot. He bashed the heavy barrel across the big man's ear, bashed it with a wicked slapping motion. O'Toole crumpled.

"Put on the handcuffs, boss. I've got the sponge here," piped Harris in his nervous treble.

He jumped out, opened the door, and proceeded to pack the unconscious man's mouth very full of red rubber sponge. He drew a ready-loosened three-inch roll of surgeon's plaster from his pocket, and taped the gag securely from ear to ear.

It was broad daylight still. Some children, crowding up, were pulled away by their mothers, and discreetly hurried within doors. In little affairs of this sort, the first rule of the slums is to see nothing and know nothing.

"Gimme the tape," snapped Hawks. "Then drive ahead, straight to the boat, as I told you."

HE took a clean handkerchief from his pocket, laid it across O'Toole's lacerated ear, and taped it carefully in place. "Hope you didn't kill him," he remarked thoughtfully.

"Hope I did," piped Mr. Harris. . . . . . .

Shortly after eight o'clock that night the ocean-going tug Sally Jane was making out to sea by way of the Ambrose Channel. Her course was S. E. ¾ E. Three miles on her starboard beam the Scotland lightship rolled and pitched in an oily swell.

The narrow decks of the Sally Jane were piled high with boxes, and crates, and barrels of water. She carried an astonishingly large crew for a mere tug. She looked more like a relief ship than like the beast of burden that a seagoing tug is supposed to be. And, in a sense, she was a relief ship.

In the pilot house John Hawks stood beside Captain Benjamin Runker.

"We'd orter make it in another three hours—'bout seven bells," said Captain Ben. "'Less it shets in thick. If it does, we won't find her in seven weeks."

"She's got to show lights," observed John. "She's way outside the liquor limit, but the C. G.'d grab her for rules of the sea."

"Ef it's clear, we'll find her without lights; an' ef it's forg, her lights won't show a hunnert yards," growled the skipper.

"Huh-huh. Well, I'm going below. Call me if you want me. All hands have their orders."

There wasn't much "below" to go to. The tug was all machinery and massive oak, with a cubby-hole cabin for the master, and a few pipe bunks forward for the men.

Hawks went to the little stateroom. Fatty Harris, with an automatic on his lap, sat just outside the open door. O'Toole, his head swathed in a clean towel, half reclined on the bunk with a bunch of pillows behind him. He was smoking a cigar, and there was a large whisky highball clasped between the palms of his manacled hands. Steel legcuffs encircled his ankles.

Mr. Charles Hopping sat on a camp stool beside the bunk. He, too, was manipulating a highball, and with more ease than his prisoner.

“How's your head, O'Toole?” asked Hawks. “Sorry to beat you up, but it was you or me, you know.”

“Huh!” O'Toole tried to manipulate his cigar and take a drink at the same time. Hopping leaned forward and tenderly removed the cigar for him.

Hawks was fishing in his breast pocket.

“Here's the four thousand you gave Snyder.” He tossed the bills on the man's lap and sat down on the edge of the bunk.

“T'ell wid 'em,” said O'Toole savagely. “Why don't you slip 'em to this fat gorilla of yours and let him finish the job, huh?”

Harris looked hurt.

“Lay off'n it, O'Toole,” he said in his high singsong. “I could 'a' bumped you easy's not.”

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!

Johnny turned to Hopping.

“Have you told him what I said?”

“Yes. He's thinking it over,” said Chub gently. “I think he's still cross —even after the nice big drink I gave him.”

John frowned. But O'Toole actually began to chuckle.

“You're the Gawd-damnedest bunch of amachoors I ever did see,” he rumbled. He negotiated a long pull at his whisky. “But you took me good. What I want to know is how you figured I allus picked the thoid cab.”

“I'VE known that fer two years, John,” said Harris.

“The hell you have! And what you done with Dago Joe? Is he croaked?”

“Naw,” said Harris disgustedly.

“Listen to me, O'Toole,” began Hawks. “I ought to roll you overboard out here and be done with it. But I'm going to take a chance. I'm going to send you back tonight on this boat with a skeleton crew, and turn you loose.”

“The little feller says you're pulling out of the racket,” suggested O'Toole.

John frowned.

“That's neither here nor there. I'm not making any stipulations. I'm not asking you anything. I'm simply telling you that this time you go clear. But if you ever bother me again in the slightest way, I shall kill you. And I'll do it myself, do you understand, and not through any damn' gunmen or yellow-bellied drug fiends. That's all.”

He arose and turned to the door.

“Where's the stuff he had on him, Harris?” he demanded sharply.

Harris passed him a worn leather wallet and a few loose envelopes. John ran through the stuff, kept out some letters from the French consigners to O'Toole, together with the cargo list and an irregularly torn half page from the Paris Le Rire of six weeks back.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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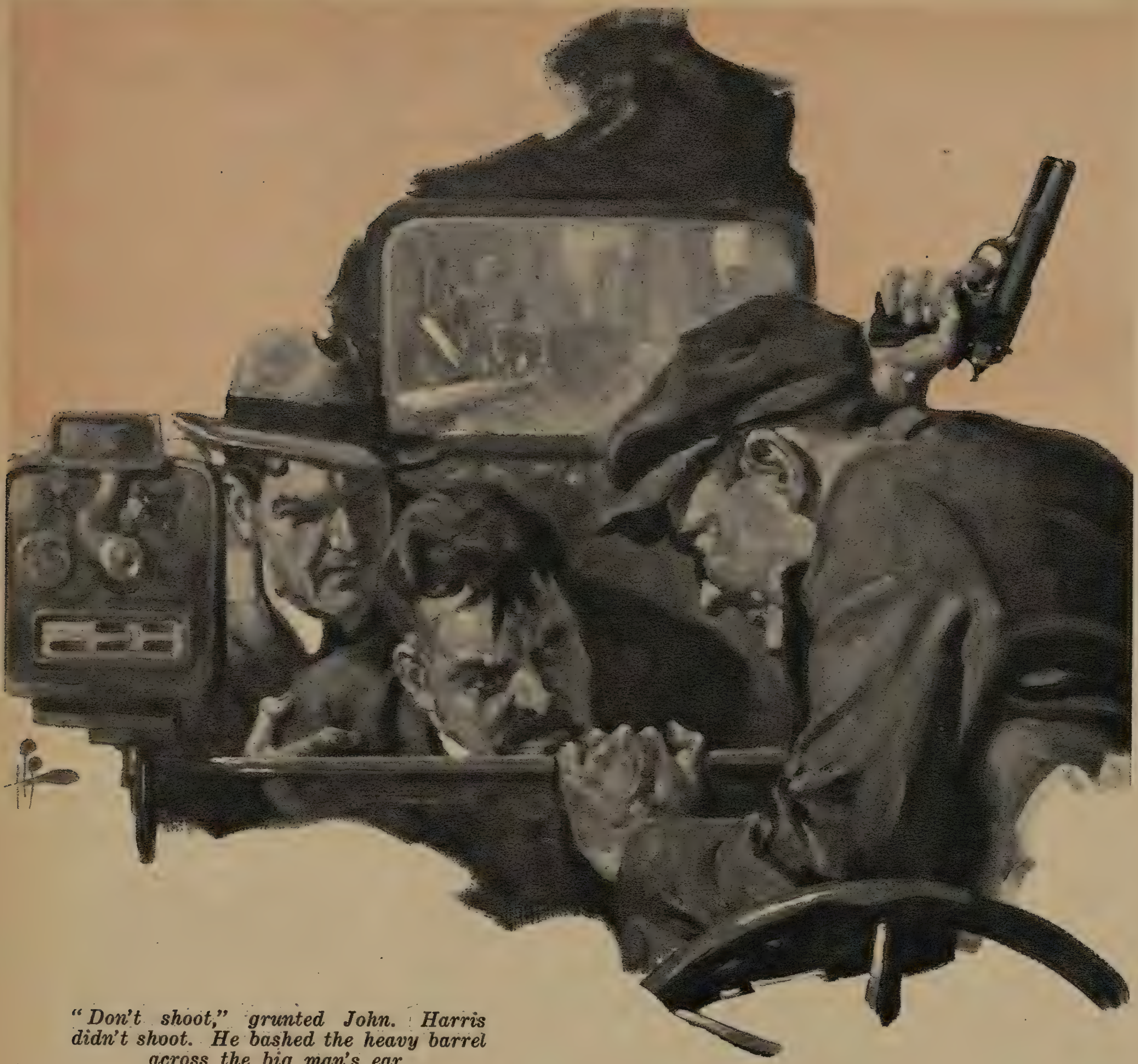

"Don't shoot," grunted John. Harris didn't shoot. He bashed the heavy barrel across the big man's ear.

[CORSAIR
Continued from page sixty-one]

He put his selections into the wallet, and slipped the wallet into his own pocket. Then he went out. In the narrow passageway he beckoned Harris out of earshot.

"Gag him again and lock him up when we sight the steamer. Don't let him out until you start ashore."

II

SOME three hours later Hawks and Hopping were seated in the saloon of the French tramp. Across the dining table—toasting them in warm champagne, and beaming satisfaction—sat the big and bearded Basque who was master of the vessel.

Between them on the table lay some of the correspondence that had passed between the distinguished international principals. And the other half of the Le Rire page—produced from the Frenchman's pocket—lay on the table and permitted its jagged edges to be matched with positive identification against the half which John Hawks had brought aboard with him.

From on deck came the clank of a donkey engine and the happy shouts of the crew. The tug had been made fast alongside. Her cargo of crates, boxes of food, and barrels of fresh water was rapidly being transferred to the forward deck of the steamer.

"But I hav' not theenk, Meestair O'Toole," the captain was saying, "that you are so young a man! And ze provisions, they are most *nécessaire.* I am—how shall I say?—most thankful to you."

"Yes," said John. "But the next thing is to escape from the government boat. If you don't mind, captain, I brought a pilot out with me. We'll have him aboard. The weather's thickening up now—fog coming in, you understand—fog."

"Yes, yes, ze fog. It is well. Three weeks now we are here. And your pilott—of course."

BUY NOW!

The pilot came aboard. And with each tackleload of provisions an additional man or two swung aboard. Swung aboard, and fraternized, and split a bottle of red with the crew, and forgot to return to the tug. The night became warmer and more muggy. The fog closed in and shut out the low silhouette of the watching destroyer.

Hawks and the French skipper, with Captain "Pilot" Runker beside them, leaned over the bridge.

"Eet is ze fine chance. I shall make escape soon. Is it not so, Captain Runkair?"

"Sure," growled Ben. "Give her slow ahead whenever you like, cap'n. Want I should take the ship?"

"Eef you pleece, *capitaine*."

Cap'n Ben gave her one bell for slow ahead. The old tub trembled and gathered way slowly. Ben swung her gently on her course. The Frenchman peered into the binnacle and frowned.

"You go east?" he demanded. "You think it *nécessaire*?"

"Huh-huh."

A petty officer trotted up to the ship's captain and whispered something. The Frenchman frowned again. Suspicion dawned. He wheeled on Hawks.

"Your boat, it has gone away, and leave all your men on here. I demand explanation!"

Hawks stepped back two paces. An automatic appeared in his right hand.

"That's the explanation, captain," he said quietly. "I'm in command of this ship. I've fourteen men and a radio operator aboard, and every man jack has a gun like this. In addition, there's a case of rifles and a box of grenades."

From the forward well deck came the sound of splintering wood. The next moment a man appeared at the foot of the bridge ladder with a rifle in the crook of his arm.

The Frenchman looked. Then he shrugged his shoulders. Then he smiled.

"Eet iss well," he observed. "Above all, eet iss not my cargo." Accomplished realists are the French.

"That's better, captain," John smiled back. He replaced his pistol. "Full ahead, Ben. And you, Chub, take this message to the radio man."

The message contained two words only:

Twelve Saturday.

Hawks turned to the shipmaster. "Will you join me in the saloon over a bottle of—er—our wine, captain?" he asked courteously.

"With pleasure, monsieur," replied the Frenchman with no less courtesy.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

III

IT was a very pleasant party which was staged early the following afternoon on board the great black yacht Ventura.

If you draw a line due south from the lighthouse at Old Harbor Point on Block Island, and if you draw another line southwest from Montauk light and extend it until it intersects the first line, you will have the approximate position—some thirty statute miles offshore—where the sleek black yacht and the dingy tramp steamer met on that brilliant spring afternoon.

It is a sea area, it is true, where many vessels meet and pass on their lawful or unlawful errands. But in that respect it is neither more nor less dangerous than any other converging point off our coasts.

The Ventura and the tramp steamer lay fifty yards apart, and rolled gently in the slow swell. From the bridges of the vessels, ready at instant notice to steam their respective ways, a sharp lookout was kept. And between the ships plied a veritable flotilla of small boats and launches.

It was perhaps the fastest unloading at sea in the history of rumrunning. For three crews were working at top speed: the crew of the Ventura, John's own crew, and the husky and enthusiastic seamen of the French ship.

Enthusiastic the Frenchmen were. For they had their bellies full of American food and their pockets full of American bank notes. And in the breast pocket of the spade-bearded Basque captain there reposed four one-thousand-dollar bills, three of which had one corner torn off.

THE afterdeck of the Ventura gave more the appearance of a New London boat-race crowd than of a desperate enterprise in lawbreaking. For Stephen Corning, with characteristic contempt for the opinion of his own world, had turned the affair into something of a week-end party.

Several members of the Big Thirst syndicate were aboard, white-flanneled and yachting-capped and nervously hilarious. And, lastly—and to the discomfiture of John Hawks—several women, including the Grenoble girls and Alison Corning.

Bentinck too. Not that John really minded Bentinck and Alison. They had been through enough with him, heaven knows, and one damn' fine chap, old Bent was. But he'd wanted, had John, to get through this last adventure without a backward thought to cold and lovely heiresses, and August 2, and all that stuff.

John bit down hard on the stem of his pipe, and forced his thoughts to the business in hand. "Eyes in the boat, old man," he told himself. "The real battle's still ahead."

John leaned over the rail amidships. He was alone. Stephen Corning, leaving the garden party in the stern, lumbered up alongside.

"How much longer, Hawks?" he demanded. "We've got a long run ahead of us to Scallop Cove."

"Only a few minutes now, Mr. Corning," John answered absently. He was checking against a list in his hand. "Below there, Hopping," he called. "Are those the last three boatloads?"

"Right-o," came mournfully from Hopping, who was working in the heat of the lower decks. "All through in five minutes more."

"Good," grunted Mr. Corning. "Got all your men aboard?"

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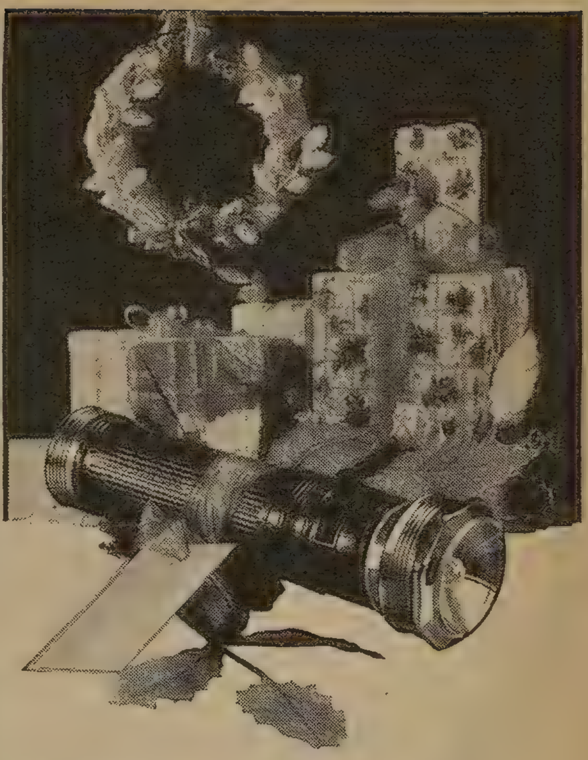

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CORSAIR
Continued from page sixty-three

"I hope so," smiled Hawks. "I don't want to leave them on the Frenchman."

Mr. Corning laughed.

"You're a queer cuss, Hawks. Two things I don't understand. Why you ever started this business, and why, having started it, you're stopping now."

John smiled.

"It's a long story, Mr. Corning, but I think it all boils down to something you once said in a sales talk. You said that the cardinal principle of business success was to get out from under while the going was good. Get out from under, and let the other fellow hold the bag. Do you remember?"

A rumbling chuckle came from Corning.

"Certainly I said it, young man. And the more I see of you, the more I'm sure that personnel director of ours made a mistake in ever letting you out. Sometime, maybe—"

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!

He left it unfinished. Hawks, leaning over the side, got the signal from Chub.

"All right, Mr. Corning. You may get under way any time."

The banker waved a massive arm toward his captain on the bridge.

"GOOD," he said. "Come into the saloon, Hawks, and I'll write your check. F. O. B. Ventura were your terms, if I remember. Risk's mine from now on, eh?" he chuckled ponderously.

"Risk's yours from now on," agreed John pleasantly. He followed the big man thoughtfully into the saloon, and sat down in an armchair not far from the desk where Corning had settled himself.

John looked around. Nearly two years ago it was that he had breakfasted here with Mr. Corning on their way up to town. A delicious room it was, paneled in virgin cork and trimmed with native pine, oiled and brownly soft and restful. John felt the throbbing hum of the big Diesel engines as the Ventura got under way. Very restful. He was tired.

He roused himself. Corning was asking him something.

"Got any tobacco, Hawks?"

John passed over his pouch. The big man filled the bowl of his huge drop-pipe, lighted it with deliberation, and drew a check book from the desk.

John looked absently out of the starboard door. One of his men, Peters, lounged against the rail, where no seaman had a right to be, unless at work. John glanced through the other door. Another of his men, Flynn it was, lounged at the port rail.

"Mr. Corning," said John gently, "will you please write that check for eight hundred and sixty thousand dollars?"

"Eh?" asked Corning absently. He looked up, stared into the steely eyes of the young man opposite. The words finally penetrated his consciousness.

"What's that? You're craz—" He jumped to his feet. A seaman stood in each doorway, and in the crook of each man's arm there lay a sawed-off shotgun.

CORNING, his forehead blood red with rage, dropped back into his chair. With a stupendous effort of will be brought his features under control. A very able man was Corning. When he next spoke, his voice was as contained as John's own.

"Send 'em away," he said slowly.

John smiled, and nodded to the sailors. They withdrew to the rail.

"Now, Hawks, what's it all about? Are you actually trying to rob me?"

"The underwriting price has advanced precisely one hundred per cent," said John coldly.

"What if I absolutely and positively refuse to pay you one single damned cent more than we agreed, huh?"

John Hawks swung to his feet. His gentleness had quite forsaken him. Again there had come one of the rare and red moments in his life. And this one was long planned and long awaited.

He strode to the big man's side, stood over him menacingly.

"Listen to me, Mr. Corning," he said harshly. "You're not going to refuse. For once in your life you're going to do exactly as you're told. You'll write that check as I tell you. I'm not going to shoot you. Those men out there are simply a demonstration of the situation on this ship. Your captain and his officers are in irons. My captain is in charge, and he has fourteen pluguglies under him who aren't so squeamish as I am."

"Go on," said Stephen Corning. He was calmly relighting the great pipe that had gone out.

"I've worked and planned for this ever since I started; since—since the day you fired me; since the day I wouldn't take a few dollars out of some poor boob investor's pocket and stick it into the pockets of you and your crew of sanctimonious highbinders; since—"

"What can you do if I do refuse?" Corning demanded. "You can't sell this stuff to anyone else. You admit you don't want to kill me—"

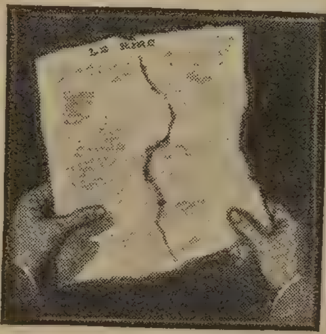
"I didn't say I didn't want to. I said I wouldn't," snapped Hawks. "Take your choice, Mr. Corning. Refuse, and this ship is sailed straight to the Barge Office and delivered bag and baggage to the Federal Prohibition authorities—you and your whole crowd. Yes, and the women too!"

Stephen Corning stood up, looked out of a window, and began to whistle softly to himself. John Hawks, his rage slowly dying in him, watched apprehensively. Presently he saw the big shoulders shaking. Stephen Corning was chuckling—a rumbling chuckle.

He turned, lumbered back to the desk, and sat heavily down.

"Hawks," he began thoughtfully, "tell me. Are you utterly and absolutely unscrupulous?"

"I am," said John coldly.



"Good!" said Stephen Corning. He reached for the pen again. "You win. But if you'd lost your nerve for one single damned second, I'd have beaten you. Here's your check." He hesitated an instant, smiled grimly. "You might drop in to see me Monday morning. I'm putting together an oil concern in Venezuela that you may fit into."

"Thanks," said John. "I'll be glad to drop in." He folded the check and put it in his pocket without so much as looking at it.

"How do you know I won't stop payment on it?" asked Corning curiously.

"I know you, sir," said John quietly.

And so it came that when a few hours later the Ventura had rounded the breakwater at Sandy Head, and had picked up her mooring, and had lowered her white-tasseled gangway—so it came that Miss Alison Corning leaned over the rail by the ladder and watched the guests who were going ashore for dinner.

As John Hawks started down the gangway she laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Wait a minute, John," she commanded in her throaty contralto. "I'm going to eat on the boat. You can stay if you like."

"Oh," said John uncertainly.

She stood by the rail alongside him, without the slightest thought of ameliorating their isolation. Bentinck, halfway down the ladder, looked back.

"All ashore as is going ashore," he hailed with hearty inappositeness.

ALISON shook her head with a slow half smile. Bentinck looked nervous and hurried on. Stephen Corning turned his head and smiled sardonically, but said nothing.

"All right, skipper," Alison spoke to her captain at her other side. "Leave the gangway outboard. And please tell the steward to send sandwiches aft, and some beer or something."

She led the way aft to the great couch beneath the taffrail. Presently the steward brought steamer rugs and a tray of sandwiches and drinks.

"Now tell me all about it, John," she began in a most matter-of-fact tone. "Steve says you nicked him most dreadfully."

"I suppose so," returned John harshly. "What have you kept me out here for? Haven't you made a fool of me long enough?"

"We'll come to that later," she said enigmatically. "Tell me, John, how much are you worth now?"

"What the devil's that to you? Probably near the two-million mark, if you must know."

"It's enough—to start on," she said dispassionately. In the dim light John could not see the curious merriment in her eyes. "Enough to start on," she repeated, "until you take the business away from Stephen."

"He asked me to see him Monday," said John stiffly.

"I know, John. And I knew when we came out on the Ventura just what you were going to do to Stephen."

"What?" exclaimed Hawks. "Then why didn't you tell him?"

"I didn't want to. I wanted you to beat him. It's awfully good for him. And you've been planning it for two years, haven't you, John dear?"

"More or less," he said uncomfortably. "And, damn it, don't call me 'John dear.' I don't—I—"

"Yes, you do. And I'm going to call you 'John dear' all I want."

She was silent for a time, munching lustily at a sandwich.

"Drat the man!" she said finally. And then, in a queerly muffled voice, "I told Steve when we started out this morning. And I told Bentinck too."

"Told them what?" But he knew.

"Steve said we could have the Ventura for our honeymoon. And Bentinck was really awfully decent."

John Hawks was very white.

"Great God!" he groaned. "I can't—I can't! The man saved my life. I'm not utterly a cur. My God, Alison! But I love you—love you, do you hear? I've loved you madly since the first moment I set eyes on you—you, you glorious little devil. I want to tear you apart. I—I—"

"HUSH, John. I know, my dearest. I know. And I want you to, too. But don't be theatrical," she soothed him. Then she smiled in faint self-mockery.

"I'm rather crazy about you myself," she said softly. "That's the trouble with both of us. I suppose we'll be awfully unhappy together."

"Yes," said Hawks stonily. His outburst had left him emotionally exhausted. When he spoke again it was in a flat tone approaching indifference.

"What did Bentinck say?" he asked.

"Said he'd saved your life—and now you'd saved his!" she giggled. Then she added thoughtfully, "He's really awfully relieved. He's scared to death of me, you know."

"So am I," said John.

"I wonder," she whispered softly. Then she stood up. "Come, my dear. We must go ashore. Do you remember the first night we went ashore together, John? The night of the cold and lovely heiress, John? And how the water splashed over my legs on the float? And how we climbed up the cliff together? And how you wanted

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"CHICK" JOHN F. MEEHAN
Famous Football Coach of New York University
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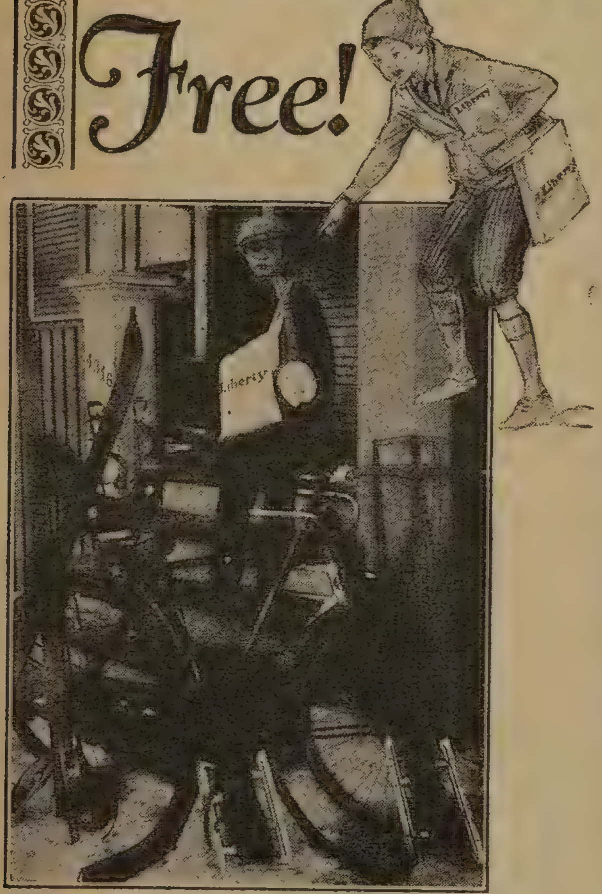


and so can
YOU!

YOU'D like Joseph Robinson of Minnesota. He's a real boy—a peach. A short time ago found Joe with all a regular fellow's cravings for he-boy possessions—a bicycle, ice-skates, skiis, a hockey stick, a sled, and lots of other things as well. *Then* he wanted them. *Now* he owns them, and is getting more all the time. Not only prizes, but spending money, and a bank account, too.

How? Simply by devoting some of his spare time right in his own neighborhood to—well, do what Joe once did: mail the coupon below and we'll send you full information and a prize catalog describing over 400 joy-to-boy prizes you can win *easily.*

L-12-20-30

Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division,*
220 E. 42nd St., New York City.

Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen. I want to make money and get free prizes.

NAME.....................AGE........

ADDRESS..............................

CITY.....................STATE.......

Have one of your parents show approval by signing here

....

CORSAIR

Continued from page sixty-five

to kiss me, and didn't? And how I kissed you?"

"Yes," said John hoarsely. "I remember."

"No, darling—wait." Gently she pushed his arms aside. "Wait till we walk up the cliff together. Then you can kiss me—kiss me till it hurts, John. I want you to. I want you to crush me to pieces—"

. . . .

Three years later. The office of the chairman of the board of the Ventura Petroleum Corporation, that greatly marauding and universally respected young giant of the oil world.

Enter softly a secretary of the chairman's secretary. The man waits motionless.

The chairman looks up. There are harsh lines flanking the corners of the still young mouth.

"Yes?" he demands pleasantly, but with a touch of weariness.

"Mrs. Hawks is outside, sir. Wishes to know if you'd care to drive down to the country with her."

The chairman frowns.

"She asked me to say that she's driving herself—in the Hispano, sir. And that she's left the children at their grandmother's."

The chairman frowns again. "What have I on this afternoon, Potts?"

"Partners meeting Corning & Co. at two thirty. Conference at Twenty-six Broadway at three fifteen. Address on Obligations of Citizenship at the midtown Y. M. C. A. at four thirty. That's all today, sir."

"Where's Mr. Bentinck?"

"Just finishing your Y. M. C. A. address, sir."

"Hum. Well, tell Mrs. Hawks it'll be all of three hours."

The secretary's secretary exits softly. Presently he returns.

"Mrs. Hawks will wait, sir."

"What's that?" The chairman looks up abstractedly.

"Oh, yes, to be sure. Thank you, Potts."

THE END

Coming Soon—

A New Serial

by

Robert W. Chambers

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Night Terrors

Two toads had made their home on the doctor's front lawn, where they were known as Teddy and Woodrow. Lois, the doctor's baby, amused herself watching their clumsy progress over the walks and grass.

One night she was a little late coming home from a visit next door. The doctor, hearing her screams, rushed to save his child.

She was standing as though paralyzed, with the two toads before her on the walk.

"Why, it's only Teddy and Woodrow," the doctor soothed.

"I know," the baby sobbed. "They's Teddy and Woodrow in the daytime, but at night they's just toads!"—Miss B. Emmert, Jefferson, Tex.

* * *

Of No Importance

When my son was born, my little brothers and sisters were indeed proud uncles and aunts. When my cousin came over to see the baby, my little brother strode into the room, his chest swelling with pride. Speaking for the rest, he announced, "We're all uncles and aunts now."

"All but Martha," replied my cousin.

"Oh!" he replied in a disgusted voice. "She's only the mother."—Mrs. Wilmot O. Davis, 5231 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

Cramping His Style

Grandfather was watching a game of "cops and robbers." He noticed his small grandson staggering around feigning injury from imaginary bullets, but failing to topple over as the rules of the game demanded.

"William, why don't you fall down?" asked grandfather.

"I'm not allowed to," said the boy. "If I had on my old pants I'd have been dead long ago."—Mrs. Georgia Keleher, 1004 Ash St., San Diego, Calif.

* * *

We Hope She Found Him

Alfred and Fabian, three-year-old twins, were invited to grandma's for dinner. Grandma owned an Eskimo pup named Amour.

Before dinner was served grandma showed the boys the little pig she was roasting.

Alfred gazed long and suspiciously. Finally he looked around and said:

"Grandma, where's Amour?"—Mrs. B. Okulski, 106 Sherman St., Passaic, N. J.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

Problems of Conduct

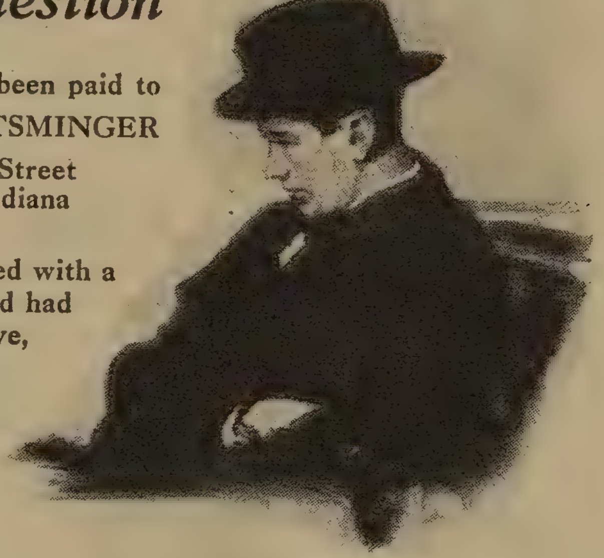
What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question

$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to
MRS. CLYDE ENTSMINGER
1021 Pontiac Street
Rochester, Indiana



If you were afflicted with a malicious malady and had but one year to live, would you want your physician to tell you the truth about it, or would you prefer not to know?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, December 27. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

BUY NOW!

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing four answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for November 15, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

Suppose you were happily married, and had four children, three boys and a girl, whom you had adopted when they were babies, and had brought them up to believe they were your own. One boy and the girl were always together, and when they were grown up loved each other devotedly.

Believing that their love was more than that of brother and sister,

1. Would you tell them that their dearly loved mother and father were not their own and that they were free to marry each other?

2. Or would you keep your secret, sparing your four children the doubt and anguish it would bring them, but at the same time preventing the boy and girl from living the happy married life to which they were entitled?

The Winning Answers

By MRS. MAUREEN B. CARTER
982 Clackamas Street, Portland, Oregon

I WOULD not mar the happiness of four children on the assumption that two of them might piece together a greater happiness.

If I revealed the truth, I would cause for each of the four an emotional chaos. The family unit—the love of brother, sister, father, and mother—that has given life its significance, would be swept away.

Assuming that the love of the one brother and sister might lessen the shock—thus justifying the revelation—is to exalt their expected happiness above the certain unhappiness of the other two.

Furthermore, I could not be certain that their love would withstand the shock. Would not the revelation that they were free (and expected) to marry cause, at the least, a repelling uncertainty; at the most, a sharp re-

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vulsion of feeling? Lasting happiness in marriage could not be built upon such emotional turmoil.

Finally, I would know that keeping my secret could not rob them of happy marriage. We have discarded the belief that in all the world two persons alone are meant for each other. Each, being normal, could and would find happiness in one of many possible matings.

By REBECCA HYNEMAN
1301 Fifteenth Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

I SHOULD come out squarely with the truth. There is no joy in life, no "gift of the gods," to be more highly prized by any human being than a happy marriage. To shut our eyes and deny this happiness to our two adopted children would be a mistake. To continue day after day, and year after year, living in the presence of such a situation would mar the happiness of the entire family, be a constant worry, a daily recurring regret. Why should knowledge of the facts cause anguish? Are not natural parents often not as successful as parents by adoption, in raising children? Parenthood is difficult, and if, in this case, the four children dearly loved their parents, the truth should not cause any anguish.

BUY NOW!

By SUSAN F. FERN
1248 Coral Way, Coral Gables, Florida

I PARTICULARLY object to the last sentence of this problem. Under our moral and family laws this boy and girl should not be permitted to marry. They have been reared as brother and sister, and in the eyes of the law of the state they are brother and sister—their common name, their rights of inheritance from each other and from you, their position in the community and country at large, and their participation in the affairs of each other and the family has proclaimed them such. In a legal document, duly recorded and signed by a person of authority under the law and you, you have sworn to guard and nurture them as your own children. For twenty years you have responded to the sacred word mother, and they to son and daughter, sister and brother. If you have brought up this boy and girl properly, the affection that they have for each other is fraternal, and if left alone will be a greater comfort and blessing to them, especially in later life, than if an element of romance is allowed now to usurp it.

Also a possible romance could not outweigh the heartache and shock that a disclosure of their actual parentage would bring to this boy and girl, to you and to the other members of your family.

If I were in this parent's shoes I would not disrupt my family.

By ANNA R. BOYLE
309 West Seventh Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

I WOULD certainly tell them the truth—all four of them—and we would have a love feast together. Foster parents have an opportunity to stress their spiritual relationships with children which the natural parent often misses. Tell them. They have probably noticed a lot of "queer" things in their lives which the truth will explain away.

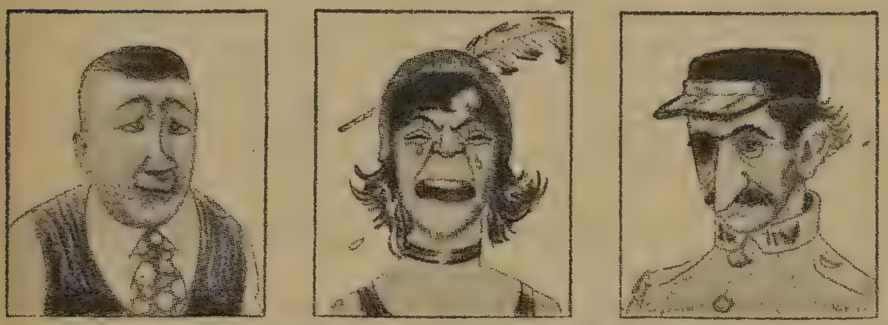
The child of whom playmates say, "She's adopted but she don't know it," is set apart as "different" by youthful associates. It's no disgrace to be adopted, much less so than to be an unwanted child in a poverty-stricken home. Why shouldn't Johnny know that you went to the hospital to get a baby girl with blue eyes and golden hair, but you came away with him because his wistful smile and big brown eyes went straight to your heart?

Secrets are stagnant pools in the river of truth. Why not clean them out and see how soon the water will run clear and fresh again?

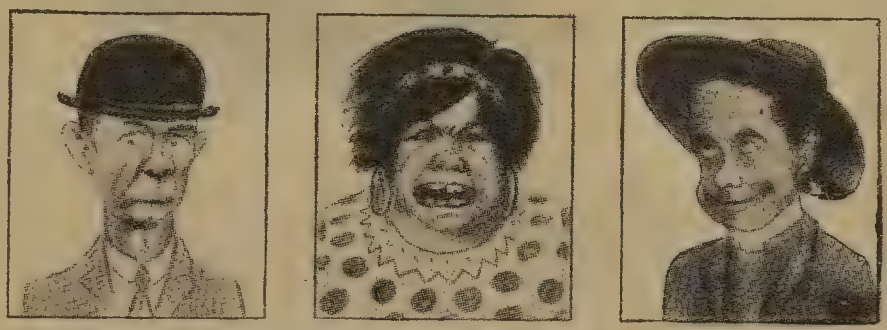
Answers to the question in Liberty for November 22 will be published next week.

$500 for Funny Faces—Here Are the Prize Awards

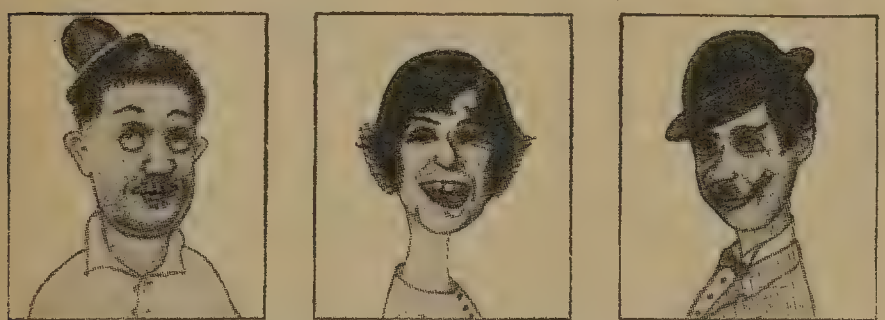
for the funniest faces made from the pictures of Edward Doherty, Fifi Dorsay, and Joe Cook, in our November 15 issue



FIRST PRIZE, $200—For these faces by Carl Stamwitz, 402 West First Street, Aberdeen, Washington



SECOND PRIZE, $100—For these faces by J. J. Sweeny, 720 Rhode Island Avenue, Gary, Indiana

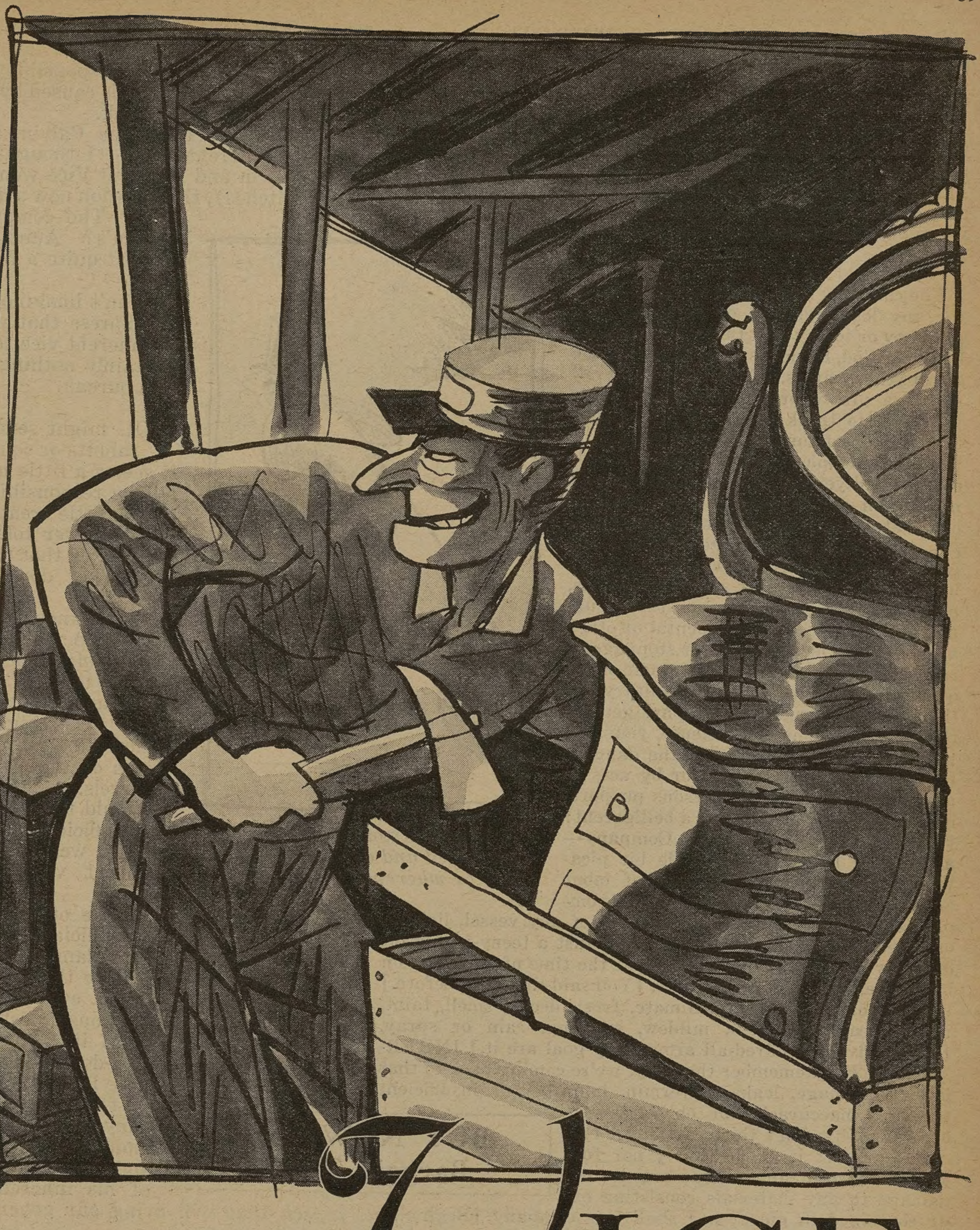


THIRD PRIZE, $50—For these faces by Freda Eckert, 725 East 149th Street, New York, N. Y.

$5 PRIZES

for the week have been awarded to Margaret Alexander, Charlotte, N. C.; William Allen, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Arthur H. Henderson, Logan, Ut.; Don E. Andorfer, Whitewater, Wis.; Glenn A. Bissell, Newport, R. I.; Theodore Carney, Knoxville, Tenn.; Hilda Cawson, St. Lawrence, Mass.; Catherine E. Clark, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. W. F. Finck, Rosenberg, Tex.; G. J. Gomez, Denver, Colo.; Margaret O. Goodall, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Robert E. Howell, Savannah, Ga.; Lydia S. Johnson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Florence Karschnick, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Thomas Kern, Allentown, Pa.; Vaughn H. Knight, Lee, Me.; Floyd H. Lynn, Kansas City, Kan.; Doris May, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Mrs. H. H. Millican, Cocoa, Fla.; Edwin L. Morgan, Fairmont, W. Va.; Lillian Moscowitz, Hartford, Conn.; John Partanna, Lafayette, La.; William E. Payne, Coshocton, O.; Helen Peck, St. Helens, Ore.; Mrs. W. H. Read, Poplarville, Miss.; William C. Rhodes, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. H. D. Smith, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Sidney W. Tippett, Helena, Mont.; Robert Watkins, Ocean City, N. J.; Robert Woolington, Fort Dodge, Ia.

More Funny Face prize winners next week



IF he chops the whole thing up into kindling, do you mean to tell me I am without recourse to the law?

Inherent VICE: Express Paid

(Reading time: 5 min. 40 sec.)

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

SOME evening, when you haven't anything to read, why not light a cozy fire, draw up your chair, and browse around among your old express receipts and bills of lading? You will learn a lot. Here you have been going on for years, sending parcels and crates like mad, and I'll bet that not one of you really knows the contractual obligations you have been entering into with the companies who serve you. For all you know, you have been agreeing to marry the company manager at the end of sixty days.

As I write this, I am sitting in the gloaming of a late autumn afternoon with an express company's receipt on the table before me. As I read over the fine print on the back of it, my eyes cross gradually with the strain and I

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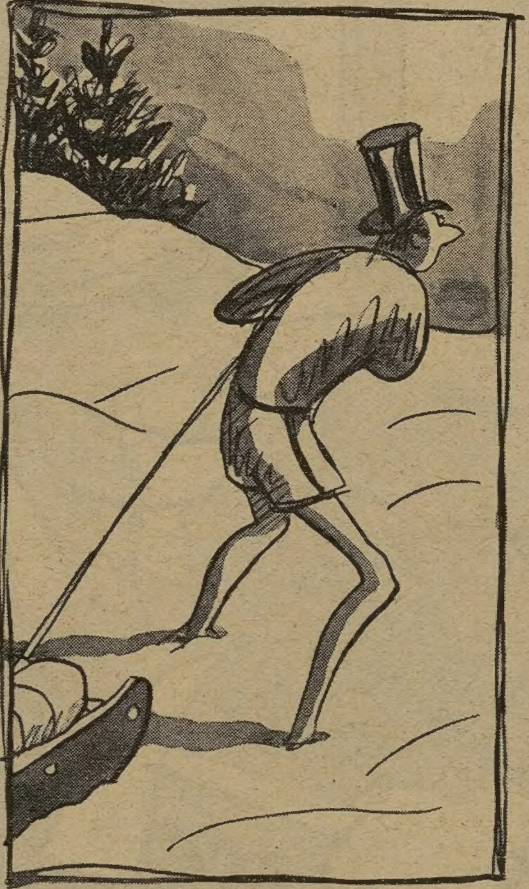
put on the light. (What a wonderful invention—electricity! I am sure that we should all be very proud and happy to be living in this age.)

As my eyes adjust themselves, I find that when I sent that old bureau to Ruth's folks, I agreed to let the express company get away with the following exceptions to their liability. (If you are going to read this article, I would advise studying the following. It will probably amuse you more than what I have to say afterward.)



It would almost be better to get a sled and drag your package to wherever you want it.

> The company shall in no event be liable for any loss, damage, or delay to said property or to any part thereof occasioned by act of God, by perils or accidents of the sea or other waters, [That "other waters" makes a pretty broad exemption, when you come to think of it. It means that they can upset tumblers on your stuff, or let roguish employees play squirt guns all over it, and yet not be responsible.] or of navigation or transportation of whatsoever nature or kind; by fire or explosion . . . by theft or pilferage [What about garroting?] by any person whatsoever; by arrest or restraint of governments, princes, rulers, or peoples or those purporting to exercise governmental or other authority; by legal process or stoppage in transit; by fumigation or other acts or requirements of quarantine or sanitary authorities; [Tell me when you are getting tired.] by epidemics, pestilence, riots; or rebellions, by war or any of the dangers incident to a state of war, or by acts of any person or group of persons purporting to wage war or to act as a belligerent; [Come, come, Mr. Express Company—aren't you being just a little bit picayune?] by strikes or stoppage of labor or labor troubles, whether of carrier's employes or others; by unseaworthiness of any vessel, lighter, or other craft whatsoever, [Not even just a teeny-weeny bit of a rowboat?] although existing at the time of shipment on board thereof; . . . by water, [You said that once before.] heating, or the effects of climate, frost, decay, smell, taint, rust, sweat, dampness, mildew, spotting, rain or spray, [Ninety-five-a-hundred-all around my goal are it.] INHERENT VICE, [Remember that one; we're coming back to that later.] drainage, leakage, vermin, improper or insufficient packing, inaccuracies or obliterations, errors, [Why don't they just say "errors" and let it go at that?] nor for the breakage of any fragile articles or damage to any materials consisting of or contained in glass; nor shall this company [Beginning all over again, in case you should have forgotten who it is that isn't responsible.] be held liable or responsible for any damage to or resulting from dangerous corrosives, explosives, or inflammable goods, even if the true nature has been declared to the company; nor for neglect, damage, accident to or escape or mortality of any animals or birds [Ah-ha! They forgot fish!] received by the company hereunder, from any cause whatsoever.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

THAT'S all! Aside from that, the express company is responsible for your package.

Aside from that, your little crate or barrel is as safe as it would be in your own home. It would almost be better to get a sled and drag your package yourself to wherever you want it taken.

At least, you could personally fight off vermin and princes (or those purporting to be vermin and princes).

But the thing that worries me most about this contract between me and the express company is that clause about "inherent vice."

The company is not responsible for any damage to that bureau of mine if it is caused by inherent vice. This makes you stop and think.

Wholly aside from the Calvinistic dourness of the phrase "inherent vice" (I thought that the theory of Original Sin and Inherent Vice went out with the hanging of witches), the question now arises—*whose* inherent vice? The company's officials? The bureau's? Aunt Alice's? We are up against quite a nice problem in ethics here.

I can't imagine what you could send by express that would be full enough of inherent vice to damage it en route. Certainly nothing that you could pack in a bureau.

YOU might send some very naughty rabbits or squirrels by express, but it seems a little narrow-minded to put all the responsibility for their actions on the little creatures themselves. No one has ever told them that they are vicious, or that they were conceived in sin. They don't *know* that they are being bad.

I have known one or two very smart dogs who were pretty self-conscious about being wicked and couldn't look you in the eye afterward, but aside from cases like that it seems a bit arbitrary for a big public-service corporation like an express company to frown on the peccadillos of five or six squirrels.

Would the private lives of the company officials themselves bear looking into so well that they must prate of inherent vice? Live and let live, say I.

Which brings us to the other theory—that inherent vice in the company's officials or employees cannot be held responsible for any damage to my bureau.

Do you mean to tell me that if one of the company's employees is a man who, ever since he was a boy, has been willfully and maliciously destructive, and that if he takes my bureau out of its crate and chops the whole thing up into kindling—do you mean to tell me that I am without recourse to the law?

If the president of the express company or any one of his employees goes monkeying around with my bureau and then pleads "not guilty" because of his inherent vice, I will start a *putsch* that will bring our government crashing down around our ears.

I refuse to discuss the remaining possibility—that the inherent vice referred to means inherent vice in Aunt Alice, or consignee.

This brings us to the conclusion that what is meant is that the package or bale or crate (or articles purporting to be packages, or bales, or crates) might have inherent vice enough to spoil it, and that, in this event, the company washes its hands of the whole affair.

The only alternative to this almost incredibly silly reservation is that there has been a misprint, and that what the company is so afraid of is "inherent *mice.*" In this case, I have taken up all your time for nothing. But I do think that you ought to know what you are agreeing to when you send an express package. Or perhaps you don't care.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

H	A	M	A	N		S	T	O	P	S		L	A	M	E	S
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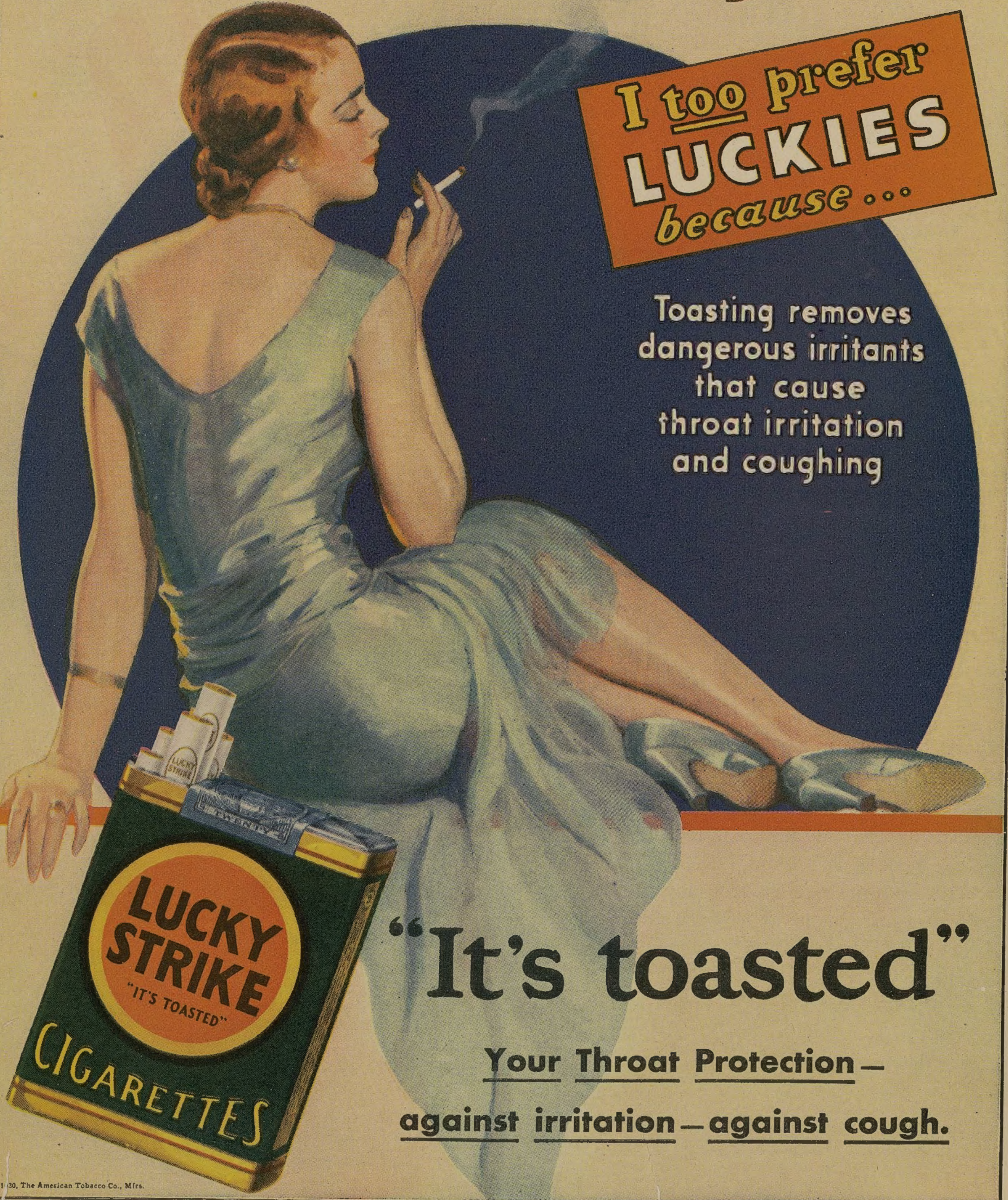
B	A	G	■	B	L	O	T	S	■	E	S	S	■	B	E	T
O	R	A	T	E		P	O	L	A	R		E	L	O	P	E
M	E	T	A	L		E	R	O	D	E		A	I	D	E	R
A	D	E	P	T		S	E	W	E	D		S	T	E	E	N

Answer to the puzzle on page 50

	D	A	S	H		S	C	A	R	P		B	A	I	L	
K	O	R	E	A		P	O	W	E	R		A	D	D	E	D
I	N	E	R	T		I	R	E	N	E		N	E	E	D	Y
T	O	N	■	T	A	N	K	■	E	Y	E	D	■	A	G	E
E	R	A	S	E	R	S	■	O	W	E	D	■	U	S	E	S
			O	R	T	■	S	P	E	D	■	A	T			
S	C	A	N	S	■	D	E	E	D	■	A	V	E	R	S	E
T	A	N	G	■	B	E	E	N	■	E	R	I	■	A	W	N
E	N	D	■	P	E	A	R	■	P	A	I	D	■	G	O	T
A	T	E	■	E	E	R	■	H	A	R	D	■	H	E	R	E
L	O	S	S	E	S	■	B	O	S	S	■	E	I	D	E	R
			O	R	■	M	A	L	T	■	P	A	N			
A	N	O	N	■	M	O	L	E	■	P	A	R	T	N	E	R
T	A	V	■	T	A	R	A	■	M	A	R	L	■	A	V	E
O	R	A	T	E		A	N	G	E	R		E	A	V	E	S
M	E	T	E	R		S	C	A	R	E		S	L	A	N	T
	S	E	E	M		S	E	W	E	D		S	A	L	T	

Answer to the puzzle on page 51

20,679 Physicians say LUCKIES are *less irritating*


LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
TWENTY
LUCKY STRIKE

I *too* prefer LUCKIES *because . . .*

Toasting removes dangerous irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection – against irritation – against cough.

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TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS Co
NEW YORK
IPANA
RONALD McLEOD

Ipana *guards the Gums* as well as *cleans the Teeth*

THE kind of tooth paste you use is of more than passing importance. Ipana is the newer type of dentifrice—specifically made to tone and stimulate the gums.

Its ingredients are the purest and most costly that can be bought. It is designed to clean teeth perfectly. It contains ziratol for the benefit of your gums—to assist the good effects of a healthy gum massage.

For under our diet of soft modern food the health of our gums is impaired. But with Ipana and a light massage you can, as any dentist will testify, defeat "pink tooth brush" and the troubles that follow.

So do not make the mistake of buying cheap tooth pastes. If you do not have the advantage of Ipana, try it now. Go to your drug store. Get the full-size tube. It will cost you no more than 50¢, it will last you more than a month, and it will acquaint you with the full benefits of this modern, efficient tooth paste.

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Name..

Address..